

O W E N ' s
T R A V E L S

INTO

DIFFERENT PARTS OF EUROPE,

In the Years 1791 and 1792.

VOL. II.

ON THE
TRAVELS

OF THE
SOUTHERN PARTS OF EUROPE



VOLUME

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WITH
FAMILIAR REMARKS
ON
PLACES—MEN—AND MANNERS.

By JOHN OWEN, A. M.
LATE FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

Mores, et Studia, et Populos— VIRG. Georg. Lib. 4.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL,) IN THE STRAND.

1796.

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(SUCCESSORS TO MR. GARDNER,) IN THE STRAND.

1793.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Rome, Dec. 17, 1791.

I KNOW not a situation more delectably embarrassing, than that in which I now find myself. Such is the vast extent of this city, whose walls describe a circumference of near seventeen miles; and so numerous are the relics which yet cover, in various and divided heaps, this ground sacred to tradition, that it is at once a work of time and address to bestow a share of attention on those which most merit selection. Though I have explored the city with patient assiduity for more than twelve days past, I appear scarcely to have made a beginning.

The Capitol, as first in historical importance, was first in the list of my enquiries. The ascent to the Campidoglio, the name it now bears, does not disgrace the memory of its original magnificence. To the left, stands the church of Araceli, elevated above a flight of marble steps, once attached to the Temple of Quirinus;—to the right, the abrupt and disfigured ruins of the Tarpeian Rock. The palace of the Senator in front, the public buildings on the right and left wing, and the equestrian monument of Marcus Aurelius in the centre, compose a groupe, which would not be thought wanting in dignity, could it be abstracted from the recollection of the glories that are past. It was no ordinary pleasure which possessed me, while I trod over this area upon which once rested the Capitol. “Heavens! said I, and am I
“now treading the soil which once supported
“the throne of universal empire? Where are
“the Temples, and the Forums, the edifices
“sacred to religion, to polity, and to arms,
“which

“ which covered this hallowed ground ?
“ Where are those altars, before which vows
“ of peace and hostility were made ? Where
“ are those monuments erected by the spoils
“ of war, and adorned with the trophies of
“ victorious leaders ? Alas ! they are crumbled
“ into shapeless ruins ! ”

It would require a volume to enumerate the treasures preserved in the Museum and different repositories of the modern Capitol. They consist of statues, basso relievos, sepulchral monuments, deities Roman and Egyptian ; works equally valuable for their exquisite execution, as the age they bear. The celebrated statue of the dying Gladiator, is a production worthy of all its fame ; and possesses, in point of attitude and countenance, all that pathos which becomes the fallen and languishing combatant. A very masterly groupe, representing a Lion seizing upon a Horse, and four basso relievos, relating to the history of Marcus Aurelius, are admirable productions. It appears extraordinary

that so many Temples could ever have existed upon a spot so confined as the Capitoline hill. Certain, however, it is, that very considerable changes have taken place in the form of this Hill, as the reduced altitude of the Tarpeian Rock sufficiently demonstrates. The old materials have so filled up the valleys, as to render it difficult to ascertain, except upon maps, the precise limits of the antient divisions.

It is by a very mean and ruinous track that the descent is made from the Capitol to the antient Forum, now known by the name of Campo Vaccino. It is humiliating to see what reverses have here befallen the proudest achievements of art. The Roman Forum exists no more. Its Arches are sunk, and its Temples demolished: yet noble vestiges in each still commemorate their past existence. Columns surviving the general wreck yet totter on their bases, and point to the traveller's eye where stood the sacred edifices erected to Concord and to Jove. It is impossible

I

possible not to feel indignant, in passing among these sublime remains, at the barbarous neglect of the modern Romans; who suffer piles of rubbish to embarrass and deform the most precious relics of antient architecture. Deformed, however, and embarrassed as they are, by the waste of time and the indolence of their possessors, they shew traces of art and magnificence, at which the mind, intent upon modern comparisons, is filled with astonishment.

The ignoble uses to which this Forum is now converted, and the little respect which its monuments or its history seem to preserve, act strongly upon those feelings which arise out of classical enthusiasm. I confess, when I saw the drover and the vagabond occupy that ground which was formerly possessed by gods and heroes,—when I saw the Temples, once consecrated to religion and to eloquence, become haunts for beggars and stalls for cattle; I could not suppress the sigh of indignation. Who,

that has read the story of antient Rome, would refuse a tear to her insulted ruins?

L E T T E R LXXXV.

THE most celebrated monuments, which now exist as objects of the traveller's curiosity, are, next to those glanced at in my last,—the Temple of Peace, the Palace of the Cæsars, and the Arch of Titus. The first of these exists in a sublime range of ruined arches, from the roofs of which shoot up some yet undestroyed masses—the only remains of the second story. This Temple, built by Vespasian, upon the termination of the Jewish war, was, agreeably to every testimony, an edifice of the most superlative beauty and grandeur. A column which now stands in one of the modern squares, affords a specimen of its taste and magnificence.

cence. Its ruins are noble. The majesty of Rome hovers over its broken arches, and time has given them, by a loose and grotesque vegetation, a finish, which scarcely allows one to regret that they ever sunk into decay.

Opposite to these—but little discoverable in this situation—stand the remains of the Imperial Palace, covering the Palatine Mount; and exhibiting, when viewed from the site of the antient Circus Maximus, a very majestic and impressive picture. I have visited the vaults and subterraneous passages still existing; but, vapour and damp out of the question, one glimpse of the ruins themselves outweighs all that I saw within. It is not difficult, from a survey of what yet remains, to see how great and extensive this residence of imperial luxury must in its zenith have been.

The Arch of Titus is one of those monuments in which the valour of the Romans is more conspicuous than their humanity.

It stands at the foot of the Palatine Mount, at the point of egress from the Campo Vaccino, and covers the road once known as the Sacred Way. It is, in its present state, a ruin full of beauty; and was doubtless, in the æra of Roman prosperity, a monument of great taste. This Arch, we are told, was raised by a decree of the Senate: The different circumstances supposed to have occurred in the sacking of the Jewish metropolis, are exquisitely expressed in tablets of relief. It is, upon the whole, an edifice of consummate beauty, though already considerably injured, and falling fast into decay. Fortunately for the hero whom it designs to commemorate, he has a memorial in the bosoms of those with whom military monuments would find little respect. The Jews have formed a path round one of its sides, and thus evade the necessity which they would else be under, of passing through the Arch. But delicacy, not authority—as has been reported—has effected this; and the
only

only edict they obey in this case, is that of their own feelings—escaping, by this expedient, the cruel chagrin of beholding this insulting memorial of the pillage of their city, and the destruction of their Temple.

Bernardino Baldi, an Italian poet, has a sonnet so closely connected with this subject, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of transcribing it. I have given it an English dress; but Italian beauty is not easily transfused into English metre:

Soletta fiede lachrimosa e mesta,

Gran madre già di sacerdote e regi

La Giudea vinta, e de' passati pregi

Memoria alto dolor nel sen le desta.

Di gemme ed oro a l'infelice testa

Fan cerchio in vece orribili dispregi;

Ed in luogo ha di real manto e fregi

Servil catena e lacerata vesta.

Da barbarica man, d'empio tiranno

Di Dio già te sottrasse il braccio invitto,

Ingrata e tu del suo figliuol fai scempio?

Del ciel Tito, flagello al mondo scritto,

Mostra in quell' arco il tuo perpetuo danno,

Priva d'onor, di liberta, de tempio.

Lene,

L E T T E R LXXXV.

Lone, tearful, sad, amidst the dreary plain,
 Great parent erst of priests and kings renown'd,
 Judea vanquish'd sits—the joys which crown'd,
 Her happier days now wake regretful pain.
 Grief circles round that brow, and rude disdain,
 Which once the gem-bespangled chaplet bound ;
 Nor royal robe now floating sweeps the ground,
 But tatter'd vest obscene, and servile chain.
 From barbarous thrall, and grasp of tyrant fell,
 Thee erst Jehovah's arm relentless freed ;
 And dost thou, impious ! slay his righteous son ?
 Titus ingrate ! thy scourge, by Heaven decreed,
 Shall in this arch thy shame eternal tell,
 Spoil'd by his arms of freedom, temple throne !

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

AMONG the ruins of the modern Forum
 is the magnificent portico of a Temple
 consecrated to Antoninus and Faustina, one
 third of which is sunk into the ground ; but
 the vast marble columns, and the exquisite
 work-

workmanship of the remaining frieze and cornice discover its original grandeur. A temple of Romulus, and some insulated columns, are also among those which are held in repute. Upon a spot contiguous to the Arch of Titus, St. Peter is reported to have performed a notable miracle. Here it was, that Simon Magus, by the force of his sorceries, raised himself into the air ; but Peter fell on his knees, and prayed that the magician might be instantly struck down to the earth, which happened accordingly. Upon this spot, ascertained with the greatest accuracy, the church of Santa Francesca Romana was built many ages after ; and the very stone upon which the Apostle knelt, is still preserved. It is incrusted in the wall, and inclosed by an iron grate : an inscription records the history.

I must now take you under the Arch of Titus, in order that we may contemplate the most noble remnant of antient times, in the amphitheatre of Vespasian. Though
Goths

Goths and priests have raised in turns, and for different purposes, the destructive axe against this edifice,—it still continues a sublime monument of antient architecture, and would in itself suffice to preserve the memory of the Roman name. It was upon his return from the Jewish war, that Vespasian built this amphitheatre. Twelve hundred captive Jews are said to have been employed in this prodigious service. The particulars of this remarkable building excite the greatest astonishment. Enormous but uncemented masses of stone are in its formation adjusted with so great symmetry and compactness, as at once to contribute an apparent lightness and a real solidity to the whole. The elevation of the soil has buried much of its base. Four orders of architecture in its perfect state rose above each other; and the magnificent appearance of what it once was, can be but feebly conjectured from what it now is. Its form is elliptical—its circumference two thousand four hundred and sixteen

sixteen feet, and it is esteemed capable of containing a hundred thousand spectators. The interior is now an heap of ruins.

A friar, upon whom I stumbled in my walks about this Colisæum, assisted me in exploring some of the more extraordinary passages. My astonishment was indeed great, on visiting the upper stories, to see the stupendous masses of wall and roof which have yet survived. But my conductor, intent upon religious tradition, began to recount to me the surprizing miracles performed here—the edifice being now entirely appropriated to religious exercises, and containing no less than thirteen chapels. A certain christian Emperor, as the friar informed me, though he knew not his name,—made a visit to Rome; and was, by the Pope then reigning, conducted to the Colisæum. On quitting the place, the Imperial guest requested a relic. The Pope desired him to take up a handful of dust, saying, that
this

this was the most precious relic he could bestow. "How, said the Emperor in amazement;—this is but dust!" The pontiff then taking the dust into his hand, it liquefied with the pressure into a red stream: "This," said he, "is the blood of the martyrs." My conductor assured me further, that the architect of the place was himself among the first who suffered martyrdom in it; and in confirmation of this fact, took me into a chapel, where a tablet affixed to the wall did actually record, that the architect, being converted to the christian faith, was himself exposed to the wild beasts, among the first whose blood was shed within the walls of this theatre. This is, upon the whole, one of the grandest monuments which the imagination can paint. Though the arm of the Goth has stript the ornaments of bronze, time has dressed out its rugged walls with a precious foliage: and although the Porto di Ripetta, the Palace of St. Mark, Farnese, and
5 others,

others, have been clothed with its spoils, it still remains, in its state of decay, an indestructible monument of Roman grandeur.

It is in the neighbourhood of the Colisæum, and upon the Via Triumphalis, that the Arch of Constantine stands. This is the most perfect building of that kind which Rome preserves. But here, as elsewhere, the elevation of the soil has cut off the just proportions of the structure; and caused it to wear an appearance, disadvantageous to its just character. The Portal of San Gregorio—a church crowning the Celian hill—affords an admirable terrace for the prospect of Rome's best remains. Here the eye takes in a groupe of objects at once numerous and sublime; the magnificent Colisæum stretching upon its greatest diameter: opposed to this, the lighter cupolas of the Temples consecrated to the Sun and Moon. From these, extending over the Palatine Hill, the roofs of the Imperial Palaces—the massy Arch of Constantine, and the picturesque ruins of Aqueducts,

ducts, compose a wonderful scene—a scene which it is impossible to view without strong and lively emotion.

Consider only the wars of the Romans, and you curse them:—consider their government, and you despise them:—their religion, and you pity them:—but look at their architectural monuments,—displaying all the majesty of genius,—and you must, in spite of yourself, admire them. For my own part, I can set no bounds to my ecstasy, when I stand amongst their ruins: I forget their vices, their idolatry, their cruelty, and exclaim,

“Surely, surely, these were famous men!”

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

Rome, Dec. 30, 1791.

THE festival of the Nativity is a very busy time with both clergy and laity in this place. On the Eve of Christmas, all the streets of Rome were in extreme confusion, and the images planted in different parts of the city were saluted with loud and frequent invocations. It is my misfortune to lodge in a convent, not forty yards distant from one of these Madonnas. For many nights previous to the Nativity, I was disturbed, at a most unseasonable hour, by very noisy chauntings, intermingled with soft responses, from a number of children, who supported, as I learnt, in this religious burletta, the character of Angels.

High mass was, on the day of the Nativity, performed by the Pope at St. Peter's, where, on this occasion, there is no admittance but in full dress—for his Holiness, though styling himself the "Servant of Servants," will not play off his holiday farces to any thing but bags and swords. In the different stages of this ceremonial, the attitudes of the Sovereign Pontiff were as ridiculous and varied as those of a postur-master. They placed him in a low chair—stripped him to his flannel waistcoat, and seemed disposed to shew him every indignity. This, as I imagined,—for it was pantomime throughout,—was to picture to us the humility of the Saviour. They did not, however, suffer him to continue long in this state of degradation. He was soon restored to his former splendor; and paraded before us, as we knelt, displaying his handsome leg and slipper, with much apparent satisfaction. I happened to be posted in an avenue which led to the grand altar, and therefore
had

had an opportunity of observing closely every thing which was conveyed backwards and forwards by the numerous priests who attended. It was truly ludicrous to see five or six men in surplices, carrying with great solemnity as many dishes of dressed up napkins, and meeting an equal number, who were, with the same religious grimace, carrying off those that had been used.

I will not dissemble the weariness I felt at the length of these ceremonies. His Holiness was, it must be acknowledged, an admirable actor; but the Cardinals did not support their parts with so good a grace; and a degree of coldness and indifferency pervaded the generality of the spectators—evidently portending some great approaching change. Devotion is certainly much on the decline. Subjects are handled in general conversation, which have little alliance with credulity and submission. In short, the pillars of papal tyranny seem loosening apace; and its ultimate subversion is an event which cannot

long be delayed. In the present situation of things, the energy operating from within will be assisted by a powerful *impetus* from without; the majesty of Papal Rome is unquestionably and irrevocably doomed to fall, and great will be the fall of it.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Rome, Jan. 4, 1792.

EVERY day increases my astonishment at the numerous remains which are still extant of antient Rome. I had expected to find in every pile of ruins "a rudis indigestaque moles,"—some rude and shapeless heap, in which few or no vestiges of their original beauty could be traced. But the treasures of this city are not of that character, and they are incalculable in number. I am every day travelling to some new scene. Baths, Circuses, Temples, Theatres, Aqueducts, Tombs, Obelisks, &c. call my attention

tion on every side, and scarcely allow me to bestow a moment's regard upon the modern ornaments of this august city.

Of the antient *Baths*, the principal remains are those of Caracalla, Dioclesian, and Titus. Very interesting parts of each are yet in existence, particularly of the two last. Those of Dioclesian covered in their original state an immense extent of ground, distinctly ascertainable at the present time by the roofs and fragments of its walls. One of its chambers is, by an happy exercise of art, to which the modern Romans have not been universally attentive, converted into a church of great taste and beauty. The subterraneous chambers of Titus's Baths, are yet, by the assistance of torches, exhibited. They are preceded by seven long Corridores, and the number of them is said to amount to thirty-six. Some ingenious Arabesques are still discernible upon the walls. The spot where these Baths are situated, was not a little celebrated in ancient times. In its

c 3

vicinity,

vicinity, besides the famous Gardens of Mæcenæ, were the Houses of Horace, Virgil, and Propertius.

The *Circuses* of greatest fame are the Circus Maximus, and that of Caracalla. But the naked areas of them are all that now remain. Of *Temples* I have spoken in part, when treading over the ground of the Campo Vaccino. The Pantheon, deservedly placed in the first rank, is a building of the most exquisite beauty, but enclosed in a situation so extremely confined, that all the effect of its sublime façade is destroyed. The magnitude of its columns and the symmetry of its proportions, give it a character beyond all praise. The interior has been so often descanted upon, and so critically described, that I shall content myself with acquiescing in what others have said—as two opinions cannot exist in relation to that, which combines in one perfect example, all that is most excellent and admirable in the science of architecture.

The

The *Theatre* of Marcellus, a considerable part of which enters into one of the modern streets, and some rude remains of the Military Theatre, are, next to the Colisæum, the most remarkable in this department: and the various arches and walls which once existed as Aqueducts, are some of the most stupendous ruins in the catalogue of Roman remains. Indeed the *Aqueducts* and *Baths* are among the most surprising testimonies of that grandeur which Rome in her glory must have possessed. All that this people undertook was deemed worthy of perfection; and trifles the least significant acquired a dignity in their hands. Of the Baths of Dioclesian in particular, so vast is the extent, so sumptuous the ornaments, so commodious the apartments appropriated for study, for exercise, for indolence; so numerous the Cabinets, Libraries and Repositories of the fine arts, as well as the Sanctuaries for ease and luxury; that the feelings are roused into rapturous admiration at the display of such amazing magnificence.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

THE Romans were very strict on the subject of burials, and guarded very carefully against the interment of human bodies within the walls of the city. On some extraordinary occasions, an honor of this kind was granted, but it was esteemed a mark of singular distinction. There exists at this day, in one of the streets conducting to the Capitol, a sepulchral monument incorporated in the walls of the houses now inhabited. From that portion of the inscription which yet remains, it appears that Caius Bibulus, Ædile, was the man to whom this honor was decreed; and that the signal services he rendered the state, had procured him this rare and unusual testimony of public regard. It is upon the highways, and the different roads which issue from the gates of the city,

city, that the antient Tombs are found; and there are yet extant some very valuable remains of this description. Enclosed in a vineyard is a subterraneous vault, which, by the assistance of torches, presents to the view a range of inscriptions to the memory of the celebrated family of the Scipios. It impressed me with sentiments of high veneration, to descend among the manes of Rome's antient Heroes :

"Quis te, magne Cato, tacitum; aut te, Cossæ, relinquat?

"Quis Gracchi genus? aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,

"Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ?"—

VIRG.

Some loose fragments of what once were columns, scatter the ground under which this vault passes; and shrubs loaded with luscious oranges, over-hang the avenue which opens upon that spot, "thus sacred
"by their relics made."

The Capo di Bove, as it is now called, and anciently the Tomb of Metella, is a
Monu-

Monument of unparalleled beauty in its kind, and stands at a little remove from the Appian Way. It is a circular building, raised upon a quadrangular base. By a similarity of structure to the Coliseum, the materials of which it is composed unite without cement; and resemble, by their accuracy and compactness, a solid block of stone, chiseled into its present form. The Pyramid of Caius Cestius is another sepulchral monument of great estimation. It is a building of considerable height and magnitude, in a pyramidal form, composed of marble in its exterior, and overlaid with stucco in the interior—decorated with paintings of vases, and various symbols, allusive to the office of *Septemvir*, which he held. This Monument stands by the Ostian gate, in a field, part of which is appropriated to the interment of those strangers and heretics, who, dying in the disbelief of what they cannot understand, are not held worthy of christian burial. The Castel St. Angelo was
itself,

itself, in its antient state, a sepulchral monument, and bore the name of Moles Adriani—a name which a single *coup d'œil*, without any reference to tradition, discovers it eminently to have deserved.

Of the Mausoleum of Augustus, the magnificence may be conceived from a sight of the base, and the designs given from the accounts of successive writers. A large circular mass of wall, with passages and arches, is all that now exists of this edifice, intended to perpetuate the fame of a man, who sought to conceal the oppressor of public virtue, in the patron of the arts. But Time, the great ally of Truth, has pierced the veil which covered his real character; and notwithstanding the venal incense of the Poets, he has justly incurred that universal indignation and hatred, which he appears to have been so eagerly solicitous to avert.

L E T T E R X C.

WHEREVER the eye turns, the full interest of the mind accompanies its enquiries. The Fountain of Egeria, whose remains are still extant, throw no new light upon the history of Numa: yet it is impossible to view so wild and grotesque a ruin, without receiving a strong impression of fact and circumstance; and familiarizing to the mind the designs of that Legislator, in a manner which no tradition or recital can effect. There is a considerable degree of romantic beauty in what has survived of this antient cave. It is over-arched with a wild and picturesque shrubbery; and the ground is strewed with the fragments of those statues sacred to the Muses, which once adorned its niches.

But

But of all the *pietoresque* ruins which Rome possesses, those of the Temple of Minerva Medica are the most delicious and enchanting. In its perfect state this Temple was decagonal, with niches in each of its compartments, and covered in with a cupola. The form of this Temple is sufficiently preserved in its ruins, and bears the marks of the most chaste and perfect symmetry. The cupola is constructed with an accuracy and lightness, to which I have yet seen no parallel. Part is indeed fallen; yet so delicate have been the touches of decay, that all its proportions are minutely discoverable. Vegetation has healed the wounds of time, and scattered a luxuriant verdure over its tottering walls and mutilated arches. A variegated foliage depends from the different chasms of the edifice, and adorn this charming relic of antiquity with imperishable tints.

I have made no mention of the Temple of Vesta, of Bacchus, of the Arch of Janus, the Forum of Nerva, and a hundred other

such monuments. They are subjects indeed of admiration and study, and though inclosed for the most part by walls and houses, they have beauties which no circumstances of disadvantage have been able to destroy. Such indeed is the negligence and ill taste of these degenerate Romans, that the column of Trajan—the first object of its kind in the world—is placed in a mean and narrow spot, scarcely accessible for the filth which is suffered to surround it. The column of Antoninus, which is in the second class, has fortunately a more favourable position. It is made a central ornament to a square which bears its name—and is one of the handsomest in Rome. Vestiges of the antient bridges, and particularly those of the Pons Sublicius, are discernible in the Tiber, when its waters are sunk a little below their ordinary level. And along its shores are yet visible, the remains of various antient buildings.

It

It is among those pleasures which I value most, to ramble along the banks of this antient stream. Doubtless its sands are immensely rich, and were it not for the apprehension of some pestilence from so large a mass of stagnant water, the Jews would have drawn an ample profit from their engagement to cleanse the channel of the Tiber, for the chance of its treasures. But the air of the Campagna is sufficiently infected already by noxious exhalations, and the waters of this river, if turned into the plains, would probably generate so great a corruption of the atmosphere, as would not easily be subdued. The complexion of the Tiber must have undergone some changes in different periods of its history. The name of Albula, which it once bore, has far less relation to its real aspect, than the "Flavus Tiberis," which it afterwards acquired. The yellowness of its surface is, indeed, scarcely peculiar to the Tiber. It
belongs

belongs in a degree to all the rivers in Italy, whose waters are uniformly turbid.

Independent of its classical fame, the Tiber has little to boast. It makes, before its arrival at Rome, a course of one hundred and fifty miles, rising among the Appennines in Tuscany, and receiving on its way the tribute of forty-two streams, till it falls into the sea at the distance of eighteen miles from Rome. Rivers, it should seem, partake of the chances which their cities experience. Rome had her reign; and fate allows no perpetuity to the superiority of states. Britain, once her vassal, looks down with proud contempt upon her ruins:—

“ And Tiber’s gods now bend to those of Thames.”

LETTER XCI.

Rome, Jan. 6, 1792.

THE political convulsions of so large a portion of the Catholic empire as France are not idly regarded here. Independent of that blow which St. Peter's successor has experienced in the south, by the loss of his hereditary dominions, the general apostacy of the country from the papal faith, and all its probable consequences, are said to excite serious commotions in the breast of the Pontiff.

In the commencement of that revolution which has changed so completely the aspect of France, steps of precaution were deemed necessary in the ecclesiastical dominions. The spirit of change was thought epidemical by the Holy Father, and the priests were ordered to double their diligence. Masses

were multiplied; processions were more frequently repeated, and all the symbols of imposing superstition were brought out, to retain the allegiance of a credulous multitude to the worst government and the most corrupt faith in Christendom. It should indeed have appeared unnecessary, and even impossible, to augment the services of devotion in a city like Rome. The *ordinaries* engage so large a portion of the day, that I am at a loss to know where the *extraordinaries* would find a place.

For some days after my arrival, I could not command the services of any manufacturer—days of devotion, fasts, and festivals, crowded so thick upon them, that the plan of their labours suffered a most fatal interruption. The conception of the Virgin, which fell in the first week of my residence here, was a day of great and solemn procession—monks, friars, priests of every order and fraternity, from the portly Benedictine to the ghastly brother of St. Francis,

paraded the streets. Lighted tapers and prodigious crucifixes were the ornaments they bore, and the streets resounded with their anthems and chaunts. In this suite was that poor and miserable shadow of Rome's antient authority, the *Senator*, mounted upon his palfrey, and trailed behind this groupe of religious actors. It was new to me, and I gazed at it with that degree of curiosity, which, making allowance for some portion of indignation, is not wholly without its pleasures. But how those who found no novelty, could find any delight in such a pantomime, was a mystery which nothing can account for, but the wretched credulity of the human mind when kept from the means of knowledge. To the plebeian croud, this grotesque procession communicated an involuntary impulse; convulsed their countenances, threw them on their knees, and seemed to "bring
" all Heaven before their eyes."

The churches, which approach very nearly the number of four hundred, are rarely without some worshippers: I have visited them at all hours, and been generally obliged to mix with pilgrims and devotees, in order to obtain a sight of their altars. The streets are lined with chapels, crucifixes, and altars: "black, white, and grey; cowls, hoods, and habits," with their wearers, fill every avenue of the city. Religion is the staple commodity of the place—"indulgences, dispenses, pardons," are the only articles of commerce which have any repute at Rome; and to judge from the liveries of the cardinals, who are undoubtedly the principal merchants, this has not yet ceased to be, malgré the ridicule of half Europe, a lucrative traffic. Indeed, the clergy are so interwoven in every condition of the state; they are either nobles, or related to nobles, and their household contains so many plebeian dependants; that if you take the church as a body, and add to it
some

some few scores of artists, maccaroni-dealers, lacqueys, and beggars, (the last of which are in a very great proportion,) you will have the sum of the population of Rome.

L E T T E R XCII.

Rome, Jan. 10, 1792.

I TOLD you in my last, that his Holiness, as not among the least interested, was not among the least disturbed at the changes in the civil and ecclesiastical systems which France has adopted. The projected escape of Louis XVI. was therefore an event of no small moment to the court of Rome; and from the very early intelligence, which this and other courts received, of this supposed successful expedition, it should seem to have been a measure concerted in very high councils. The Pontiff is said to have sur-

rendered himself, upon the first intelligence of his Majesty's escape, to the transports of joy which he could not but feel. He penned a brief expressive of his congratulations, and dispatched upon this service, to the most Christian King, a nuntio extraordinary. As this curiosity may not yet have fallen into your hands, I will give you some extracts expressive of the Pontiff's joy; vouching however, no further for the authenticity of the whole, than I am borne out by general opinion, and by the internal evidence it bears.

After declaring with what joy himself, the Cardinal de Bernis, the royal aunts, and the inhabitants of Rome, received the intelligence of his Majesty's escape from the hands of the outrageous and inhuman Parisians, whose barbarities had so much disturbed his Holiness's quiet, he proceeds:

“ Nunc vero hæc omnia tanto solantur
“ magis, quod hoc ipso egressu tuo perci-
“ piamus, qui tuus semper animus fuerit
“ erga

“ erga religionem, atque ecclesiam, ac erga
“ egregios illos penè omnes Galliarum an-
“ tistites, quibus summa est, vel per exilia
“ dispersis, in fide, omnique virtute constan-
“ tia. Quid jam dicemus de immenso bo-
“ norum virorum numero, de profuga præ-
“ clara illa nobilitate in te respiciente, pro
“ teque capita sua devovente? Horum om-
“ nium te in libertatem vindicato, teque
“ suo recepto rege cumulantur in nos gau-
“ dia; eorumque de te vota, spesque maxima
“ in nos nunc ipsos redundant.”

“ These our anxieties are the more com-
“ pletely relieved, inasmuch as we perceive
“ in your departure, a proof of that affec-
“ tion you have ever born to religion, the
“ church, and its dignified prelates, who,
“ though dispersed and exiled, still maintain
“ a constancy in faith and virtue. Need
“ we mention the illustrious nobles, those
“ numerous and worthy characters whose
“ eyes are fixed upon you, and who are
“ ready to serve you with the sacrifice of

“ their lives? The joys they feel at the
 “ liberation and recovery of their monarch
 “ are ardently shared by us: the vows they
 “ breathe, the hopes they nourish, are our
 “ own.”

The Holy Father then adds, how fervent his thanks have been to the Deity; and he concludes by the following prayer, to which is annexed the apostolic salutation:—“ Im-
 “ ploramus tibi promptum, pacificum, glo-
 “ riosum in regnum reditum, receptam ad te
 “ *pristinam* potestatem tuam, reductas leges,
 “ juraque *omnia* restituta. Te illuc religio
 “ deducat, cum amplissimo præfulum in suas
 “ sedes redeuntium comitatu: tecum illa
 “ regnet in populos, quorum jam contu-
 “ maciam licentiamque fregerit; volentesque
 “ animos ad mores, ad pietatem, ad officia,
 “ revocant,” &c.

“ We pray for your speedy, peaceful, and
 “ glorious return to the kingdom of your
 “ ancestors; a recovery of your *antient* au-
 “ thority; a re-establishment of the laws and
 “ rights

“ rights of all.—There may religion conduct
“ you, escorted by the goodly company of
“ returning prelates: may this assist you, by
“ subduing revolt and licentiousness, to bring
“ back the minds of your subjects to piety,
“ good morals, and allegiance,” &c.

I could not refuse myself the pleasure of putting these, which are the most emphatic parts of the Pontiff's brief, into an English dress. In what manner the counterpart of this transaction operated upon his feelings, and I might add—if such a thing can reside in the breast of a Pope—his pride, the extracts will enable you to conclude.—You will also perceive, if you had not already conjectured it, that the Pontiff's demands go to the full restitution of the antient authority, civil and ecclesiastical; so that the National Assembly and the holy conclave are not likely soon to agree.

LETTER XCIII.

THE Farnese, the Borgheze, the Barberini, the Ruspigliosi, the Spada, are accounted among the principal palaces in this wonderful metropolis, and most abounding in works of antient and modern art. I cannot avoid particularizing, among those subjects from which I have received the most pleasure, the four Evangelists by Guido. These claimed the more attention, as similar portraits by Guercino, have already been critically noticed in the palace Ricardi at Florence. Two statues, representing severally "the Sleeping Faun," and "the Sick Satyr," were distinguished by the extreme accuracy of their expression, and delicacy of execution. "The Sick Satyr" would make a very excellent counterpart to "the Dancing

"cing Faun," in the Tribune at Florence. All which I have now named, are in the Barbarini palace.

The famous statue of Pompey, at the feet of which Cæsar fell by the hand of Brutus, is a colossal figure, of bold and manly character; and is the principal treasure which the Palace Spada possesses. The Ruspigliosi derives its chief reputation from that incomparable work of Guido, representing "the Aurora." It has been so often engraved, that a transcript of its beauties—so far as frescoes can be copied into miniatures—is in the collection of every one who is at all an amateur of the fine arts. The composition is itself sufficiently poetical: Apollo seated in his flaming car; the rosy-fingered hours dancing around; Aurora piercing the clouds before his coursers; and Cupids gently "scattering the rear of darkness thin," are images which the mind of the Poet must have furnished to the hand of the Painter. Notwithstanding the criticisms of which
this

this painting has been the subject, it is, upon the whole, one of the most charming productions I have ever seen.

The villas are scarcely less numerous than the palaces, and they are for the most part repositories of all that is valuable in the fine arts. The villa Albani is a paragon of magnificence, *virtu*, and good taste. The villa Medicis was once of great character, but the gallery at Florence has been enriched at its expence, and it is now falling fast into decay. The Borghese is a specimen of admirable taste, as well in the distribution of its grounds, as in the treasures of its cabinets. There is in one of its saloons, a basso relievo, representing Curtius precipitating himself into the gulph, which is a most masterly work of the kind,—though the countenance is perhaps rather expressive of the despairing lover, than of the hero and patriot. It is in this collection that the famous statue of “David slinging the Stone,” by Bernini, is found. The character of David

was never more grossly conceived ; but as a “ flinger,” the statue has merit. When I entered the room, in the centre of which it stands, I started, and seemed to feel an emotion of alarm and apprehension respecting the issue of the throw. Of the far-famed fighting Gladiator, it may be said, that it is one of those prodigies of art, which defy criticism, and stretch beyond the line of pænegyric. The figure is thrown into an attitude most favourable to vigorous attack, and secure defence. The right hand is prepared to strike, the left to parry. Nothing can do justice to the merit of this statue, but the silent contemplation of its excellencies. Countenance and figure exactly harmonize ; and the full energy of position is rendered, with the strictest observance of anatomical precision. This statue was found at Antium, in the gardens of Nero ; and is no less in point of accuracy than effect, one of the most perfect remains of Grecian sculpture.

But

But my disquisitions upon palaces and villas, paintings and statues, have run beyond all reasonable limits. It is difficult to suppress those feelings of admiration, which a succession of such miracles of art is calculated to excite. I am enjoying a sort of paradisaical vision, not less enchanting than the vision of Mirza; and you may expect, that on leaving this place I shall conclude my narrative with saying, in the words of the oriental allegorist, "And I awoke, and behold it was a dream."

L E T T E R X C I V .

THE cathedral of St. Peter would of itself suffice to elevate this metropolis to a distinguished rank among the cities of Europe. The street which conducts to it from the bridge of St. Angelo, is one of the meanest

meanest in Rome ; but the open area before the church offers the most magnificent spectacle that the eye can take in. Two semi-circular—or semi-elliptical ranges of columns, severally composed of four rows, from the right and left wing. Two fountains of uncommon beauty play on each side ; and in the centre stands an Egyptian obelisk, the only one in Rome which has escaped entire from the ravages of time.

The façade of St. Peter is rich, and stupendously ornamented ; but the component parts are perhaps too numerous. The eye looks in vain for bold and prominent parts. The interior is all that wealth, taste, and superstition can contribute, to create sublimity and beauty. Altars, walls, and floor are overlaid with marbles of every grain and colour. One hundred and twelve lamps of silver, continually light up that hallowed altar, beneath which is imagined to repose the mortal part of St. Peter. And the spiral columns which support the canopy, consist

consist of one hundred and ninety thousand pounds weight of bronze—the whole of which was taken from the portico of the antient Pantheon. This circumstance may in itself suffice to express, what must have been the wealth and magnificence of that Temple, consecrated to all the gods.

The ascent of the ball and cross is very commodious, passing between the exterior and interior cupola. Arrived at the summit of the cupola, the ball is entered by a ladder; and will, by computation, contain sixteen persons. As the extent of curiosity is not readily ascertained, a second ladder is affixed to the exterior of the cross, for the accommodation of those who are disposed to stretch to its extreme length the chord of safety. Of the Vatican it is impossible to be silent, and difficult to speak. The chapel of Sixtus, the Clementine Musæum, the painted Corridores, the immense Library, are severally such as might well constitute the subject of a volume. The Musæum is daily
receiving

receiving improvement. A large bath of porphyry is among the additions which Pius VI., who is a great patron of the arts, is making to this noble collection of antiques. It may give you some idea of the superiority of the artists of Rome's better days, to be told, that this substance, which in the vases and baths of the antients received so high a polish, will scarcely yield to any instrument of modern temper; and though numbers are employed to restore in this bath the beauty which time has impaired, the process is attended with great difficulty and expence.

Of the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinous, &c. it is now too late to indulge in amplification: genius and criticism have united in their admiration: the sculptor, the painter, and the poet, have transcribed them into models, designs, and descriptions, and the warmest breathings of enthusiasm could find no term, but what has been already employed in their praise. The countenance and

presence of the Apollo is, in my judgment, a better exposition of what the antients intended by the term *Numen*, than all that the lucubrations of the learned have offered. The countenance of Laocoon has been thought too little expressive of anxiety for his children. But the artist copied nature and Virgil, in making the feelings of the parent subordinate to the agonies of the man :

“ Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,

“ Perfusus sanie vitas atroque veneno ;

“ Clamores simul horrendos ad fidera tollit.

ÆN. Lib. 2.

The Last Judgment, of Michael Angelo, and the School of Athens, by Raphael, are studies upon which the mind is more delighted to fix, than to expatiate. The plans which Ganganelli formed, Pius VI. has prosecuted with much taste, and at a vast expence. Such is the superlative excellence of this repository of the fine arts, that how-
ever

ever devoutly the fall of the spiritual Babylon is to be wished, one cannot help pronouncing of this emanation of its grandeur, "Eſto perpetuum!"

LETTER XCV.

THE church of St. John de Lateran, next to St. Peter's, is that to which the admiration of the traveller and the devotion of the pilgrim are principally directed. It is indisputably a Temple of great beauty and magnificence. The interior of this church is divided into five spacious aisles, the central being adorned with colossal statues of the twelve Apostles ; and the several altars and chapels abound in ornaments of great value and taste. Rich as this church is in gold and silver, it is richer still in precious relics. They have the ge-

huine heads of St. Peter and St. Paul ; they have the pillar on which the cock crew, when the former denied his master ; and many other things no less estimable in the view of the Believing and devout catholic.

Appendages to this Basilisk, are the Baptistery of Constantine, in which yet stands, if tradition lie not—the very bason of porphyry in which that prince received his baptism from the hands of Silvester. I could not help remarking, that over one of the chapels an inscription declared it to be a sanctuary of the greatest purity, and forbad the entrance of women. There is also affixed to an antient wall, a species of altar, known by the name of the Triclinium. What renders this of importance is, the irrefragable proof it contains of the just authority of the papal Chair over the States and Sovereigns of Christendom. This is no other than an antient mosaic, representing the Coronation of Charlemagne, by Leo III. who, in the act of giving him the crown, *undoubtedly*

motion, which has no name in language. The variety of persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions, resorting hither, is astonishing. The altar to which it conducts, contains an image of our Saviour, begun by St. Luke and finished by an Angel. The virtue which arises from an union of this portrait with the marble stair-case, is conceived to be more efficacious, than any thing of the same class, the holy house of Loretto not excepted.

Indeed, there are so many mechanical ways of composing the conscience at Rome, that I am at no loss to account for the profligacy which abounds on the one part, and from the religious artifice and industry practised on the other. Various tablets in the churches, and even in the public ways, announce the promise of pardon for many days, upon a simple repetition of some well-known prayer. The name of the Pope who has made such bequest, is usually affixed, with as much formality, as though the

pardon of sins were a species of real estate, and could be willed and bequeathed in *secula sæculorum*. I am confident that the aggregate of pardons, which a diligent worshipper might collect in a week from the different grants of the Popes and Prelates, would extend beyond the ordinary necessities of purgatorial purification.

L E T T E R XCVI.

THE church of Santa Maria Maggiore, follows the Lateran in rank. Riches and ornaments are lavished in profusion upon this edifice. Oriental diasper, agate, and all imaginable decorations, are the trappings of its altars. Among the important relics preserved here, is the *Culla Sacra*, or identical Cradle used in the infancy of our Saviour. This is elevated among the ceremonies of

the Christmas Eve. The priesthood are very unwilling to allow a near view of these precious deposits. Upon pressing the guide to grant me a sight of it, "Cospetto!" exclaimed he, "si mostra soltanto ai re;" *i. e.* "It is only shewn to kings."

The church of San Paolo, out of the walls, is the fourth and last of these sacred edifices which have the Porta Sancta, and hold the first rank in the list of Christian Temples; and I have no where seen a building which better deserves the attention of the curious. No less than one hundred and eighteen vast columns of precious marble support the roof of this church. These, distributed into four ranks, divide the area of the church into five majestic aisles. Of these columns, twenty-four are of a choice species of marble, called Pavonazzetto, of a single block each, in the manner of the antient artists. The rest are either of Parian marble, porphyry, &c. The arch which terminates the aisle, rests upon ten of the largest

largest granite columns. In one of the chapels, a Crucifix is erected, very famous in the records of the church, for having once harangued St. Bridget. The lordly Benedictines, to whom this church and monastery belong, have amassed immense riches by these impudent frauds. One is astonished that the thunderbolts of Heaven delay their vengeance. Under the great altar of this church, the body of St. Paul is said to be deposited; though St. John de Lateran has the head of this Apostle, and St. Sebastian his ashes. Pretensions like these are not easily reconcilable. Upon the road which conducts to this church from the gate, and antiently known as the Ostian way, little altars pretend to assign the spot at which St. Paul bade St. Peter adieu, when going to be martyred;—that at which he received a bandeau, to cover his eyes; and lastly, that at which he bowed his head to the axe.

Santa Maria della Croce is another of those remarkable churches, whose relics
make

make a figure in the scrolls of superstition. Helen, that great dealer in Jerusalem toys, brought over, among other things, the real and genuine Cross. This she deposited there. The church is named from this relic, and the fathers of the monastery, who seemed well fed and lodged for their services, guard this treasure as the pledge of their existence. It is not to be seen, without an order from a Cardinal. Under the church of St. Sebastian, are the celebrated Catacombs, in which the early christians sought shelter from the barbarous rage of their persecutors. The Bernardine who attended in shewing these subterraneous passages, assured me, that he had made the tour of them about a year ago. Taking flint and steel, and a supply of provisions, he followed their various windings, which occupied many days; and he found them penetrate sixty-three miles under ground. Here are two gilt urns, containing the *unquestionable* ashes of St. Peter and St. Paul.

There

There are three churches consecrated to St. Peter, besides the grand cathedral. The first of these is in the Forum—and has to shew, under its foundation, the cell in which St. Peter was confined. This church is called St. Pietro in Carcere. The second of these, is San Pietro in Montorio—a church situated upon the antient Janiculum. This spot is venerated as that upon which the Apostle suffered martyrdom; and the church owes its existence to this tradition. Connoisseurs find in it a treasure beyond the merit of its history. “The Transfiguration,” of Raphael, is the great ornament of its altar. I have passed many hours in contemplating this painting, which, with the St. Peter and St. Paul at Bologna, pass in my judgment for two of the best paintings in Italy. From the terrace which connects with this church, one obtains a most extensive view of the city.

St. Pietro in Vinculis is the last of these. This church is founded on a whimsical tradition:

dition : Eudofia, wife of Valentinian II. it is faid, built it at her own expence, in order to preserve the chain with which Herod had bound St. Peter. The Pontiff of the time conceived a defire of meafuring the chain with that which had bound the fame Apoftle in the Marmertine prifon; when, lo! on the experiment being made, the chains miraculoufly united. This wonderful depofit has given name and importance to the church. Here is the famous ftatue of Mofes, efteemed the chef d'œuvre of Michael Angelo.

If I could perfuade myfelf that you were not faturated with miracles, I could call in a thoufand others to my affiftance—fuch as the church of Praffade, in which I have been fhewn the identical pillar to which Chrift was faftened, in order to be fcourged;—that of the Sabina, in which is preferved a mafsy ftone thrown by the Devil at St. Dominick—and laftly, wells filled with the blood of martyrs, and efficacious for the cure of difeafes through their holy interceffion.

L E T T E R XCVII.

THERE are in this city numerous coffee-houses. I frequently pass an hour at the close of the evening in some one of them, and hear political subjects occasionally debated, with a degree of freedom and publicity really surprising. During the carnival, these caffè's are much resorted to, after the close of the opera, or comedy, by all ranks and conditions of men. I have frequently noticed the entrance of a cluster of the meanest plebeians, who called as authoritatively as their betters, for their cup of coffee, or glass of rosolio. A cup of coffee is obtained for a baioccho, *i. e.* an half-penny English; and I have had pint glasses of iced lemonade for two baiocchos and a half. Roasted chesnuts, which are a very

general food throughout Italy, are universal at Rome. Stalls abound in every part of the city, at which chesnuts and macaroni smoke every hour of the day; and these seem to serve the common people as the principal means of subsistence.

The Romans appear to have a strong propensity for stage diversions. This is very little to be wondered at, when it is considered, that Theatres are only allowed during the carnival; and that the whole of the year, that short period excepted, is spent in the gloomy services of superstition, occasionally enlivened by some gaudy procession, which, while it forwards the interest of the priesthood, serves as a raree-show for the people. The approach of the opera season is anticipated with joy. People of the meanest condition will expend the income of a week, or more, upon the purchase of a ticket for the first night of the representation. The great Lords usually treat their dependents with tickets on this occasion, and these
are

are sold and re-sold, till they bear a very high price. A very ordinary mechanic assured me, that he had disposed of his ticket for what had enabled him to treat his friends with a handsome supper.

The serious opera is grand ; but the severe edict which forbids, throughout the ecclesiastical states, women to tread the stage, renders the comedy insufferable. The comic opera, or buffo, is that in which the Roman talent most displays itself. Play of muscle and flexibility of voice render them perfect masters in colloquial and dramatic sing-song. Two Virgins distracted for the loss of their lovers, first enter the stage, and tell you in plaintiff treble, how the Nightingale sighs if she loses her mate. A Valet de Chambre presently discovers himself, and utters in a bold tenor, the miseries of him who cannot adjust the curls of his master's hair. A Major-domo now takes up the song ; and in a solemn strain of bass, expresses the afflictions resulting from the non-settlement of accounts. This done—all at once strike out
in

in a quartetto, most musical, most melancholy. Such are the usual combinations upon the Roman stage.

Dramatic singing, at least in the line of common incidents, approaches not in any town in Italy that degree of perfection which it has attained among the Romans. Nature has given them a strong portion of genius; and though the bold traits of their great ancestors are nearly effaced, I cannot look upon either their countenance, or their character, without concluding, that a *Roman* is something more than an *Italian*.

LETTER XCVIII.

Rome, Jan. 18, 1792.

IT is surprising to see by how many arts the Romish priesthood study to amuse, and to profit by the credulity of their followers. The festival of St. Antonio, not the Paduan Antony, the patron of fishes,
but

but Antony the protector of horses, mules, and asses, afforded me a strong proof of the artifices of catholic imposture. This ceremony was performed in a public square. A priest in surplice stood at the door of the church, and with a long brush, dipped, as often as occasion required, into a pail full of holy water, scattered this unction three times upon the horses, as they entered into the court. Here all the equipages of the nobility, no less than the horses of hire, are driven, decorated with ribands. The priest received from the votaries of the Saint, large wax candles, money, &c. according to their choice or means; while he gave them in return, a small print of the Saint, and a slight sprinkle of holy water. I treated the ceremony with some degree of levity, and received a rebuke from a true son of the church; who told me of many fatal accidents which had befallen those who refused to have their horses carried to the benediction of St. Antony.

The church of the Jesuits also offers a scene of barbarous and absurd superstition. Within this church, the scourge is nightly used; and I have it from a catholic, who, I dare venture to affirm, has been of the number, that multitudes resort to the penance which is here administered. The lights are extinguished, and the penitents of both sexes offer their bare shoulders to whatever number of stripes their sins may appear to deserve. I have more than once resolved to acquaint myself of the fact; but, understanding that the stiletto would certainly dispatch me, were I found thus obtruding upon their solemn mysteries, I have concluded to admit the history upon the credit of my reporter.

I frequently encounter in my evening walks, funeral processions, attended by mourners, having white masques and lighted candles, chaunting with hollow tones their Latin dirge. Whatever be the hour of the day, they equally bear the lighted candles.

candles. A gentleman related to me, that being indisposed for a few days, he was surprised to find that his valet had lighted up two wax candles of a costly size during his confinement, in order to propitiate the virgin Mary. And yet in the midst of all this, nothing is resisted more strongly by these ignorant enthusiasts, than the charge of idolatry. Observing a concourse of people the other day about a small church situated in the Piazza Colonna, I enquired the meaning; and was told, that a portrait of the Virgin there deposited, had lately performed a great miracle. The Madonna had, it seems, quitted her frame, in order to communicate to a Roman lady who had been robbed, such information as led to the subsequent discovery of the parties, and recovery of the property. This report getting abroad, had given great fame to the picture; and the devout are now crowding to the church, to pay it their daily homage.

LETTER XCIX.

Rome, Jan. 26, 1792.

MY passion for classical ruins has lately been gratified in a very high degree, by an excursion to Tivoli, the antient Tibur of the Romans. A bridge conducted us over the Anio, when scarcely two leagues from the gates of Rome. At little more than twice that distance, the strong exhalation from the Lago della Solfaterra began to assail us, and we traversed on foot two miles of ground, in order to see those *isole natanti*, or swimming islands, which the violent fermentation of this sulphureous matter has detached from the contiguous soil.

The antients annexed great virtues to these waters, and paid them a species of worship. The cardinal d'Este has acted a wiser and more useful part: for he has cut
a canal,

a canal, by which their superabundant waters, once productive of considerable mischiefs, are now conveyed into the Teverone. The soil for a considerable way round is encrusted by the exhalations which arise from this stagnant pool; and lesser lakes are formed, in which the bituminous matter is in constant agitation. The Lucan bridge, which we next passed, is remarkable for a monument to the memory of the Plautian family. As the day was but two-thirds spent, we passed the remaining hours of clear light upon our arrival at Tivoli, in viewing the elegant remains of the Sybils Temple. Time, which has preyed upon the building, has yet left it a semi-circular range of columns, in the face of that hill whence it is generally viewed. The verdure, which in spring and autumn crowns this Temple, was not yet apparent, but the lightness of its structure, the singularity of its situation, and the elegance of its decay, required no

additional circumstances of ornament to render it impressive.

A very intelligent guide conducted us the following day over the various ruins of this romantic scene. The villas of Mæcenas, of Horace, of Varus, Propertius, &c. once hung upon these delightful hills; and some indistinct fragments of the three first are still in existence. Lucretilis has contended with Tibur for the villa of Horace, and very bloodless battles have been fought upon paper to settle this disputed point. For my own part, when I entered the few remaining chambers, and was told to recognize in these, the *quondam* abode of the lyric bard, I was happy to find the tradition encouraged by those emphatic lines:

—Ego apis matinx

More modoque

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem

Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique

Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus

Carmina fingo.

Wines

Wines of antient celebrity were here offered us, and we gratefully poured out a libation to his manes. A Temple, very much upon the model of that of Minerva Medica, yet mostly inferior in size and beauty, is also among the elegant ruins at Tivoli.

But the celebrated Fall of the Anio constitutes the chief ornament of this delightful spot. This rapid stream precipitates here with noble violence among a cluster of rocks, bursting through several chasms formed by its own fury, till it finds a level bed, and an unobstructed channel. It was a luxury to pass from point to point, in order to take in all the varieties which this noble cascade presents. The Anio, at the spot where the cascade commences, is inclosed between two mountains, covered with shrubs of perpetual verdure. On one of these stands the little town of Tivoli, and the charming Temple of the Tiburtine Sybil. The opposite mountain is that, upon the sloping sides of which stand the ruins of

those villas once inhabited by the Poets ; and they communicate, by means of bridges thrown over the Anio. The river rolling between these mountains, broken into different forms and attitudes, tumbles from precipice to precipice ; till, descending at length to the vale beneath, it recovers its usual tone, and falls without a murmur into the parent stream. We stood and saw, amidst a cloud of foam, the full body of the river, forcing its way through a hollow channel, with great force and magnificence. There we watched its branching streamlets falling beside us, and scooping from the solid rock passages that resembled the effects of art.

The Gardens of Este, the Villa of Adrian, &c. are also among the important curiosities of the vicinity—the first for the fantastical distribution of its grounds, but more for the magnificent prospects which are seen from its terrace. The Villa of Adrian is a vast track of ruins, meriting an attentive examination. Labourers are still employed in
turning

turning up this soil at intervals, and the speculation is found to answer extremely well.

We accepted the proposal made by our Cicerone, of conducting us to the Comedy. A grosso, *i. e.* three-pence, was the price of admittance to the boxes. The exhibition was truly ridiculous. The main part of the plot was a trick displayed by Punchinello upon a great Connoisseur. A Cavalier, who was in love with his daughter, introduces himself to the esteem of the Connoisseur, by telling him, that he has in his possession a very fine statue. The Connoisseur intreats the favor of a sight. This antique statue—which is no other than Punchinello himself, accoutred for the purpose—is at length presented to the view of the enraptured Connoisseur. After some ridiculous circumstances of extacy on the part of the one, and grimace, of the other, the virtuoso approaches to handle the god. Punchinello springs from his base, and bestows upon the Connoisseur

noisseur a severe bastinadoing, to the great pleasure and satisfaction of the audience, and the curtain was dropped amidst loud and general plaudits.

L E T T E R C.

THE Roman jurisprudence does not appear to advantage in the mode of administering its civil punishments. Independent of that partiality which connives at a murder, and wreaks its vengeance upon a fraud, what wisdom can you discover in dislocating the limbs of a felon, and then sending him abroad to join the fraternity of cripples and beggars? In performing this barbarous operation, a signal is made, and the miserable victim is dragged up by a pulley to a considerable height in the air. This is repeated three times, by slackening and drawing the cord alternately; and that

that with more or less violence, according to the circumstances of the case.

The use of the stiletto, though greatly discontinued, is by no means at an end. It is the invariable companion of the common people; and the meanest raggamuffin in Rome has his pack of cards in one pocket, and his stiletto in the other. Two-thirds of the assassinations which are committed, are supposed to take their rise in disputes at play; and the knife is ever at hand to avenge a quarrel. Those who have been resident here for a number of years, report very unfavorably of the Roman temper, as vindictive and unforgiving. I have heard, that assassinations have sometimes amounted to sixteen in a day. A Painter of repute here, speaks from recollection of at least an equal number. He himself, as he relates the story, had taken a pupil from a Roman family; and chancing shortly afterwards to miss his watch, he took an opportunity of intimating to the lad his suspicions that he was the

thief. The boy denied the fact, and the matter seemed at rest. Some time after this, the Painter being at his business, discovered, on accidentally turning round, the boy with a naked poignard, ready to strike. The boy rushed from the room, and in quitting the house, stabbed a female servant, whom he suspected to have been the informer, and then took shelter in some sanctuary. The Painter determined to prosecute to the last extremity so complete a villain. The woman, after languishing for some time, recovered; and the prosecutor, finding the difficulties of bringing the offender to justice daily increase, and being threatened with some fatal vengeance if he should persist, was compelled to relinquish his suit, and the assassin now walks the streets with impunity.

I have myself seen a flagrant instance of this nature upon a late occasion, in one of the most public quarters of the city. A man, who seemed to be transported with rage, was struggling with two or three, who found
great

great difficulty in holding him. His knife glittered in his hand, and he used every effort and expression of violence. I had scarcely turned into the Piazza del Popolo, when I saw a number of people hurrying away another, armed also with a filletto, who appeared the antagonist of the former. This last quickly forced his way from his friends, and rushed into the house occupied by the other, where in all probability the mischief was completed. What surprised me most in viewing this circumstance was, that though happening in the face of day, it seemed scarcely to engage at all the attention of the people ; who, while I took refuge in my apartments, chilled with horror, passed to their devotions, or their business, with apparent unconcern.

At the Theatre of Capranica I lately saw the representation of a drama, which induced me nevertheless to doubt the vengeful spirit of this people, in the extent which some have assigned. The characters of this
piece

piece were, the King of England, a Duke of Mompford, Milord Veal, &c. This English Duke, a man cruel and inexorable, had in the rage of jealousy confined his wife in a cell, where was deposited the mouldering skeleton of her murdered lover—the fable is not original.—The horrors of this scene excited great murmurings in the audience ; but when they saw her prostrate at his feet, dishevelled, and in tears, and witnessed the unnatural violence of his repulse,—they could no longer restrain the emotions of their indignation, and the play could with difficulty proceed. At length, the husband begins to soften ; and, yielding to the impulse of nature and the return of affection, he embraces her with a declaration of unreserved forgiveness. The audience now broke forth into the most passionate expressions of joy and admiration. The acclamations seemed at once involuntary and universal.

During

During the representation, I heard it observed, "Per dir il vero quest Inglese é un "po crudele." "To say the truth, this Englishman is rather cruel."—"Si, (was the reply,) ma bisogna avere gran coraggio per "esser cosi crudele." "True, but a man must "have great courage to be so cruel."—This is a sentiment of true Italian growth.

I confess, were I inclined to admit this observation as illustrative of general character, I should conclude but ill of a people, with whom *courage* and *cruelty* are confounded: and an indisposition to violent revenge, considered as a deficiency of spirit and resolution.

LETTER CI.

THE Romans make great use of the evening. In summer, they are rarely seen abroad till sunset; and this is with them the signal for enjoyment. The song, the dance, the promenade, then commence; and the greater part of the night is passed in those kinds of festivities. I asked a Roman, What was his chief delight in the summer months? He told me, "mangiare le fiche tutta la notte;" "to eat figs all night." And of these they have abundance, of an excellent quality. Even at the present, which is not one of their least severe seasons, the evening brings out many upon the public walks. The wind has blown very sharp in the course of the last month; and they call it a hard winter, because it snowed for a little more

than half an hour. I thought at the time, that the snow would have settled, but a Roman corrected my conjecture—"non resta mai la neve qui," "the snow never settles here,"—which proved to be the fact. The great cloak, which is worn by all when walking the streets, serves as a sufficient disguise for what is worn, or what is wanting underneath; and as this can be loosened at pleasure, it answers for every season of the year. When about to issue from their chamber, they throw this cloak over their shoulders, and bring it so far over the lower part of the face, as to enclose a space for breathing. This they do, agreeable to their own account, in order that they may respire the air of the chamber in walking the streets, and not be exposed to the natural element.

The consecration of days is a source of great idleness to this people, as it is to the inhabitants of catholic countries in general; and the suspension of work so frequently

commanded, must in its part contribute to the poverty which reigns among them. It is difficult to know what the state of society is, in the humbler assemblies of this people. They seem scarcely to seek any higher amusement, than that of gazing at the equipages of their nobles and cardinals. The higher ranks have, on their part, very little to boast. Provided they are gazed at, their end seems answered. Hence they dress themselves out in diamonds; or, where these are wanting, in spangles:—show themselves half an hour at the different conversazioni, and then retire to their macaroni and their beds.

The king's aunts, the Abbè Mauri, and some celebrated emigrants are among the principal objects of attraction, which these assemblies hold out to a stranger; and it is scarcely a sufficient recompence for being bound in velvet, and accoutred in the gaudy trappings of an obsolete age. Occasionally some departure is made from this dull routine,

time, and an academia or concert is given. At such times the Roman pride allows itself full scope, and the entertainment is conducted with liberality and splendor. The Prince of Carignan was honored with a ceremony of this nature, and a very grand display of music and magnificence at the Palaces Doria and Colonna. The peace between Russia and the Porte gave occasion to another entertainment at the Palace of the Ambassador of the court of St. Petersburg. An ode was performed, in which the *pacific* virtues of Catherine were highly extolled;—and proofs of her *humanity* enumerated:—the storming of Ismail was not in the catalogue. The ode was succeeded by a ball, in which an attempt was made to unite the English and the Romans in a dance. It produced however so great confusion among the latter,—who content themselves principally with inflexions of the body,—that, after many fruitless efforts on the one part and the other, the custom of the country was

suffered to prevail, and the Romans were left masters of the field.

The defect of education is strongly visible in the Roman ladies. Their conversation is confined to the most ordinary topics. Few of the first condition can write their names; at least such is the report which I have frequently heard: and for so much I can answer, that an English Lady has written to a Princess of great beauty at Naples, who has caused her to be informed, that she is learning to write; and hopes, in course of time, to acquire the art sufficiently for the purpose of correspondence. Her sister is married to a Roman Duke—and the Neapolitan Princess is said to be the best educated of the two. I remarked to a native, how extraordinary it was, that the education of the females should be so grossly neglected. He replied, “By no means—it was totally unnecessary; for that a woman before she is married, is closely confined, sees little society, and must have no communications;

“ and that when she is married, il Cavaliere
“ *servente fa tutto per lei*,—her Ciciſbeo
“ undertakes every thing for her.”

Morals are surely at a low ebb in this city. All circumstances concur to favor their corruption; and although it would be just to use caution in pronouncing upon ecclesiastical morality, yet a life of splendor and fashion under the law of celibacy, is not the best security for private virtue. The darkness of the streets has been in itself alledged, as having an object not strictly spiritual; and the reproof which I received from an Abbè at a *conversazione*, for carrying a torch, on my return late in the evening from a *Caffè*, led me to infer—that the churchmen may have reasons for prohibiting lights, which it would be little to their credit publicly to avow.

LETTER CII.

Rome, Feb. 13, 1792.

THE mind, that takes a pleasure in viewing the contrasts of character, will find a singular gratification in visiting this city at the different seasons of penance and devotion. A long and uniform solemnity, interspersed only with a few private concerts and heavy conversaziones, had almost taught me to forget, that there is—among other times—“a time to laugh.” The gaieties of the carnival have quickened my recollection. Since Saturday noon, all has been mirth and frolic in this metropolis. The whole length of the Corso—extending more than an English mile—was crouded with ambulatory masks in its centre; and double rows of carriages, on each of its sides. All sorts of inven-

inventions, usual on such occasions, were here exhibited; and the air resounded with songs, shouts, and clamors.

It seemed to be a point of religion with all persons throughout this capital, who were not incapacitated by infirmity, to mingle in the procession of the masks. The young and active were exhibiting their postures, as Harlequins, Quack Doctors, &c.—the old were seated in elbow chairs at the doors of their houses, shaking their aged sides at the humours that were passing in review before them. It appeared very greatly the rage, for men to veil themselves in female dresses. This is, I suppose, in revenge for the liberty so generally taken by the Roman women, of assuming, for some convenient purpose, the male habit. I am informed, that this is by no means unusual in their attendance even on the Theatres.

It was not till late in the afternoon, that the whimsical races, of which you have heard so much, began. It is difficult indeed

to speak of *beginning*, when the whole is consummated in the twinkling of an eye; and the commencement and termination are so nearly coincident. A sheet drops; ten or twelve ponies rush, like a gulf of wind, through the channel formed by the carriages; and in a competition, which is usually fatal to some of their number, struggle for a paltry piece of velvet. The eye has very little share in the gratification which this race is supposed to produce. But then, ample amends is made by those harmonies, which the clattering of the pavement, the jingling of the tinsel ornaments, and the shouts of the spectators, convey to the ear.

The masking and racing have been repeated this day; and I will confess, that the repetition of these fooleries reconciled me to the decree which fixes our departure from this place for to-morrow. Our professed object in this arrangement is, to catch a gleam of Neapolitan humour, in the closing scenes of this festive season. Humour is a
leaven;

leaven; and, wisely administered, it improves and benefits the mass. But excess, in no case more than this, surfeits and revolts a rational mind. But Goldsmith has expressed this truth with so much accuracy, that I shall borrow his remark, as a final description of the effect which a Roman carnival has upon my temper and spirits. "The company of fools may at first make us laugh, but never fails in the end to make us melancholy."

LETTER CIII.

Naples, Feb. 18, 1792.

THINGS have changed since Horace travelled. "Minus est gravis Appia tar-dis,"—he tells us. The maxim is now inverted, "Il n'y a (says M. Dutens in his *Itineraire*) qu'a Piperno ou Gaeta, ou l'on puisse coucher sur cette route: mais il
"vaut

“vaut mieux voyager *toute la nuit.*” Velletri was the first place that offered us quarters; and here we were wretchedly entertained, at the rate of half a guinea per head. The humours of masking had found their way into this miserable place, and the night was consecrated to clamorous festivity. Terracina bounded our second day's journey; the chief amusement of which consisted in speculating upon the Pontine Marsh, and picturing, as our carriage rolled over the Ap-
pian road, the Poet's journey to Brundisium.

At Tre-ponti, about mid-distance between Velletri and Terracina, labourers were employed in carrying on those works of public utility, which, amidst all his bigotted follies, the present Pope is industrious to complete. As an *Ater Palus*, this tract of marshy country has experienced a very salutary improvement: and though the complexions of the labourers and inhabitants at Tre-ponti indicated the sickly temperament of this region, yet advances have been so
far

far made towards salubrity, as to render habitable through the year, what was formerly deemed hazardous even for a night. As the salubrity of Rome arises in great part from the exhalations which the Pontine marshes engender, it is a design of no mean dignity to cleanse and fructify those noxious swamps; which extend between eight and nine leagues in length, and infest the whole circumjacent country with pestilential effluvia. The approach to Terracina announces a most agreeable change of scene and climate. Fine orangeries, loaded with fruit, covered the hills, and gave us, in exchange for wildness and sterility, the highest degree of luxuriance, fragrance, and beauty. "*Impositum saxi late cadentibus,*" is a very accurate description of this ancient town. This is more particularly the case in its present state, as Jupiter, its original patron, having apparently abandoned its concerns,—nothing remains to fix the traveller's attention, but the peculiarity of its situation,

situation, and the aspect of its rocks. The "Circæum jugum," or Monte Circello, as it is now called, stands full in front: and a dish of figs, served up for our evening's entertainment, afforded us a delicious specimen of its fruits. Its fame, however, principally depends upon its being regarded as the seat of witchcraft, and the strong hold of necromancy and conjuration. Our third day brought us, over great inequalities of country, to Mola di Gaeta.

In issuing from Terracina, the road ran along the sea coast, under the frowns of steep and abrupt rocks. Then winding among the mountains, it conducted us through scenery of the most picturesque character. The hedges were almost invariably of myrtle, intermixed with laurestina, yellow jessamine, and shrubs the most beautiful and odoriferous. Fundi, or Fondi, as it is now called, was situated in the very bosom of beauty. A visit from the police and revenue officers of his Neapolitan Majesty,

jeſty, upon our entrance into his dominions, gave me an opportunity of glancing upon the romantic and variegated mountains which ſurround this ſhadow of a town. Whether the deformity of the Campania have ſharpeneſ my reliſh for natural beauty, I know not; but my admiration was excited by the ſcenes of this day, to an extravagant degree; and I ſeemed, in my enthuaſm, to have found myſelf in the miſt of enchantment.

Our inn at Gaeta was the center point of the bay, and commanded a grand ſcope of proſpect both over land and ſea. Here the red mullet is, by epicures, ſaid to abound in great perfection. We paſſed, on our fourth day, the marſhes of Minturnæ, famous as the hiding-place of Marius; and croſſing the Gagliarno, deſervedly called *taciturnus amnis*, indulged in a pauſe of half an hour at San Agato, ſituated in the vicinity of the antient Sinueſſa. Of this place I neither know nor care more than its having been the rendez-

vous

vous of that meeting, sacred to genius and friendship, of which Horace has given so rapturous a report. We entered Capua in a violent storm of thunder and hail. Had Hannibal marched his victorious veterans into modern Capua, they would have been in no danger of being enervated by its luxury. Retiring early to our beds, we mingled our murmurs with those of the storm, which played through the broken casement.

I could not quit this town without feeling a portion of that melancholy to which the retrospective view of human vicissitudes gives birth. The whole extent of Italy is a field of similar reflection. Wrecks and monuments of antient importance are, throughout this country, the perpetual food of thought. Capua once held a place among the first of cities; and the ruined materials of what once existed, yet catch the spectator's eye. The tradition of her greatness is, however, the only monument which preserves its memory; and the traveller finds a difficulty

ficulty in believing that this miserable town was—

“Altera dicta olim Carthago, et altera Roma.”

“A second Carthage once, a second Rome.”

L E T T E R CIV.

Naples, Feb. 24, 1792.

I AM impatient to catch and convey the manners, dress, air, and folly of this gay and glittering city. Fortunately for my design, all is open and undissembled. I have seen no place in which nature is less restrained by the laws of morals, or even of decorum. That thin and flimsy veil, which, disguising the grossness of vice, renders it—if not less criminal—less offensive, seems here to be either unknown, or unregarded. The passions speak a language of the most licentious depravity.

Notwithstanding the tediousness of our journey from Rome, we arrived in sufficient time

time to catch the parting rays of the Carnival. Festinos, operas, and processions of masques, were yet following each other in rapid succession. The tide of amusement at these places does not set in till the day is closed. With the light, yet perfect disguise of an artificial *nose*, I mixed at midnight with an assembly, diversified by all the varieties of harlequin, shepherd, mountebank, and a thousand indefinable characters. The opera house of San Carlos was the Theatre of Rendezvous; and the lamps with which it was decorated, reflected from the numerous mirrors, exhibited a blaze of splendor. The king's guards, dressed in their gala suits, paraded round the theatre; and some fantastical devices were played off, amidst the blended sounds of music and clamor. Form was soon given up, and all ranks mixed without reserve. I did not feel myself quite at home in this new element. The heat was insupportable, and the presence of the king rendered it impossible

to

to unmask. Among the various forms that moved before me, was a mask of grave and solemn guise; speechless throughout the night, and cautious in all his actions. He bore upon his forehead the following inscription:

“ Chi sono e d’ onde vengo io ignoro,
E la solitudine io adoro.”

“ Nor who, nor whence I am, I know aright;
But perfect solitude is my delight.”

This seemed to convey a reflection sufficiently satirical upon the multitude assembled around him. My entertainment was considerably abridged, by the difficulty I found in conversing with the natives, whose language is a grossly corrupt dialect of the genuine Tuscan; and habit, rather than study, seems requisite to understand its deviations. The monosyllable *mo* is used with a frequency and variety, for which I am entirely unable to account. It seems to enter into almost every sentence, and is a

perfect catchword with the common people. A boatman, who conducted me across the bay, uttered, with a loud and emphatic tone of voice, to a fisherman at a distance, *Mo!* The other, lifting up two fingers of his right hand, and inclining his head, replied, *Mo!* From the circumstances of the case, I was enabled to interpret this ambiguous term, which meant in the question, "Have you caught any fish?" and in the reply, a decisive negative.

I confess to you, that this single circumstance has deterred me from meddling with a language in which such artificial variety, but real sameness, prevails. It would be a hopeless labour to seek in system, what is strongly connected with habit; and that language promises but ill to a student of rules, whose terms depend—not only for their emphasis, but also for their sense—on nods and gestures; on flexions of the muscles, and contortions of the body.

L E T T E R C V.

THE Bay of Naples and its environs form a draught of higher and more finished scenery, than I have yet seen under any meridian. The Hotel we inhabit, furnishes every advantage to the eye, and embraces a sphere, into which enter all the objects of any magnitude for which Naples is visited. To the right, Puzzuolo, Misenum, Baiæ; the dusky and majestic Vesuvius to the left; and a fine opening of the sea in front, terminated by the charming islands of Capré, &c. compose a groupe which the mind of the Painter, intent upon artificial arrangement, would find it difficult to improve.

The Promenades upon the Quay, disposed with more attention to regularity than beauty, have at least the advantage of a

noble and varied prospect. Indeed, I have not yet found, in all my wanderings round this place, a spot of ground wholly destitute of natural or local beauty. Where the view of sea, islands, or promontories, happens to be intercepted, this loss is almost invariably compensated by some picturesque enchantment. Some loose and delicate shrubbery fixes, by its wanton shoots, the spectator's eye, and prevents him from regretting the bounds which intercept the grander objects. The whole of this country is indeed the seat of beauty, and Nature seems to have bestowed one of her richest climes upon the most unworthy of her sons.

As a transient traveller, I pretend not to assign the best investigated reasons for the characters I draw ; but here the bold and masculine features of vice and profligacy render it only difficult to find terms sufficiently forcible to express the genuine colours under which they appear. That the lower orders in this city should be corrupt
and

and abandoned, is a matter of little surprise to those who see the condition of life to which they are exposed. From twenty to thirty thousand *Lazzaronis*, almost unclothed, and totally unhoused, ranging this great city for a precarious subsistence, are a sort of people well calculated for corrupting and being corrupted. It is natural to suppose, that the evil commencing here, will have a wide circulation, and corrupt, by a powerful leaven, the great mass of the common people. For these Lazzaroni are not a loose and disorderly number; they are an army of raggamuffins, under an established sort of discipline; and are considered by the State, as an order not to be neglected, or more properly speaking, not to be oppressed beyond a certain point. They have, it should seem, an invisible bond of union; and, when their rights are invaded, endeavour to make their importance felt. So far, however, as I can learn, they have not yet framed a Charter of Rights, which might

not with equal propriety include the dogs that follow them. Nakedness, hunger, exposure to the elements, are grievances which have never entered into any of their remonstrances. The members of this Corps are generally selected, as instruments of perjury and assassination, crimes very prevalent in this country, from the corrupt state of their Courts, and the tenderness of their laws against the shedders of blood. If credit might be given to the current estimates, five thousand have perished in one year by the knife of the assassin.

A conference is said to have been lately held with his Neapolitan Majesty, upon the subject of assassinations, and the necessity of punishing the assassin with death, strongly contended for. His Majesty begged leave to differ from his learned advisers, on the propriety of this step;—"For at present," said the Monarch, "I lose five thousand of my subjects by assassination; if, therefore, I were to put to death every assassin,"

"I should

“ I should lose double the number.” This reply will serve to shew, that, in some countries, at least, the executive and legislative powers are wisely kept distinct.

LETTER CVI.

IN accounting for the corruption of the *lower* orders of people in this metropolis, the sources were sufficiently apparent, and a sort of apology was at hand. It is not however so easy to find a solution, or excuse, for that barefaced profligacy, which the higher classes, without scruple, admit; and over which it is scarcely held necessary to throw a veil. The obligation of the marriage vow is treated as a mere illusion; and the ceremony itself considered in no other light, than as affording a sort of sanction to the indulgence of an unrestrained licentiousness. Indeed, the example of the

Sovereign gives little countenance to the opposite virtues. His favourites are known to be numerous; and, under this vicious meridian, all attention to decorum is discarded as superfluous—if not ridiculous.

The grand amusement of Naples is the Opera, serious and comic; but at the period of our arrival, it was already much in the wane. The celebrated Banti, a singer of uncommon powers, filled indeed the Theatre with the strength and melody of her notes; but scarcely an attraction subsisted besides. Since the termination of the Carnival, the Academia forms the only public rendezvous of the fashionable world. To this noble Academy, as it is called, a ticket of admission is without difficulty procured from the English Minister. I think I never passed through quite so many apartments, in order to arrive at *one*. This is a trick practised in an high degree at Rome. In order to impress the visitor with an exaggerated idea of the magnitude of the palaces, the entrance

is

is usually so managed, that its distance from the rendezvous of the company may be the greatest possible. This gives the possessor an opportunity of exhibiting a countless suite of chambers, and an extended alley, formed by all his household in their gala dress. The approach to the Saloon of the Academy was contrived with the same attention to pomp and magnificence; and the servants attending were gorgeously apparelled in liveries of crimson and gold. The band is good, and, as well as the fingers, selected for the Opera.

But the music forms no part of the entertainment—if one may judge from the inattention of the company—few of whom appear to know, or at least to consider, that fifty people are straining their arms and throats in their service. Conversation, intrigue, and play, are the chief objects of associating at this musical meeting, which has, in fact, as little to do with music, in respect to the company, as the *Conversazione*

at

at Rome has with conversation. The name is however respectable; and those who have any of the purposes to effect which predominate in these assemblies, find rather a protection, than an obstacle, in the little analogy that subsists between the real and the professed design of the meeting.

L E T T E R CVII.

Naples, Feb. 27, 1792.

IT was amongst my earliest gratifications of curiosity here, to visit that Mountain, whose volcanic ebullitions have been so long and so dreadfully famed; and against whose ravages the potent arm of St. Januarius * alone has been able to lift a shield. The base of the Mountain stands at a very short

* A statue of this Saint is erected at the foot of the Mountain; and it is by virtue of his hand extended, that Naples is supposed hitherto to have escaped.

distance

distance from the town of Portici ; and here Guides, Cicerones, and Mules, attend for the service of the curious. We made free with one of the second description, two of the first, and declined taking any of the last into our suite. A very little ascent up the broader part of the base, which extends down to the sea, furnished a noble view of the Bay—softened as it was in that instant with the beams of the sun. The path then began to conduct us over vast heaps of lava : it resembles strictly a plowed field, the soil of which is thrown up in irregular distributions of black and unbroken clods. Of these the age and circumstances are well known by the Cicerones, who explained the phænomena attending them, and assigned to each their regular dates. Our Cicerone was not however a philosopher, he never intermeddled with *causes* ; contenting himself with *effects*, he rehearsed his catalogue of signs and wonders ; and had only answers for those questions which were con-

connected with what immediately preceded in the dialogue.

The path we were now pursuing, was marked out as "la Caccia del Re," or "the King's Hunt." The inequality and sharpness of the lava rendered this part of the expedition particularly inconvenient; and it was no consolatory circumstance, to find, upon advancing, the roughness and the declivity considerably increase. The half-distance was marked by a stone of enormous bulk, which was last year discharged from the crater, and, settling here, is estimated to divide the ascent with tolerable exactness. Some distance from this, and not till a steep and rugged track of lava is passed, commences what is called the "Pain de Sucre." This is the Crown of the Mountain, consisting entirely of ashes, precisely conical, and extremely difficult of ascent.

It is unnecessary to insist upon the inconvenience of climbing over loose and warm

ashes. The Guides girt on their belts, and, recommending us to hang by these, assisted our movements by thus scrambling before us. The effluvia of the warm ashes was so relaxing, as to render this part of the ascent more fatiguing than any portion of climbing I ever underwent. We reached, however, by persevering exertions, the Crater, and thrust our heads over that awful basin, from which has issued the destruction of thousands. Clouds of thick smoke, strongly impregnated with sulphur, rendered it impossible to make any discoveries. The vapor was powerful to a degree approaching suffocation. The Guides called out, "Fazzoletti," "Handkerchiefs." With these we defended ourselves against the attacks of the sulphur: and clinging round the waists of the Guides, descended with a rapidity which contrasted well with the tardiness of our ascent.

The Hermitage furnished us, upon our descent, a grateful refreshment. This Hermitage

mitage is situated under the protection of a ridge, which secures it for the present against the lava. An old Regular, and a Secular, inhabit this dreary abode; and offer their humble tribute of eggs and lagrima Christi, (a wine in some repute,) to those whom curiosity draws to these tremendous regions. The Hermit has been fourteen years an inhabitant of this solitude. His companion has but lately become of his society. The first of these has an annuity from Government, for residing here: and it would be difficult to conceive, how an adequate reward can be given for such services, were it not sufficiently known, that nature has suited the propensities of some men to situations which have no conceivable attractions. I asked him, if he was not terrified at living in so dangerous a neighbourhood. He replied, "By no means. That the Hermitage had been established more than two hundred years, and no instance had yet happened of injury

" jury

“ jury to the Hermit. The Hermitage had
“ indeed once shifted its ground, by a singular force and direction of the lava ;
“ but that the Hermit himself had found
“ means of escape.”

Habit is doubtless the parent of content, or it would be difficult to imagine how a being, endued with mortal affections, could sleep securely within the shade of a mountain, which has already buried whole cities in lava and ashes. A small gratuity repaid the Hermit for his civil offices. Our names were enrolled in the Catalogue of Adventurers, who had bent over the brow of the Crater ; and we rejoined, with some additional fatigue, our equipage—feeling very sensibly, that Vesuvius is a mountain which it is more pleasant to *have ascended*, than to *ascend*.

L E T T E R CVIII.

Naples, Feb. 28, 1792.

FROM the Lava of Vesuvius, I have been to visit the Ruins of Pompeia; and, having taken a peep into the Gulph itself, was desirous of seeing its destructive effects upon those who are so unfortunate as to stand in its neighbourhood. Discovered by accident, and laid open by industry, part of the antient town of Pompeia, destroyed by a shower of burning ashes, now stands exposed to the spectator's eye. A square of some extent, a perfect street, a small burying-place, and a temple of Isis, are all that have yet been traced out beneath the incumbent soil.

From all that appears in the military prisons, the skulls, &c. the fate of this town must have been so sudden, as to admit of
little

little escape ; and it is somewhat extraordinary, that a period of one thousand seven hundred years should have elapsed without any discoveries made of an entire town sunk amidst the soil—particularly when it is considered, that the earth is not, in the deepest parts yet explored, more than twelve feet raised above the buildings. The street is the most perfect curiosity that Europe has to shew ; and may indisputably be placed at the head of those monuments which preserve the traces of antient times. The opening to this street is ornamented with a fountain, and it terminates in a burying-place, decorated with sepulchral lamps. The street is narrow, paved with lava, and worn into ruts by the wheels of the antient carriages. There is on each side a footway, considerably raised above the carriage track ; and shops of various character, in uninterrupted succession. Many of these are traced with tolerable accuracy to the particular profession, or merchandize, under which they

were antiently classed; such as surgery, wine-vaults, coffee-houses, &c.

The houses are, with very little variation, constructed upon an uniform plan; and coolness seems in all to have been particularly attended to. They are so perfectly cleared of all those ashes under which they once lay, that the traveller can now enter every apartment, and examine them with the most perfect convenience. The shops are ornamented with paintings in stucco, emblematical of their character; and the chambers covered with groupes of a wanton and amorous description. To each is, for the most part, annexed a small court-yard, having a reservoir of water in the center. All the parts of this street are so accurately preserved, that it resembles more a model of what *may have been*, than a monument of what really existed: and I have yet visited no ruins of past times, in which the images were presented to the mind more entire and consistent.

I for-

I forbear to comment on the temple of Isis, and the military Prisons: they are sufficiently known, as well as the other parts of this subterraneous town, by descriptions already given. I cannot, however, forbear expressing the horror I felt, at being conducted through a vault or cellar, which passed under the four sides of a quadrangular garden. What appeared most hideous in this cellar was, that the large jars, containing the wines, without any disturbance of their original arrangement, were filled with lava, and thus incruited with the walls and each other. Some skeletons had been found upon the first opening of these vaults, doubtless of persons who, seeking refuge in this imagined place of safety, were buried in the common destruction. I could not issue from these gloomy vaults, without shuddering at the reflection of a catastrophe so sudden and extensive; or congratulating those whose "lines are fallen in" more "pleasant places." Labourers are still occupied in
clearing

clearing away the ashes; and advances are making towards more complete discoveries. It is, however, to be lamented, that for want of due encouragement among the higher powers, the business proceeds with very little alacrity; and small chance appears of making further acquaintance with Pompeia in the present century. His Majesty has not, *as yet*, visited these ruins, though they lie within half a dozen miles of his Musæum at Portici. His visit has been promised, and expected, for a course of years past; but except some wild fowl should hover over the ruins, Pompeia will have little security for the fulfilment of the royal engagement.

Our English Resident at this Court had, as I have been informed, laid out for his Majesty an English Garden, stocked it with plants from England, and added a Gardener, who had studied the science upon English principles. Some sycophant of the Court suggested to the King, that the
ground,

ground, thus metamorphosed, would make an incomparable "Caccia," or chace ground. This was to his Majesty of Naples irresistible, and a decree was immediately issued, for converting the *Giardino Inglese* into a *Caccia*. Sir W. H., apprized of the design, flew to the King, remonstrated against the intended change, and continued to intreat him, that he would at least make the Garden a visit, before he suffered it to be destroyed. The King assented; and the following day, accompanied by his retinue, proceeded to reconnoitre the English Garden. It happened, that on the way a wild-fowl sprung up; this caught his Majesty's eye—a gun was demanded, and couriers were immediately dispatched for the Royal gun. This arresting the cavalcade, produced so great delay, that before the bird could be brought to the ground, it was judged impracticable to continue the route,—and his Majesty returned, without seeing the object of his expedition. Sir W. H. now pressed his

suite on behalf of the Garden, urging, that his Majesty might boast of having in his Garden plants which no other King in Europe possessed. This settled the business in Sir W's favour: "If that be the case," (concluded his Majesty,) "it shall be a *Garden*; and I will be the greatest King *in Europe.*"

LETTER CIX.

Naples.

THE changes which have taken place upon the whole of this coast, are amongst the most extraordinary achievements of Time and Ruin. Pozzuolo, Baiæ, and Cumæ, stript of all their antient edifices, are now stretched, like the wrecks of shattered vessels, along the sea-shore. The first is yet visited for some indistinct remains of

a temple of Serapis, and a villa of Cicero. Over the former of these, volcanic flames have evidently passed; the columns yet standing, retain the strongest traces of fire, and appear burned to the consistency of pumice-stone.

Baiæ is yet a more melancholy wreck. In crossing the gulf of Pozzuolo, to visit it, all that has survived of this elegant retreat shews itself in the exterior of a few temples, whose walls are bared and perforated by the waste of elements and time. Landing upon a charming spot, I rambled along the shore, and reconnoitred these monuments of past and perished beauty. A temple given to Venus, resembling in its form that of Minerva Medica, has yet some attractions in the happiness of situation, and the symmetry of its figure, heightened by the elegant umbrage which overhangs its cupola. A temple of Mercury, covered in after the model of the Roman Pantheon, was doubtless once an ornament to these shores. It

is now sunk considerably below the level of the soil, and yet retains the property of returning a prodigious echo; and, like the Gallery of St. Paul's at London, of rendering distinctly audible the lowest whisper. Foundations of palaces are further discernible through the whole extent of the shore, and scattered fragments yet preserve the traces of the antient chissel. Successive earthquakes have however demolished the buildings themselves, and so altered the position of the soil, that the sea now washes the remains of those mansions, which doubtless, in their perfect state, occupied a situation of greater security.

The village of Bauli, rendered famous by the matricide of Nero,—the Reservoir for the Roman Fleet, now known as the Piscina Mirabile,—and the Elysian Fields, excited a share of interest proportioned to their historical or traditional importance. In the first, I was conducted, by the aid of torches, to a Cave, of which I can make no report

beyond that of the conjecture which has fixed it as the Tomb of Agrippina. The Piscina is a reservoir of prodigious extent, and sufficiently known for the sediment with which its walls are incrusted. This is found to bear an excellent polish; and gaudy tables, snuff-boxes, &c. are made of it at Naples. The Elysian Fields, and the Lake of Acheron, (Lago della Fusaro) have little to recommend them, beyond the fascinations which the pen of the Poet has hung around them. The flowery meads of the one, and the noxious vapour of the other, have partaken of the common fluctuations which their neighbours have experienced. Yet enthusiasm perceives no decay in those regions, upon which it has been encouraged to dwell. The eye yet views the Elysian Fields in that picture of perfect beauty, through which they were first transmitted; and consecrated to immortality by the labours of the Muse, they “live in description, and look green in song.”

So

So much has been said of the *Grotto del Cane*, on the road to Pozzuolo, and of the various phenomena, that I shall content myself with telling you, that I found it a small cave, cut in one of the mountains that enclose the lake Agnano: the ground emitted a very warm vapour. I readily dispensed with the experiments proposed, as I could not see the propriety of torturing an animal in the service of my curiosity. The learned are, I perceive, still at variance upon the properties of this Cave; and it is an arcanum *hereafter* to be discovered—what are the physical causes of that stoppage of respiration in animals, and extinction of flame in torches, which this Cave avowedly occasions.

If I add to these the Baths of Nero, and the Pisciarella—I shall have named to you the most memorable of those curiosities, which have occupied me two several days. The Baths of Nero consisted in a rock perforated; an experiment of the heat was
made

made by passing through this cavity, in which the air was heated to an unsufferable degree: an egg was boiled before me in the natural water, and turned out perfectly hard. The Pisciarella was also a rock excavated, and equally impregnated with natural heat; the water bubbled and roared in it, as it would have done in a heated cauldron. Indeed the whole soil appears penetrated with sulphureous fluid; and wherever I set my foot, I seem to be treading upon a soil perpetually heaving and sinking with the workings of volcanic matter. Earthquakes and explosions seem here of natural growth, in alternate succession working new changes in the aspect of the country.

L E T T E R CX.

THE Musæum at Portici is the most interesting cabinet in Europe, to a man not professedly scientific. The generality of cabinets are schools of study, rather than exhibitions of striking rarities; and the traveller, whose head does not turn upon an antiquarian pivot, finds in them little to regale his transient curiosity. The Musæum of Portici combines, on the contrary, every species of interesting matter, with which the mind, uninformed of scientific mysteries, yet tinctured with a knowledge of antient history, would wish to be entertained.

The court-yard of this building is decorated with columns of different magnitudes, which once supported the Theatre, Temples, and public edifices of that town,
upon

upon whose ruins it now stands. These are interspersed with a number of funeral stones and tablets, bearing inscriptions. The Repository of Antiques is itself distributed into various chambers, appropriated to distinct classes of subjects. The first of these contained the implements of sacrifice, sacred tripods, instruments of killing, for performing libations, &c. Amongst these were, some utensils of admirable workmanship, and the greater part were of bronze, inlaid with silver. One cabinet presented a complete collection of lamps, sepulchral, sacrificial, and domestic. These were wrought in every variety of form, and exhibited a thousand fancies. There were distinct cabinets of chirurgical and of musical instruments; also of penates and amulets: these last are mostly in bronze, representing the different acknowledged divinities, and are, in many instances, executed with consummate taste.

In

In addition to these, are cabinets of husbandry, the instruments of which have, for the greater part, preserved their original form; of Priapuses in every conceivable fancy;—of manuscripts, in rolls; writing instruments, such as the *Stilus* and *Tabula*;—of kitchen utensils, pots, gridirons, saucepans, &c.—of bathing implements, the strigil, &c.—of weights and measures; and finally of cameos, ladies trinkets, instruments of the toilet, needles, bodkins, scissars, urns; a specimen of various eatables, such as nuts, pears, figs, dates, barley, and a loaf of bread. All these, though blackened by the fire, are yet accurately distinguishable. I might enumerate an infinity of other articles, but the whole of the Musæum has been laid open to the knowledge of the curious by artists and reporters; and the mind, fatigued with the necessary attentions to so copious a collection, feels little disposition to enter into details.

The

The Ruins of Herculaneum, from which, as well as Pompeia, the treasures of Portici are drawn, lie sixty feet deep beneath the level of this town. Excluded the means of natural light, they are now visited by lamps and torches, and resemble a suite of subterraneous vaults. Vestiges yet appear of chambers, ornamented with paintings; walls and columns overlaid with stucco; and those who have been fortunate enough to descend with an intelligent guide, have been made to believe, that the ruins of this town are much less confused than they appeared to me to be. The lava has entered into the inmost recesses, and consolidated into one mass, houses, theatres, and temples. How direful must have been that fiery torrent, which desolated this once noble and populous city! And how strong the habits and attachments which can induce a new race of men to fix their residence in so dangerous a vicinity! Yet here are no symptoms of apprehension; the round of business and of pleasure

pleasure is pursued by those adventurous inhabitants, with as much indifference as though a league of amity subsisted between the Mountain and themselves.

“ Oh blindness to the future, kindly given,
“ That each should fill the circle marked by Heaven !”

It is doubtless a part of the divine plan, that every region of the earth, not totally destructive of the species, should receive some portion of inhabitants ; and therefore it is not difficult to see how wisely Nature admits of that discipline which chastises her sensibility.

In human life there is no certainty, and much danger ; but here uncertainty cannot express how little certain all things are, nor danger how dangerous. All is hollow beneath us : wherever I strike my foot the earth returns a quivering sound : hills and valleys are perpetually admitting some change ; and mountains themselves are but the growth of
a night.

a *night* *. On one hand, springs are boiling; on the other, liquid sulphur is oozing through the parted soil; here are monuments of what earthquakes have scattered, there ruins of what eruptions have dissolved; the roads are bottomed by masses of lava, and the lakes are enclosed in the craters of volcanos!

L E T T E R CXI.

THE Farnese Bull and Hercules, which once adorned the palace of that name in Rome, are now numbered amongst the ornaments of Naples. The first occupies a conspicuous place in the public walks, and the groupe is designed and wrought by a

* Monte Nuovo is known to have appeared in this space of time.

noble effort of genius and art. As to the second, so gigantic is the bulk and ponderosity of the Hero, that I much doubt whether the club, on which he is supposed to lean, would in fact sustain so great a pressure.

From the Hall that boasts this celebrated statue, I passed to contemplate the Tomb of Virgil. Grateful to me was the monument which bore so high a name. I embraced with credulous joy, in defiance of the cold and captious doubts of the antiquarian, a prejudice so dear to classic feeling. I saw, in the monkish distich, a tribute of at least two centuries back *, and I blessed the tradition which had consecrated so fair a spot to the Poet's memory. It is allowed on all hands, that no tradition could have fallen on an object better calculated to establish the fact. It unites all

* " Qui cineres tumuli hæc vestigia conditur olim

" Ille hoc qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces."

that can be combined of simple and picturesque beauty. Situated upon an eminence, considerably above the level of the city, it overhangs the entrance of the Grot of Paufilippo. Its form is quadrangular, and it is invested with a foliage of evergreen. The laurel flourishes on its summit conspicuous amidst inferior shrubs.

The Cicerones of Naples are—the ordinary ones at least—beings of very rough manners and imposing arts; but it is difficult, and even impossible, wholly to throw off these officious guides. A perfect understanding is kept up between them and all in whose custody are the objects of search, so that he who resists with too decided a bravery their proffered attentions, finds himself eventually entangled in that net from which their services can alone deliver him. The Cicerone who attended me on my excursion to Baia, was so strict a religionist, that he seemed to avoid dining, out of compliment to the season. He drew

out of his pocket a scroll, which he desired me to read, as an answer to the question I had put to him, respecting the species of food which he was permitted to eat. This scroll was an indulgence, purporting that the holder might—for pious considerations—make free with an egg; and for this he had paid his quota. I asked him, if he might partake of our meal? He hesitated, not having sufficient casuistry at hand to settle so delicate a point. It was at length, however, decided by the boatmen, that meat *given* did not come within the meaning of the act. This decision satisfied every scruple, and our Cicerone made one at our table, in defiance of the Pope and St. Januarius.

One of this description, in the neighbourhood of Puzzuolo, is the reputed possessor of a Note, which he takes care to shew as a testimony of his particular merits. The substance of this Credential purports, that the bearer is the least of a scoundrel amongst the fraternity. This Certificate is said to

have

have been given by Sir W. Hamilton to an applicant, two removes from the present owner, to whom it has descended, in virtue of two affaffinations.

LETTER CXII.

Mola di Gaeta, March 1, 1791.

WE are this day arrived, from St. Agato, at our old station in the vicinity of the Formian Hills. So large a portion of the day is yet unspent, that I shall hope to bring up my report, without consuming the midnight oil. The summit of Vesuvius had been enveloped in a cloud of dense smoke, for some days previous to our departure from Naples; and as no appearance of flame had been visible for a period of eight months, strong symptoms of an approaching eruption were remarked by those

who understood the phenomena of the mountain.

On Monday, towards evening, a shout of "c'è fuoco," or "fire," was raised upon the beach; and I had the pleasure of seeing the highest object of a stranger's curiosity, in the flames of an eruption. In company with some friends, I proceeded to Portici in the evening, in order to ascend as much as should be practicable of the mountain. But the Guides refused to conduct us, and urged the danger of making this experiment in so early a stage of the eruption. In the interim we were led to a sort of terrace, from which a full and near view was obtained of all that was passing upon the summit of the mountain. The spectacle was grand beyond description; volumes of red smoke rose from the crater, and filled the atmosphere with sulphur. This was accompanied with the repeated discharge of hot stones, which issued with the report of thunder. It seemed from the symptoms of

internal agitation, and the rumbling sounds which shook the base, as though the fiery matter were impatient of confinement; and the following day a message from the mountain announced that the lava had begun to flow. A second expedition was now resolved upon for the approaching night, and it was particularly favourable to the scenery of Vesuvius, that neither moon nor star were discernible above the horizon.

The Crater of the Mountain was now wrapped in flames, emitting incessant showers of red-hot stones, and vast volumes of red smoke. From its side gushed a stream of liquid fire, descending slowly to its base. The whole spectacle, as viewed from Naples, and particularly from Portici, was stupendously grand and impressive. Furnished with torches, we began our march, and it was our intention to ascend, if possible, to the very chasm from which the lava descended; but after many ineffectual experiments,

riments, which the darkness rendered not a little hazardous, this design was relinquished. More than once, as we mounted, a volley of stones, shot from the Crater, were seen rolling towards the parts over which we were climbing. The thick ashes however impeded the velocity of their motion, and rendered it sufficiently easy to escape the danger, by a due exercise of vigilance and caution. The Guide admonished us in all these cases to halt, and strictly conform to his instructions. At length, after an irksome and circuitous journey, we arrived at a craggy point near the summit, from which the orifice of the lava was distinctly visible, while the whole stream itself moved in solemn majesty before us. Our situation was such, as to allow me to kindle my torch from the burning matter. Here we took our stand upon a pile of solid lava, and contemplated to full advantage every circumstance that entered into this wonderful scene.

Image

Image to yourself the thundering sounds of repeated explosion—the heated stones descending from the Crater, and the gusts of flame breaking forth at intervals, and you will have a faint idea of those awful sublimities which no representation of pen or pencil can adequately convey. The fiery torrent descends with great regularity, and discovers no symptoms of agitation or velocity. The orifice itself is by no means uniform in the quantity, or mode of its discharge. At intervals it vomits the inflammable matter with such violence, as greatly to agitate the atmosphere, and shake the whole extent of the mountain. A great portion of the night was spent in viewing this majestic scene. The Guides having suggested the danger which a possible change of wind might create, in altering the direction of the smoke, we took our leave of the mountain, and returned to Naples before day-break. An hour's tossing upon my bed was the only repose I obtained, when the
period

period of our departure was announced, and I left Naples with a sentiment in which satisfaction and regret were almost equally blended.

LETTER CXIII.

Rome, March 8, 1791.

UPON re-entering the gates of Rome, my mind, glowing with images of past delight, was filled with strong recollection of all those sublimities with which it had once conversed, and anticipated the luxury of treading a second time the same enchanting round: but, alas! that essential ingredient in human pleasures, *novelty*, was wanting. The scenes, though wonderful, were distinctly known; and gazing upon the surrounding objects, I sighed to find that "ignorance is bliss." A day or two more will terminate my residence in this capital; and

and in leaving Rome I shall find little subject for regret in ought but the monuments of art and grandeur that I leave behind. I have seen here no displays of hospitality, and witnessed no circulation of friendly sensibilities. All is pride and ostentation without; all is coldness and reserve within. Splendid equipages and brilliant levees are the objects of competition among the great; and the inferior orders appear to feel no higher ambition, than that of staring at the one, or bowing down at the other. Wide is the gulph in this metropolis between the great and the mean; and yet, great and mean are only marked by that nominal distinction, which, as by the force of some Gothic enchantment, exalts and *ennobles* the meagre cavalier who pines on macaroni—and excludes from the elevated circles of society, the merchant, who is daily adding, by his useful and active exertions, to the wealth and prosperity of his country.

The

The accent of the Romans in pronouncing their language, is with me a subject of much admiration. There is an openness, a distinctness, and a rotundity, which renders the words, in the most ordinary and rapid utterance, audible, precise, and harmonious. Their oaths, which have an habitual and disgusting reference to the Cross, the Virgin, &c. are strangely blended in common conversation, with the "face and blood of Bacchus," and other remains of heathenish imprecation.

Nothing can represent more strikingly the fall of Gallic Majesty, than the assemblies of the Cardinal de Bernis. This prelate, who has for so many years represented the French Monarch at the Court of Rome, and whose splendid hospitality has been so long and justly famed, now exhibits in his meagre entertainments, the reduced establishment of his diplomatic functions. The fugitive Aunts of Louis occupy apartments in the same palatial mansion, and regularly
make

make their appearance on his public nights to receive the compliments of the circle. The Abbé Mauri, on his arrival, was welcomed with warm congratulations; and the Conclave are supposed to be preparing for him, those honours which his services claim. He is a man of very commanding person, of a hardy and dauntless front, and appears every way qualified to support a high character in the church militant. The Aunts are models of all that is at once antique and venerable. Their dresses are obsolete; but their countenances, clothed in the garb of grief, render it impossible to view them with any other emotions than those of respect and sympathy. The aged Cardinal is himself a shadow; misfortune has overtaken him in the vale of years; and bitter must, in such circumstances, be the conversion of homage and respect into pity and condolence. The Holy Father must doubtless take a lively share of interest in these personal reverses. His age may possibly secure
to

to himself a peaceful demise ; and thus the single niche in the Vatican now remaining, may receive the statue of Pius VI. But I cannot prevail upon myself to believe that another niche will ever be carved ; or that the Keys of St. Peter will have the virtue of a sceptre in the hands of a successor.

Great caution is used in respect to the admission of the Emigrant French ; and strong credentials must be produced to obtain footing upon the ecclesiastical domains. The difficulty of distinguishing the Sheep from the Wolves is the great foundation of this precaution. Which are the *Sheep*, and which the *Wolves*, I am not obliged to say. But, however disputable the application of terms, I deplore the fate of those whose rank and fortune were their only crimes. I have met with individuals of that description, whose case demanded the tenderest sympathy. The greater number of those who have fled, are unfortunately characterized by sufferings less operative of sympathy

pathy and respect. Pride, volatility, and vain boasting, are qualities which, however they may glitter in the sunshine of prosperity, emit no cheering rays in traversing the vale of adversity.

Those who contemplate the great phenomenon of an empire convulsed by a revolution the most general and complete the world ever saw, find a difficulty in believing—that the butterfly corps, who with well-bred apathy affect to laugh at the distant scene, as of trivial moment and transient duration, have themselves been witnesses of the mighty explosion; and have escaped with imminent hazard from the crash of national ruin.

L E T T E R CXIV.

Leghorn, March 17, 1791.

IT is now nearly a week since we turned our backs upon Rome, and fought, along the ridge of the Apennine, the route to Sienna. As our equipage was not upon a very small scale, we were compelled to submit to a multiplicity of inconveniences. The three days which it took us to ascend to Radicofani, the highest summit of Apennine on this route, were days of bleak and stormy weather; the wind on this elevated situation blowing with a degree of violence scarcely known in humbler regions. The ancient Mons Ciminus (now la Montagna) was passed in our second day, by a rough and steep ascent. At length, after a tedious and boisterous journey of four days, we

found ourselves safely housed at the antient city of Sienna.

Those who have examined the rarities of this place, report that manuscripts of much curiosity are preserved in the archives of its Cathedral; and those who have resided among its inhabitants, pay many compliments to their hospitality. For my own part, I shall not pretend to acquaintance with the one or the other. Our progress to Leghorn was completed by rapid advances, in two additional days; and we had the good fortune to find the weather improve in an equal proportion with the country. The vines appeared in a state of great forwardness, and all announced the happy effects of a benign and liberal government.

It is vulgarly remarked, that there are mysteries in every trade: an incident which occurred on my way to Lustra Bianca, confirmed, divertingly enough, the truth of this observation. It was in a little town, whose

name I do not know, that looking from the window of the inn, I perceived a man, who, from the solemn air he assumed, wore the appearance of an itinerant preacher. Remarking that he was not unattended to by those who were walking the streets, I took my station conveniently near, in order to listen to the harangue he had begun. As he spoke the pure Tuscan, I was able to follow without interruption. His sermon (for such it was) abounded in figurative expressions, and scriptural quotations. He called upon his auditory to recollect, "that
" the period was coming, when a great
" phenomenon would be exhibited. Then
" shall be seen," said the preacher, "the
" glorious spectacle of cherubim and seraphim in the clouds. The gates of Paradise will be opened on the one hand, and
" the gates of Hell on the other; and the
" soul—that ray of divine light—shall be
" received into everlasting mansions of happiness or misery. What then, say you,
" shall

“ shall we do that the gates of Paradise
“ may be opened to us? Give alms, my
“ brethren—give alms—for, as the divine
“ St. Austin says, “ *Elemosyne sono la*
“ *chiave del Paradiso*—Alms are the key
“ that opens Paradise.”

Then, making a momentary pause, he lowered his voice, and concluded with “ *Io sono poverello—I am a poor man, and need your charity.*” His guide now collected the alms of the hearers, while the preacher, elevating his voice to its former pitch, recapitulated all the frightful denunciations he had before uttered against the uncharitable. He was heard with profound attention; and every one eagerly contributed his mite, in order to secure, by so cheap a purchase, the future joys of heaven.

LETTER CXV.

Leghorn.

IT is impossible to pass from the barren tracks of the Campagna, into the luscious plains of Tuscany, without making comparisons, which leave no very favourable impression of the Roman system of government. The aspect of a country in its lands and its villages, is to me the index of its political constitution; and I could never be brought to think that government radically good, which suffers its lands to lie in waste, and its villages to sink in ruins.

From Sienna to Leghorn, I was delighted with a picture—at once new and consolatory—of fertility, neatness, and plenty. The sloping hills were covered with grain, whose blade was rapidly advancing; olives

shaded the less fruitful quarters: vines of luxuriant growth formed the bounds of separation; and corn, wine, and oil seemed the growth of every acre. The villages were clean and chearful; the farms were scattered in due and convenient distribution; and the eye, in passing over a track illumined by the face of plenty, took in a view that warmed the heart. In travelling through the Roman states, all around presents a dreary and revolting picture; houses untenanted, lands uncultivated, and even the face of society (where it is seen) deformed by indolence, filth, and barbarity.

In accounting for this political problem, two capital errors in the governing system ought not to be overlooked. The first of these is, the high and discouraging impost levied upon the grain produced. The farmers are obliged to sell their corn, or at least to furnish a stipulated quantity, to the apostolical chamber, at a reduced price. The parties who shall furnish this grain, and

the quota which each shall be responsible for, are assigned by the comptroller of the chamber, who may have his reasons for not putting in the list, some of the most opulent and powerful subjects of the state. It is in the first place generally esteemed a matter of necessary courtesy, to except from such plebeian burdens the nephew, or principal relation of the reigning Pope. Reasons equally strong may move the courtly feelings of the comptroller in favour of other families, with whom it is neither advantageous, nor perfectly safe, to be upon litigious terms. Thus the burthen will eventually fall upon the laborious ranks, who, compelled to bring their produce to a bad market, find little inducement to struggle for a plentiful harvest.

A second obstacle to general improvement is the inconvenient magnitude of the farms. These are usually of such extent, that the land cannot be employed, with any attention to variety of produce. It would be
the

the journey of a day, to pass from field to barn; and the landholder would not, under the present circumstances, find his account in seeking by forced industry to multiply his crops. Would the reigning powers take some measures for parcelling out the territory, and dividing the farms; would they, in addition to this, apply their taxation rather to the proportion of the land, than of the produce, and give some security of possession for a term of years; the face of the country might then assume an aspect of civilization, and the Campagna excel as much in produce, as it does in fertility.

Pope Rezzonico actually saw the propriety, and was desirous of trying the practicability, of these reforms. The work, however, still remains among those happy improvements which it is judged, from secret motives, wise to defer. Doubtless, the fabric of the Roman power has many unsound parts; and it may be, that rottenness has corroded its essential supports. Cau-

tious policy will therefore rather shelter under its imperfect roof, than seek, by repairing its defects, to hazard its fall.

L E T T E R CXVI.

Leghorn.

THERE is a chearful vivacity in the aspect of this place, which constitutes to an admirer of local curiosities, its principal, and almost its only value. One strait and handsome street, of a width and structure bordering upon magnificence, is, in fact, the town; and it is in this, that merchants of all nations find a rendezvous, and negotiate the great business of commerce. This street is enlivened by an exposure of merchandize, foreign and English; and a motley croud of traders, in the dress of fifty different nations, are parading this walk of traffic every hour of the day.

The

The concerns of politics occupy a very small share of the public attention, in this mart of commerce. Rumours are however gone out, of great confusion existing in Tuscany, upon the sudden demise of the Emperor. The Grand Duke is departed for Vienna; and general opinion in these parts, regards the change as injurious in a high degree to the emigrant aristocracy of France, whose hopes were strongly flattered by the tractable and complying humour of Leopold. Whether his successor may adopt the same line of intrigue, it is yet too early to conjecture; difficulties however, inseparable from the commencement of a new reign, must, for the moment at least, throw obstacles in the way of offensive proceedings. The Netherlands, that thorn in the Imperial side, will probably take advantage of the weakness, which every despotic government feels on the demise of its head; and put in some claims, inconvenient to the quiet establishment of a successor. Time will

will however more perfectly develope, whether the projected league will have lost or gained by this change ; which apparently affected by some sinister means, must have some object, discoverable only in its accomplishment or defeat.

These speculations interest in a very small degree the inhabitants of a free port ; to whom, by a happy policy, the commerce of the world is open. They rarely intermeddle with the question of war, till it bears upon their own immediate concerns ; and threatens, by raising the rate of insurance and interrupting the liberty of the seas, to bring its baneful mischiefs into the channel of their gains. It is an amusement in which I find no ordinary pleasure, to mix with the multitude which daily throngs the Exchange. The variety of complexion, dress, and language, added to the lively interest which every countenance wears, renders the whole a scene which it is impossible to contemplate without emotion. This pleasure
derives

derives increase from the comparisons which I cannot fail to make, between the objects now before me, and those with which I have been for these last three months conversant.

The church, in her pure and limited establishment, is a national good, and amply repays the revenues she receives, by the influence she possesses over the morals of the community. But the Roman church is characterized only by avarice and lust of dominion, under a cloak of sanctity and apostolic prescription. What its real virtues are, and what the grounds of its best defence, I pretend not to know. I cannot find the one or the other, in the morals it promotes, or the light it diffuses; I cannot see them, in the equity of its laws, or the liberality of its government. Its roots have indeed struck deep into the soil, in which it has flourished for so many ages, and confusion must ensue from any violent efforts to separate them. What the measures will
be

be that Providence may employ, to compass this great event, rashness will alone predict. I tremble for the arts, I tremble still more for the guiltless individuals who may be absorbed in its vortex; but I have too much respect for the happiness of mankind, and reliance on the credit of prophecy, to deprecate the fall of Babylon.

L E T T E R CXVII.

Leghorn, March 20, 1792.

SINCE my last, I have indulged a curiosity which has never abandoned me, of visiting Genoa. The opportunity of a felucca bound for that port on Tuesday last, was announced to me by accident in the Strada Ferdinanda. I closed with the captain upon very moderate terms; and wrapping myself in my great coat, went with little farther preparation, on board in the dusk

dusk of the evening. The wind was slack the whole of the night, and morning found us still in sight of the coast.

It is impossible to imagine vessels less adapted to the purposes of convenience, than those which pass under the name of feluccas. A small portion of the deck is indeed covered over with an awning of hair-cloth. This is however open at both ends, in order that the pilot may have a proper view of the course he is steering. Three miserable mattraffes were provided, upon which myself and two comrades, whose faces I had not yet distinctly seen, threw our weary limbs, exposed to the rude and chilling blasts of night. The light of the day assisted me in making acquaintance with the countenances of those in whose society I had passed the night. The first was a Leghorn merchant, native of Tuscany, who had urgent business, as he told me, at Genoa; and had therefore hired the vessel on condition, that no money was to
be

be paid, if he were not landed at Genoa before the arrival of the courier. Our other companion was one who, like myself, found it more convenient to pay for a part, than the whole of a vessel; and had therefore stepped in at the moment of sailing, upon the strength of a small gratuity. He was a man of a close and subtle countenance, remarkably tall, and somewhat emaciated.

The subject of the lotto or lottery, which the Leghorn merchant had started, and which is amongst Italians the prevailing topic of interest and conversation, loosened the tongue of our Piedmontese virtuoso; for such I afterwards found him to be. "With respect to the lottery," said he, "I can tell you some remarkable turns of fortune that have lately fallen out. Amongst others, a servant of a cavalier has just gained 18,000 crowns; I know the cavalier, and have witnessed the fact. Catzo," said he, with invidious emphasis, "che benedetto bugerone! e tutto questo venne de cinque

“ paoli—What a lucky rascal ! and all this
“ for half a crown !”

A silence of considerable length then ensued, when one of the sailors began to declaim upon the French Revolution. He argued the point, as though it had been effected by a company of merchants. His harangue appeared to excite great attention.

“ Before this event,” said he, “ the nobles and the cavaliers had all the TRADE ;
“ but now the people have got it into their
“ own hands--*Ecco la ragione!*” There might be some truth in what he affirmed, but he nevertheless explained the matter so ill, that the Piedmontese, who had sat all the time without appearing to pay him any attention, now unfolded his muscles, and having haughtily and peremptorily contradicted in the outset all that had been said, he thus proceeded : “ Some accidental and favour-
“ ing circumstances had created a certain
“ set of people called NOBILITY. In pro-
“ cesses of time these had increased in power,
“ wealth,

" wealth, and number, to a vast degree :
 " and no one was considered as of any
 " consequence in the kingdom, who could
 " not boast of his blood and family. These
 " were distinctions very oppressive to the
 " nation. At length the body of the peo-
 " ple became sensible, that such distinctions
 " were neither natural nor reasonable.
 " They united, therefore, and did as every
 " enlightened nation will do, threw off the
 " yoke—Ecco la RAGIONE!"

LETTER CXVIII.

MY attention was now pointed to the
 marbles of Carrara. These quarries,
 variously veined, make a striking figure
 when viewed from the sea. From them
 the statuaries of Rome principally draw
 the

the materials of their art; and blocks of prodigious size are frequently seen entering the Tiber. It was not without extraordinary efforts that we reached before night the port of Lerici, the entrance of which is not without its beauty. The town is disposed in a semi-circular form around the bay. The gulf of Spezia and Porto Veneris enter into the composition of this pleasing picture. The Leghorn merchant undertook to conduct me to a shelter for the night. It being in the calendar of my scrupulous companion a *jour maigre*, we satisfied ourselves with a broiled fish, for which the landlord had the moderation to demand of us *only* a crown a-piece. We received at the alba, or dawn of day, a summons to go on board; and, by the time that we had cleared out, the rays of the sun were beginning to play upon the rocks.

In passing the gulph of Spezia, the sailors reminded us of those happy days they had passed, when the English ships of war were

stationed there; and expressed their wishes, that some event would bring the navy of England again upon their coast. This led to panegyric upon the *brave English*: and, directing themselves to me, they intreated I would relate to them some particulars of the great *Capitano* Cook. When I recounted his voyages, their number, and extent; when I enumerated his heroic qualities, his intrepidity, his amiable manners, and lastly his end, they listened with admiration and sensibility. The captain of the vessel, amongst many inquiries concerning the wonders of Britain, said, “I have heard that you burn in your English lamps, oil made out of the fat of whales: e vero? is it true?” I replied in the affirmative, and worked up his astonishment to the highest pitch by assuring him, that there existed in England such an establishment as the Greenland fishery; and that not only the fat was converted into oil for our lamps, but that the bones themselves

were

were used up in dresses for the ladies. As my credit might have been weakened by proceeding in these astonishing relations, I took advantage of the silent surprize of the company, to inquire of the virtuoso respecting his absence. He answered laconically, that he had passed the night at a house where he had eaten of eggs and soup, and paid in the morning twenty sols of Genoa for his supper and bed.

The conversation now turning upon the different tastes of men, the virtuoso delivered his opinion, that the more rational passion, in relation to subjects of taste, was that for precious stones. "For," said he, "if a man is fond of pictures, prints, and statues; what infinite difficulties he finds in the way of enjoyment! If paintings, they are rent in the carrying; if prints, they are damaged in the folding; and if statues, they are injured by the friction." I mentioned to him the lucky adventures that the English banker at Rome had made, in the line of

vertu: "Ah!" said he, "I once bought a stone
" of a lad in the fields for five paols, and
" afterwards sold it for sixty zechins." "Yours
" then," said I, " must be an admirable
" trade, and highly lucrative." "Ah, Sir!"
replied he, " these are occurrences that
" happen once or twice only in the life of a
" man: I am fearful I have had my share
" of good luck. Two of these fortunate
" events have already fallen to my lot: the
" second of these was with a priest. When
" I was in Calabria, a certain stone, for
" which I had given a few carlins, was
" fancied by this priest, who offered for it
" ten zechins. In addition to this, I de-
" manded, and he acceded to my demand,
" of selecting in exchange any stone in his
" collection. The stone upon which I
" fixed, I afterwards sold for forty zechins,
" and this," concluded he, " is the first time
" I ever got any thing by a priest."

Calabria having been mentioned, I took
occasion to remark, that the prince of Ca-

rignano had been on a visit to Naples and Rome; and that he appeared a man of very awkward and unfinished manners. "Such," said he, "is the folly of our court. "They exclude the princes from associating with the rest of their fellow-creatures: and if they send them out to travel, put them, as is the case with the prince of Carignano, under the management of their mother. Hence they learn to be both proud, and awkward. "When at Geneva, not long since, I used to go on a morning to bathe; and, after some days, I found that a son of the king of England was bathing at the same time, in a place separated from mine, only by a slight partition. "Cospetto!" exclaimed he with warmth, "a Sardinian dared not approach so near the prince of Carignano's horse-pond."

L E T T E R CXIX.

NOTHING but a succession of rocks and mountains is to be seen the whole length of the coast from Lerici. The direct passage to Genoa by land lies over these precipitous tracts, accessible only to mules or horses of the country. These wilds afford a nursery for the most daring robbers. The sailors, who pointed to me the various windings, assured me, that pistols were the only arms by which a traveller in this route could expect to oppose with any chance of security these plunderers. The head of the gang is a man, known it seems by the name of Francesconi, a very intrepid and artful villain, and the terror of the country. A gentleman who was travelling from Genoa across these mountains, stopped at a house where Fran-

cesconi was taking some refreshment. Proceeding on their way, the traveller remarked upon the robbers in this country, and particularly on Francesconi. "For my part," said he, "I carry in my pocket a brace of excellent pistols, with which I think I know how to defend myself." On this, Francesconi requested to view them; with which his companion readily complied. Then taking off his hat, he made a low bow, and thanked him for the pistols, adding, with an odd mixture of pleasantry and generosity, "The man you now see before you is Francesconi, head of the robbers." He then left him thunderstruck at the event, but satisfied with having purchased his life at the price of his pistols.

A fair wind had by this time blown us to a point, from which Genoa was not estimated to lie more than twelve miles; but a small portion only of day-light remaining, and a slight fall of rain portending in the captain's judgment a change of weather, we

could not prevail upon him to pass a little port over which we then stood. Here we brought to, and the shore being rocky and a perfect shoal, we were mounted upon the sailors backs, and thus carried to the beach. The name of this port was Camucci, and all that existed of it partook greatly of the barbarous. While our fish was broiling, an old corpulent Genoese factor forced me into conversation; and uttered, in a voice like thunder, the praises of the English. He seemed, however, to think the English could not be properly praised, except the French were first execrated. "The French," said he, "are common thieves. The Turks call them *falsa testa*, false head, and we *falso cuore*, false heart. They stole Corfica from us, and they robbed you of America, and now they are robbing each other. Oh!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands with violence, "they pay for their crimes, they pay for their crimes! They talk here," continued he, "of a league
" between

"between them and your nation, but that's
"impossible. I wonder you do not take
"this opportunity of destroying them.
"Here, Sir, we detest a Frenchman, but it
"is a proverb among us—" *Che l'isola*
" *degli Ingleſi, e l'isola degli angeli*—The
"island of the English is an island of an-
"gels." These expressions he delivered with
great noise and emphasis; and his oracles
were uttered in the midst of thick clouds of
tobacco-smoke. I thanked him for the ho-
nor he did my nation; and wishing pros-
perity to the Genoese, mounted to the apart-
ment in which my fellow voyagers were
preparing to regale on the broiled fish.

The virtuoso expanded as the day declined,
and after supper drew from his pocket an
intaglio, which he laid before us. We
handled it however with so little skill, and
praised it with so little science, that he
proceeded no farther in his exhibition. The
weather had become tempestuous, agreeably
to the captain's prediction; and the sea
had

had acquired in the morning a very formidable appearance. The condition under which our captain was bound determined him to put to sea if possible ; and we did at length, not without much risk and difficulty, get clear of the shoals. Our virtuoso had too much respect for himself and his treasures, to be of our party any longer ; and bidding us adieu, resolved to finish his expedition on foot. After nearly five hours tossing upon a sea, which threw us at its pleasure in every direction, we at length reached the point, to and from which we had been alternately tending and receding ; and a little after mid-day, floated with a gentle current into the harbour of Genoa.

LETTER CXX.

MUCH has been, and too much cannot be, said of the grand *coup d'œil*, which the harbour of Genoa presents to the sea.

The

The scenery for many miles is of a very charming character, gardens and country mansions covering the coast to a great extent; and the town discovers itself upon entering the port, a perfect theatre of regular and majestic beauty. A very decent man tendered me his services in disembarking from the felucca; and under his conduct I was rowed to that part of the shore which connected with his hotel.

The remainder of the day afforded me ample leisure to examine those parts of this superb city, which are most striking to the eye. A very charming promenade is formed upon the walls of the harbour, from which, on one hand, is viewed the city with the hills rising behind it; and on the other, the vessels riding at anchor, and a boundless extent of the sea. The houses are carried to a surprising height; and, owing to the shelving foundations on which they rest, rise one above another in a manner singularly striking; I counted as many as nine stories

stories in several of these; which, in addition to their habitable floors, were turreted with galleries, or otherwise crowned with some ornament of fancy. Paintings in various characters and colors, such as arabesques, chiaroscuros, &c. covered their fronts; and, though destitute of all pretensions to taste and elegance, gave a glow to the general view, and rendered them collectively grand and impressive.

The streets are universally narrow, and almost as universally clean: those especially in which the traffic of the town is carried on, have only the width of a foot-path, but are rendered lively by the apparent activity of trade, and the variety of brilliant and crowded shops. The whole city is built upon the brow and shelvings of mountains; and stands, in its different quarters, upon bases so various and unequal, that nothing but art and industry, stimulated by the powerful impulse of *commercial necessity*, could have connected at all the several parts,

or

or have imparted any thing like commodiousness or uniformity to the whole. Sometimes the street descends and passes by the cellars, at other times it mounts and coasts along the roofs of the houses; and all this is effected without that portion of inconvenience which might reasonably be expected, and with little or no detriment to the general view.

It is impossible to tread among these monuments of human industry, without entertaining exalted conceptions of that energy, by which they were planned and effected. The Ponte di Carignano is really an effort, which may well be classed with the exertions of the most renowned times. This is a bridge of an astonishing height, passing from one mountain to another, with the boldness of Roman architecture. Formerly a river descended along the valley, which separates these mountains. The course of the river was diverted, this bridge was constructed; and thus a communication being established

established between the two parts of the city, the valley was quickly rendered, by the same spirit of industrious enterprize, conveniently habitable, and it is now covered with houses, and populously inhabited in every part. What renders this work still more surprising, is, that it was the design and achievement of an individual; and it stands as a perpetual monument of what may be effected towards the removal of local difficulty, by the powerful impetus of commercial industry and public spirit.

LETTER CXXI.

A RAPID excursion through the chambers of half a dozen palaces, left on my mind a confused impression of almost as many beauties. The general cast of these was magnificent; and exhibited, in the multitude of their apartments, the intricacy
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of a labyrinth, rather than the inconvenience of a mansion. The palace of Francesco Balbi, to which I was first conducted, had little to boast in the line of architecture, or decoration: its most valued excellencies lay in the collection of paintings; and you will not expect that I should deliver a solemn lecture upon productions which received from me but a transient contemplation.

The Palazzo Rosso, or Red Palace, received me upon issuing from the Palazzo Balbi; though they were no otherwise contiguous than by that position which they occupied in my list. The exterior of this palace, as its name denotes, is daubed with a red colouring; and ill expresses the extent and magnificence which prevail within. I cannot forbear remarking, that amongst the paintings in this palace, which all who view must admire, there is one that it is difficult to endure. This is the decollated and reeking head of Holofernes, in the hand of Judith.

dith. The pencil of Paul Veronese had doubtless given to this revolting subject, all the proper touches of nature and circumstance; but it would demand the blunted feelings of an anatomist, to contemplate and approve. The chambers, the ornaments, and the decorations of this palace were surprising. Beneath the apartments of ordinary residence, were chambers formed expressly as an asylum in the season of heat; these consisted in alcoves, baths, recesses, and all the conceivable inventions of luxurious opulence. It should seem that *one* such palace would be judged sufficient for *one* proprietor; it appears, however, that this is only one of three, which constitute the property of its owner.

The palace of Durazzo was the next which fell in the order of my tour; and the entrance to this announced its character with an air of magnificence, to which no one I had yet seen could pretend. In addition to a countless suite of apartments hung with
paintings

paintings of every school, here was a gallery, the pannels of which were overlaid with reflectors, and which was itself furnished with a collection of statues of antient and modern workmanship; the palace opened behind upon a terrace, which connected with a handsome theatre, forming itself an appendage to the proprietor's domains. An event, strange and unnatural, has lately caused this noble palace to change its masters. The present possessor was descending at the moment in which I entered the hall; and observing him dressed in a mourning suit, I took occasion to ask the cause, and learned, that the late benefactor was a man of great avarice, who refused even the necessaries of life to his own family. This severity was particularly exercised against his youngest son; who, wearied with repeated attempts to soften his father, resolved to murder him. For this purpose he repaired to Genoa, solicited an interview, and again implored the compassion of his

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father; which being refused, the son drew out a pistol, and shot him. He is now under confinement for this atrocious act; and no one pretends to conjecture what kind of sentence he will be called upon to suffer. It is not however apprehended, that any extraordinary severity will be employed against a man, whose only crime is *assassination*; and there are stronger reasons for supposing that lenity will prevail, as the affair is hushed up with all convenient industry, and the elder son, who was the person I saw, is enjoying quiet possession of the hereditary fortunes.

L E T T E R CXXII.

FATIGUED with the glare of palaces, I intreated my guide to indulge my curiosity with a sight of those public institutions, in which splendor and utility are combined.

combined. The "Albergo de Poveri," or *Poor-house*, was the first to which I was introduced; and it offered a feast to the better passions of the heart, to be told, that two thousand individuals, men, women, and children, are supported upon this liberal foundation. The building is, in its present unfinished state, of considerable magnitude; and, when brought to the projected perfection, will be without parallel.

All institutions for the public good have their fluctuations, and human management will partake of human frailties, not to say corruptions. This charity does not appear to have sunk into any notorious abuse, nor to have forfeited, in any great degree, its claim to public respect. I have heard it said, that under the administration of a particular Doge, its uses were rendered eminently great; the poor of all descriptions were received into this asylum: thus the streets were cleared of beggars and vagabonds, and those who re-

fused to seek its protection, were compelled to feel its restraints.

Amongst the collection of buildings appropriated to these hospitable purposes, are a church of singular neatness, and chapels for the daily and distinct devotions of the different sexes. A very exquisite relief of Michael Angelo, expressing the Virgin and her dead son, is esteemed, as it well deserves, an invaluable ornament of the Pau-pers Church. It was fortunately the hour of dining when I passed through the women's apartments; and I had the pleasure of seeing a long procession of children, under the conduct of the lady abbesses, descend to the hall. On their way, they sung a sacred service; and when they had taken their seats, I was permitted to move along the ranks, from one extremity to the other of a spacious saloon, and witness the great and comfortable provision with which they were supplied. The house is by no means filled equal to its powers of accommodation.

In

In the last war, I understand, the Genoese quartered eighteen thousand prisoners on the women's side. Allowance must however be made for the little indulgence, which the courtesy of some countries make it necessary to show to those whom the chance of war has thrown upon the State.

From the "Poor-house," I passed to the "hospital." This is an institution, which, in point of liberality, has no rival in Europe. Designed as a receptacle for distressed *humanity*, it receives under its protection the sick and maimed of every complexion, country, and religion. "La sala de Feriti," or *Ward of the Stabbed*, was a sight which I knew not how to contemplate. This apartment was of considerable length; four ranks of beds, filled for the most part with miserable victims of assassination, variously wounded, and in different stages of suffering, was a spectacle full of horror. I gladly turned from this groupe, whose cases are a reproach to the laws of a

civilized state, and sought, in the church of Carignano, one of the noblest productions of modern sculpture. This was the celebrated statue of Saint Sebastian by Puget. The Saint is executed in a stile which description cannot characterize, and conveys to the mind an expression which can only be felt. Of this and the other churches which I saw, I cannot speak in any terms of particular commendation. They have indeed a species of grandeur—but Rome has taught me to seek in churches, what Genoa prefers to exhibit elsewhere.

The streets of this city are, as I have before remarked, singularly narrow. Hence the sedan is in more general use, if I may judge from the experience of *two* days, than wheel-carriages. The chairmen who bear them have usually the livery of the family, and are followed by two others, caparisoned with equal richness. The cavalier of the lady parades beside the chair; and thus the whole compose a groupe, which
dazzles

dazzles as it moves. The Doge is called facetiously the Public Prisoner, as his office subjects him to continual confinement, and his authority ceases upon his quitting the town. There is in this city much to admire; and from the narrowness of the streets in general, are to be excepted those in which the palaces of the nobles stand. Few cities can shew streets, upon the whole, superior to the Strada Balbi, Nuova, and Giulia; and if to the palaces, public buildings, and pier, we add the general air and exterior of the wharfs and factories, I can see no reason for refusing to this city that distinction, which it has long enjoyed by general suffrage, of "Genoa the Superb."

LETTER CXXIII.

AFELUCCA master, bound for the port of Leghorn, threw himself in my way, at the hour of my return from this excursion; and having balanced the chances of waiting another opportunity, against the favourable occasion which then presented itself, I reluctantly yielded to the last. By sunset we cleared the harbour of Genoa, with a fair and brisk wind for Leghorn. It is usual upon this coast—and how far it may extend beside, I know not—to utter a short prayer upon putting to sea; and the same is observed upon entering port. This ceremony was performed with great seriousness in the vessel which brought me to Genoa. The moment of prayer is invariably that which precedes the vessel's entrance upon

upon her course. A sailor ran to the stern, and taking off his hat, repeated aloud the form, which was sealed by the Amen of the crew. The thanksgiving was pronounced by the same person, and with the same formality, upon making land. The Genoese dialect rendered it impossible for me to admire any thing in their devotions, beyond the punctuality and gravity with which they were performed.

The wind continuing to blow fair, we arrived in the afternoon of the following day, before the port of Lerici. Our intreaties to press for Leghorn not availing, I found myself reduced to the alternative, of passing another night upon hard package, or paying a second crown for sleeping upon straw. In the moment of deliberation, an elderly man addressed me in English, and requested permission to conduct me to the *English lodging*. I followed him, and upon entering his house was saluted by my old fellow adventurer, the Leghorn Merchant,

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who

who was also upon his return from Genoa, and, like myself, was brought ashore against his inclination. He was sitting down to coffee with a well-dressed factor from Genoa, and a tall itinerant German. Our party soon received the addition of a smart Italian Abbé, a member of the university of Pavia, who discoursed with much frankness and volubility. At the dawn of day we put again to sea. An accidental slip, in passing from shore to the vessel, brought me into the water amid the rocks. By the assistance of the sailors, I was however happily rescued from circumstances of extreme danger; and this is an event of my life which I record, in grateful acknowledgment of providential protection.

On leaving the port of Lerici, we encountered a strong contrary wind. After combating, during the whole day, with fruitless opposition, the violence of the waves, night brought us back to our old station, with the comfortable assurance of a probable detention

tion on these miserable shores for some days to come. Repairing to our former rendezvous, I found my Leghorn friend and his companions in the act of consultation upon a land expedition. Upon an invitation from them to join company, I discharged my account with the Captain of the Felucca, and agreed to put myself under the conduct of the Leghorn Merchant, to whom, from his superior knowledge of the country, the Genoese and German had consigned the sole management of our route. On our way to Sarzana, to which we travelled on foot, we crossed the Magro in a ferry-boat, and entered, by the direction of our Tuscan conductor, a quarter of the town which did not wear the most civilized exterior. Having introduced us to a homely landlord, and commanded him to prepare some kid for our supper, he proceeded in quest of the carriages, which he had undertaken to procure. By the time that our kid smoked upon the board, he returned with the pleasing intelligence,

ligence, of perfect success; a countryman having contracted to furnish two Barrochios, for the sum of forty Genoese livres, (twenty-seven shillings English,) to convey us to Pisa.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

THERE are moments in which the keenest politicians may be found off their guard. It was surely in one of these that Cosmo the First, of Tuscany, prevailed upon the Genoese to exchange Leghorn for Sarzana. It is true, Sarzana was, at the time of this project, in possession of a flourishing commerce, and this was the bait upon which the wily Duke had relied for his hope of success. His policy appeared in the result: Leghorn had capabilities of which he knew
how

how to make a proper use; and by his prudent measures he laid the foundation of that commercial prosperity, which has converted an insignificant village into a mart of general traffic. Sarzana sunk in proportion as its rival advanced; and now silent streets and neglected fortifications exhibit a melancholy picture of faded importance and useless defence.

By ten o'clock, having supped to our entire satisfaction, we entered the carriages prepared for us. It would be departing too far from the line of truth to say, that any end, beyond that of æconomy, was answered by these wretched vehicles. Each was formed to contain two persons upon seats, one behind the other; an empty sack received our feet, but no provision whatever was made for the back. Myself and the German took our station in the first, the Tuscan and Genoese preferring to follow. The night was dark, and therefore concealed from our view the wilds through which

we

we passed; and fatigue uniting with the violent motion of the carriage, brought the German and myself into frequent, and occasionally forcible contact.

Day-light discovered to us a cottage, the chimney of which seemed to be sending up its first fruits of the morning. Here we restored ourselves, in some measure, by the aid of a blazing hearth, and then re-entering our cars, we resumed our journey; and being shortly overtaken by rain, continued to encounter this additional calamity till about mid-day, when we arrived before the gates of Pisa. Upon the usual demand of our names and qualities, the German announced himself Signior Capitano *****; but what farther, neither myself nor the enquiring party could tell. Scared by such an aggregate of gutturals, and having his ear tuned only to the liquid sounds of a melodious language, the Italian flew with precipitancy from the Capitano; and returning with an inkhorn, requested him to put it at
full

full length upon paper, which, amidst the deluge of falling rain, was a task of no small difficulty.

Our Tuscan leader had directed the drivers to an inn where a plentiful ordinary afforded us very sufficient means of recovering our good humour. A carriage for Leghorn was readily found, which, after taking leave of the German Captain, who had resolved to pass some days at Pisa, I entered, in company with my remaining friends, and arrived at Leghorn before the closing of the gates.

L E T T E R CXXV.

Florence, April 2, 1792.

PISA, through which we passed on our route for Leghorn, is a city of no mean aspect, or low pretensions. Like Florence, it is pierced by the waters of the Arno, and preserves

we passed; and fatigue uniting with the violent motion of the carriage, brought the German and myself into frequent, and occasionally forcible contact.

Day-light discovered to us a cottage, the chimney of which seemed to be sending up its first fruits of the morning. Here we restored ourselves, in some measure, by the aid of a blazing hearth, and then re-entering our cars, we resumed our journey; and being shortly overtaken by rain, continued to encounter this additional calamity till about mid-day, when we arrived before the gates of Pisa. Upon the usual demand of our names and qualities, the German announced himself Signior Capitano *****; but what farther, neither myself nor the enquiring party could tell. Scared by such an aggregate of gutturals, and having his ear tuned only to the liquid sounds of a melodious language, the Italian flew with precipitancy from the Capitano; and returning with an inkhorn, requested him to put it at
full

full length upon paper, which, amidst the deluge of falling rain, was a task of no small difficulty.

Our Tuscan leader had directed the drivers to an inn where a plentiful ordinary afforded us very sufficient means of recovering our good humour. A carriage for Leghorn was readily found, which, after taking leave of the German Captain, who had resolved to pass some days at Pisa, I entered, in company with my remaining friends, and arrived at Leghorn before the closing of the gates.

L E T T E R CXXV.

Florence, April 2, 1792.

PISA, through which we passed on our route for Leghorn, is a city of no mean aspect, or low pretensions. Like Florence, it is pierced by the waters of the Arno, and preserves

preserves a communication between its divided parts by bridges of more antiquity than beauty. The gates of their Cathedral, though of ponderous brass, are said to have travelled to this place from Jerusalem, and the soil which forms the Campo Santo*, was itself imported from the Holy Land.

The "Torre Pendente," or "Inclining Tower," was a curiosity, whose history, not connecting with the legends of Palestine, seemed to be held in the second class of wonders; though I confess for my own part, I had not for some time seen a monument capable of inspiring half so much astonishment. As I had glanced only at the exterior of those at Bologna, I indulged in a more intimate examination of this, and easily suffered myself to be conducted quite to its summit. It has seven circular galleries of columns in perfect condition, and the steps by which the ascent is made are perfectly horizontal, so that the inclination

* Burying-ground.

formed,

formed, beyond dispute, a part of the architect's plan. Enamoured however of safety, I could not feel perfectly at my ease, when hanging over the parapet of a tower one hundred and forty feet high, and inclined thirteen feet from its perpendicular; my recollection was refreshed indeed by those mechanical laws, which rendered all secure where the center of gravity was duly preserved; yet, with all respect for the soundness of the doctrine, I felt some reluctance to be involved in the chance of the experiment.

The Baths in the vicinity of this town are pleasantly situated, and arranged with much attention to delicacy and health. Under cover of a mountain, which affords them shade and shelter, these buildings are distributed into two distinct sets, containing severally hot and cold, private and common baths. The walls of the apartments are furnished with instructions suited to the cases of the different invalids; and the customary dou-

ceurs of ball-room, casinos, &c. have not been forgotten. The visits of the Court have given the ton to these Baths; and there is some judgment at least in fixing the resort of pleasure so near the springs of health.

In leaving Pisa we entered upon a route which conducted us, by a slow movement of two days, to our old quarters in this capital. The country presented a more cheerful face from the advanced state of the season, and we contemplated in silent admiration, as we moved along the vale of the Arno, that delicious variety of verdure which clothed its sloping sides. The road pursues a track conformed to the various windings of the stream, and which leaves no part of this beautiful valley concealed from the traveller's eye. It was a gala day when we entered Florence, and the road was crowded for a league from the gates of the city, with the peasants of both sexes, in their holiday attire. Nothing can surpass

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in extravagance the flaunty trappings of the females; ribbons, tinsel, and artificial flowers, were lavished upon every part of their dress, with a profusion which sunk the rustic into the morrice-dancer. This is the prevailing taste among the Tuscan girls, at least in the vicinity of Florence—and it is difficult to imagine a dress in which the happy features of natural simplicity are more ingeniously disguised.

L E T T E R CXXVI.

Bologna, April 8, 1792.

THE austerities of the Quaresima*, and the death of the Emperor, had thrown a veil over the pleasurable aspect of Florence, and dressed the city in all the solemn exterior of gravity and sorrow. The

* Lent.

season alone refused its conformity to the general edict, and gave a cheerful lustre to the gardens and promenades, in defiance of Lent, and a public mourning. The same fullen occasion which masked the face of amusement, had also shut up the cabinets of Vertù; and it was not the least afflicting circumstance to learn, that during these public demonstrations of grief, the door of the Gallery was not suffered to turn on its hinges.

A large portion of two days, spent in reviewing those objects to which admittance could be procured, revived a thousand delectable impressions, and made me regret, with double feeling, the decree which prevented my paying a second tribute of homage to the Venus di Medicis. I confess that a second view of this lovely city lessened in no respect the impression I had before received of its general beauties. The "Ponte della Trinità" is a bridge, whose rival for symmetry and elegance I have not
yet

yet seen. Formed upon three elliptic arches of the most graceful proportions, and crossing the Arno in the widest portion of its bed, it presents to the eye a structure at once of majesty and beauty.

The police of Florence appears to be under prudent regulations ; and, excepting in the season of public masking, the streets are rarely disturbed by any symptoms of disorder or outrage. That licentious commerce, which the policy of some states has judged expedient to protect, is here repressed by the most rigorous laws. The fair sex of this city, in the higher ranks, are particularly graceful ; and few assemblies combine a more potent union of attractions, than their places of public resort. By a share of good fortune, which the Roman noblesse—proverbially ugly and coarse—have not met with, the nobility of this place appear to hold an equal pre-eminence in beauty and rank.

So high an eulogium can scarcely be passed upon the morals, as upon the accomplishments, of the fair Florentines. That fashionable appendage to the married state, the Cicisbeo, is here admitted to all the visible rights of a privileged lover ; with what real reserve, it imports but little to know. External decorum is the strong security of national morals ; and there are cases in which the public sentiment may be as effectually corrupted by examples of doubtful virtue, as by those of confirmed guilt.

LETTER CXXVII.

WE left Florence on the 5th, and have traced back the route we formerly pursued along the chain of Apennine. The nature of our equipage compelled us to slow
and

and tedious movements; and it was not till the close of the third day that we reached this city. Though few habitations are to be found upon the higher parts of the Apennines, these mountains, wild and desolate as they appear, are not without their accommodations.

In passing through the village of Pietra Mala, I had an opportunity of making a visit to that singular spot from which issue the volcanic flames. The ground which emits this extraordinary blaze is a level, situated at the bottom of a considerable descent, about half a league distant from the village, and approached by a track sinous and stoney. The brightness of the sun (it being mid-day) prevented my seeing the fire till I arrived upon the plain, in the center of which this phenomenon exists. A number of lambent and disconnected flames were rising from the surface of the ground, like the dying flashes from the embers of a bonfire. These flames might cover an

area of six feet square. The ground was in no place disparted; and in raking away any part of the soil, no effect whatever was produced upon the fire. It kindles rapidly any combustible substance, and is not extinguished or diminished by any violence of weather. "Non si spende mai*," was the catch term of my Cicerone. He could give me no other reply to all the questions I put. It was to him what the "tutto di marmore" had formerly been to my learned conductor at the Cathedral of Modena. I could not discover, by striking with my foot, any hollowness in the ground; nor was the flame in any respect sulphureous. My intelligent instructor was desirous of carrying me to some new wonders, and talked with a very significant emphasis of boiling water issuing from a contiguous rock; but not having the best opinion of his skill in topography, I entreated him to place me where he first found me.

* "It never goes out."

Loiano,

Loiano, where we passed the night, gave us but a cool and uncheerly welcome. It was the Eve of Good Friday, and all the priests were upon duty. A rattling sound was heard through every part of the town, which my acquaintance with the Catholic rites did not enable me to explain. I found, upon enquiry, that it arose from a wooden instrument, sounded through the streets by the ordinary bell-ringer, it being held profane to pull the bells during the Holy Week. The effect was at once grating and ludicrous. The duties of mass were collecting under the roof of the churches the whole population of the place; and a large portion of the night was passed in those confessions, which are supposed, like those of the Christmas Eve, to derive a double efficacy from the sanctity of the season.

There is a powerful charm in that species of devotion which professes, by a sort of mechanism, to cure the disorders of the soul. It affords so great a convenience to
the

the passions of mankind, that the most depraved will yet respect those offices of religion, which procure them absolution at so easy a price, and allow them to share the pleasures of vice with the merit of virtue. "Non c'é*," is the only reply we have been able to draw from these gloomy penitents, upon every demand in favour of our heretical stomachs. So rigid is the law of this self-imposed penance, that the butcher will not plunge the knife, nor the fisherman throw the net, during the supposed entombment of the Saviour. To-morrow will loosen the bonds of denial, and Protestant and Catholic will feast upon the same luxuries.

* "There is none."

LETTER CXXVIII.

THE Functions (as they are called) are the sole amusement a traveller can find in passing through Catholic towns at this season of the year. Two of these were announced to us, as about to take place very early after our arrival. The first, at the church of the Frati Celestini, was the concluding act of a drama, equally splendid and solemn. The church, which was small, had received a rich and tasteful decoration. Gold crape, the manufacture of the place, was wrought into clouds about the roof, and other devices of fanciful ornament. The scenes (or scene, for the appearance was uniform) had their place on the grand altar, representing the Sepulture of Christ, as the former two had his Passion and Crucifix.

The

The ceremonies opened with a rich symphony ; after which, two venerable monks delivered, in succession, orations relative to the event commemorated, with as much energy as the whining tone, universal in Italian orators, would admit. A desire of partaking in a musical repast, which I had understood was to accompany a Function at no great distance, took me from the church of the Celestini before the close of these ceremonies. The attractions of the music had not been without their effect ; for, though a full hour before the opening of the service, I found great difficulty in forcing an entrance through the crowd. “ Ave Maria” having been first said, the band, previously tuned, struck up ; and an oratorio, composed for the occasion, was performed by the first fingers from the Bolognese choirs. The heat was excessive ; but this is a general drawback upon public exhibitions. These devotional solemnities (for

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such

such they would be considered) did not conclude till the approach of midnight.

As these Functions did not take place till evening, I had a sufficient portion of the day at liberty for investigating those churches which my former tour round this city had not included. I found many subjects of admiration, particularly at San Michael in Bosco. This occupies a situation without the walls of the city, and stands upon a considerable eminence. A terrace in front of the convent affords a very charming promenade, and the eye from this point can range over the whole city below. The heat is in this quarter less sensibly felt, and the air more pure; hence the vicinity is crowded with Casinos and Palazzettos, and the inhabitants of the more confined districts resort to this terrace, for the fresh breezes of the evening. A visit to the Sampieri Palace terminated my labors of the day. I was ambitious of applying the rules I had learned, to the subjects of my
early

early enthusiasm. But, alas! the drawing up of the curtain put my science to flight; and I gave myself up without reserve to those feelings, which absorb in one sentiment of transport all the rules of criticism.

Opinions are, I have found, by no means uniform upon the subject of this stupendous painting; for you will not need to be informed that the St. Peter of Guido was now before me. Peter is, in the judgment of all, lamenting his error; but whether it be his denial of Christ, or his prevarication with the Gentile converts, is the question at issue; appearances in either case will be analogous—so that I cannot allow the merit of this production to be at all detracted from, by any constructions that may be put upon its subject; and I must continue to regard it as the first painting in Italy, though unable to decide, whether it designs the rebuke of a brother, or the sympathy of a friend.

LETTER CXXIX.

Ferrara, April 9th, 1792.

THE city of Bologna was crowded on the eve of Easter with pilgrims. I encountered them in every quarter of the town. They were variously apparelled; some in the habit, or rather the disguise, peculiar to the kind of penance in which they were engaged; but others, and by far the greater part, in the tattered drefs of idle vagrants, who find their account in assuming the character of pilgrims. Ample encouragement is held out to those journies of Penance. Alms are distributed at the close of this festival; and during its celebration, the convents rival each other in supplying the pilgrims with soup. This

intelligence enabled me to account for a bason which hung by their sides; and as I passed among them, each saluted me with wishing me "a merry Easter." The dead of the night was disturbed by processions of religious orders; and a mixed multitude, bearing crosses, tapers, and all the insignia of the church. They filled the air with their religious incantations, and were only silenced by day-break.

The solemnity of Easter-day called me to the cathedral. A grand mass, and musical function, were exhibited before the supreme authorities of this city. The cardinal Legate was seated on a throne, supported on his right hand by a brother cardinal of the Benedictine fraternity, in the habit of his order. On either side of these, but upon much lower and less conspicuous thrones, sat the civil governors, the Gonfalonier and his assessor; the senators occupying seats on each side of the altar. A select band of vocal and instrumental performers

formers struck out some delicious harmonies, and enlivened the process of these absurd ceremonies. The cardinal legate made a very splendid appearance. The equipage in which he left the cathedral was magnificent, and his retinue filled a long suite of carriages. He appeared a man of middle age, and may possibly live to see the office he fills annihilated. It was in an hour of distress that Bologna threw itself into the arms of the Pope, and it is now laid under heavy contribution to the Holy See. The legate reigns but three years, yet his authority is renewable if the people are satisfied with his past conduct.

The city of Bologna is very rich, if a judgment may be formed from the magnificence of its buildings, and the activity of its markets. It has indeed a situation peculiarly advantageous to growing wealth. It appears to possess a generous soil; its lands are warmed by a kindly sun, and defended by the lofty Apennine, under which it is

sheltered from the ravages of wintry storms. The little Rhine, that flows beside it, and the canals which communicate with the Po, afford every convenience of a commercial nature. Yet the ends of nature and industry are greatly defeated, by that superstition which rules within, and that papal authority which domineers from without. The lowest computation fixes their churches at one hundred and fifty, extremely magnificent for the most part; and out of this number, two thirds at least are extra-parochial, and belong to convents and religious incorporations, which abound within the walls of this city. The splendor of their monasteries evinces the unnatural wealth of these bodies; and the brilliancy of their equipages demonstrates, that if industry and commerce create opulence, indolence and seclusion divide the spoil.

The servitude they are under to the Roman see, is equally a source of oppression and expence. By superadding to their civil

constitution an ecclesiastical governor, they have opened a channel for the enlargement of that authority, which had already passed its proper limits. The pension of the legate is annually receiving augmentation; and more than whispers are circulated, of the inconvenience of the papal yoke. Projects have been rumoured with no particular secrecy, of refusing, on the demise of the reigning pontiff, the independence they so rashly ceded. The alarming indisposition which his Holiness lately experienced, is said to have produced some measures preparatory to such a design. Few difficulties appear in the way of its accomplishment from the military, who may be supposed at least as much in the interest of the civil, as the ecclesiastical power; and if a few Swiss halberdiers be excepted, there remains only the peaceful band of monks and friars, who having renounced the world, would doubtless be very cautious of interfering in its disputes.

LETTER CXXX.

Montfellis, April 11, 1792.

OUR route from Bologna to Ferrara, lay through a country highly incommodious to carriages of any bulk. By some instructions too readily admitted, we suffered ourselves to be drawn from the high road; and passed over lands which had been washed by floods during the winter, and were now hardened into the most inconvenient furrows by the action of a powerful sun. Ferrara received us in all the trappings of holiday pride. Postmasters and postilions were arrayed in jackets trimmed with gorgeous lace; and all conditions seemed to have brought out the best of their wardrobe in honor of Easter. This city has survived its fame; an air of dignity yet hangs upon its buildings; its streets are wide,

wide, airy, and majestic; but the grass has overgrown its pavement, and "all the busy flush of life is fled." The sanctity of the day had filled its churches; and both these and the cathedral were crowded with worshippers of every rank, consecrating, as they imagined, the pleasures they were about to partake of, by some preliminary vow. I glided amongst these industrious worshippers, (who covered the sacred floors,) in order to gaze upon the paintings; but clouds of frankincense interposed between me and the objects of my curiosity, and confounded all the distinctions of light and shade.

A very charming road conducted us from Ferrara to a point at no great distance, where we rejoined our old acquaintance the Po; upon whose broad and cultivated banks we travelled, till passing with our equipage in a ferry boat, we turned our backs upon this classical stream, and toiled through a painful track to the village of Rovigo. The

fun was now setting, and the peasants were about to relax in the humours of a dance. An elderly man was striking the guitar, to a duo sung by himself and a little signora. The country was romantically beautiful, and all the objects around me seemed to wear the features of natural simplicity. The listening clown did not catch more eagerly than myself, the happy melody of that popular ballad, "Dice la mamma che l'amor'è un "Bambinello."

We left Rovigo this morning ; and having crossed the Adice in Ponte Volante, or Flying Bridge, entered upon a delightful route. The excessive heat which prevailed, induced us to shorten considerably our journey of this day ; and to take up our quarters with an honest landlord, whose ingenuous features recommended the hospitalities of his house. Italy has not yet shown me a village more deliciously situated. It stretches at the foot of a vast mountain, whence it borrows its name ; and nearly connects

nects with another of almost equal magnitude, whose fertility has obtained it the appellation of "Monte Ricco." Our landlord poured out to us some luscious wine, the produce of the sloping declivities. Other mountains of lesser dimensions unite with these, and form a sort of chain, the centre of which is occupied by this romantic village.

I had strolled over part of the larger mountain, and sought a path to its summit without effect. My landlord was, at the moment of my return, catching, in his easy chair, the breezes of the evening. I related to him the subject of my embarrassment; when, rising from his *fauteuil*, he took me by the arm, and conducted me to the entrance of the beaten track. "This mountain, (said my guide, for he wasted no time in preamble,) was anciently called Montsellis; it now bears the name of Monte delle sette Chiese, from the seven churches built upon it, and which are de-

“signed to correspond to the seven basilisks
“at Rome. Oh!” exclaimed he, as we
ascended together, “what a treasure does
“this mountain possess, and what sights are
“sometimes to be seen upon it! Had you
“been at Montfellis on the festival of
“Easter, you would have seen a procession
“the whole height of the mountain.
“That church, Sir,” pointing to an object
before us, “contains the bodies of five and
“twenty saints, perfect and entire as in the
“days of their flesh: These, and more you
“might have seen, at the procession of
“Easter.”

We had now ascended about half the
height, and were entered upon a terrace com-
manding a glorious prospect. My old landlord
enlarged upon the beauties and advantages of
this terrace. “Here,” said he—seating him-
self—“is a delightful place for those who
“like to sit; or”—walking about with per-
fect content—“for those who like to walk!
“Here the cavaliers and ladies resort in the
“cool

“cool of the day, to sip their coffee, drink
“their rofoglio, and divert themselves.”
He was arrested in the middle of his harangue by a sight of the gate which opened to the seven churches. Here he crossed himself as many times, and lowered his tone to a pitch of gravity which he never altered during our continuance within the sacred limits. The gate bore an inscription of “Septem Romæ Basilicis pares.” The buildings within were rather fanciful than grand, and borrowed more from the saints they preserved, than the architecture they displayed. My guide drew me into one of these; and dipping his fingers into holy water, sprinkled me with a portion, and I knelt down, in compliance with his example. I waited with impatience the signal for rising, which was at length given; and I was dragged to a second altar, where, pointing with his finger, the old gentleman assured me, that the five and twenty saints were preserved. I wished to avoid the sight,

but dared not discover my scruples. Fortunately, however, the lateness of the evening prevented his obtaining the key of this precious cabinet. We had reached the summit of the mountain; and my guide, whose affection was rivetted to the seven churches, conducted me, in all the gravity of religious silence, to the village below.

LETTER CXXXI.

Padua, April 15.

FOUR days only have intervened, since I communicated to you the miraculous visions which were brought before me, upon the *mountain of the seven churches*. That short interval has however sufficed to show me a spectacle, which exceeds, in my estimation, though not of a nature strictly miraculous, all the canonized bones in Christendom.

It



It was in the morning of the day subsequent to my descent from the holy mountain, that our equipage moved on to Padua; and having contracted for a private boat, we descended the Brenta by the force of the current, to its point of junction with the canals. Horses now dragged us, with Dutch velocity, to Fusina, the extreme point of *terra firma*. The banks of the canals had been pleasantly variegated with villas, gardens, and casinos, the summer asylums of the noble Venetians; and there were not wanting, among these, some buildings upon a scale of magnificent architecture. All before us was now sea; and our faith in maps and histories seemed but just sufficient to support the gravity of our search, in looking for an opulent, a populous, and a powerful city, in the bosom of the waters.

A gondola soon bore us from the land, and the darkness of evening intercepted our view both of Fusina and Venice, till the
lights

lights and torches glittering from the last announced our approach to the Grand Canal. The election of a Procurator, which had taken place on that day, was celebrating throughout the city by various demonstrations of public rejoicing; and we were landed at the Albergo Reali, amidst the splendors of illumination, and the explosion of fireworks.

In making the tour of this extraordinary city, I was compelled to employ a rapidity, which rendered a view of its minuter curiosities impossible. Every convenience is, indeed, at hand, for travelling with dispatch. Gondolas ply at every avenue; and these are conducted with a swiftness and dexterity which wonderfully facilitate the communication between the different parts of the city. The Place of St. Mark, as first in rank and general repute, was the first object of my attention; and few squares (for such in compliance with the genius of my language I must call it) present an image of greater

greater brilliancy and vivacity. The church of St. Mark, and the palace of the Doge, compose one side of this dignified area; between this and the other three sides, there is a considerable opening, at the extremity of which, towards the sea, are two columns of granite, crowned respectively with the image of Theodore, the antient patron of the city; and a winged lion, its more recent emblem. Between these columns, criminals are executed on a temporary scaffold: this interval is called the "Piazella;" and it is not till this is passed, that the piazza, or grand square, commences. The centre is formed by the church of Saint Germiniani, supported on either side by a range of buildings, which connect with the wings. These last consist of public offices, called the Procuratie: they have open porticoes, and are built in a stile of regular and majestic architecture. Caffè's, casino's, and every accommodation for amusement and luxury, are

are found throughout the whole extent of these porticoes.

This square is the great rendezvous of persons in every condition ; and a mixed assembly, of every rank and nation, make it their daily resort. The hour of greatest concourse is from six to seven ; at that time the open area swarms with the numbers which pour from the narrow avenues they inhabit, and the porticoes resound with the mixed melody of laughter and conversation. The casino's are then crowded with persons of both sexes—for the privilege of sex is not known at Venice ; chairs are arranged for those who wish to catch the breeze, and the utmost ease and freedom seems to possess this people, who are considered as proverbially jealous and reserved.

The façade of St. Mark bears the vestiges of remote antiquity. Four horses of bronze, brought anno 1206 by the Venetians from Constantinople, here commemorate, upon four lofty columns, the successful

cessful wars of the republic. Among the treasures of the church are statues by St. Luke, pillars from Solomon's temple, and a fragment of the rock whence a spring of water gushed at the command of Moses. An air of uncouth majesty reigns throughout this venerable building, which is powerfully felt, however remote its ornaments from the purity of Grecian taste.

L E T T E R CXXXII.

THE churches of Venice are not, so far as I am able to judge, entitled to any extraordinary encomiums. Some which are held in the highest estimation, found a place in the list of my enquiries. The church of San Zacharia, to which I was first conducted, had little to offer on the score of magnitude or beauty. I was called upon to
admire

admire a boasted production of Paul Veronese; but my eye had previously fixed on the whimsical representation of a virgin and child, whom an angel was entertaining with an air upon the violin. This singular conceit belongs to Jean Belin in the year 1500, and the church has had no scruple of receiving it upon one of its most conspicuous altars.

San Giovanni e Paolo is one of the largest churches in Venice; the altars are covered with ornaments, and the walls decorated with sepulchral monuments. A father of the Dominican order, with whom I made an accidental acquaintance, was at the pains of conducting me over the convent, of which this church is an appendage. The Supper of our Saviour with the Levite, which adorns the refectory of these fathers, is sufficiently known as a very masterly painting from the pencil of Paul Veronese. The lines of its beauty are however considerably decayed; and it is now fast approaching

proaching that fate to which all the productions of this art are exposed.

St. Roche is a church of some beauty, adorned in its exterior by a handsome façade after the manner of Palladio; and rendered valuable within, by four bold and vigorous paintings from the hand of Tentoretto.

Santa Maria della Salute is a monument equally of the gratitude and good taste of the Venetians. It was raised to the Madonna, upon the deliverance of this city from the ravages of the plague, and is constructed with much attention to symmetry and effect. Its form is octagonal: it stands upon the Grand Canal, and presents a façade and portal of good and impressive architecture. In addition to these advantages, the paintings it contains are not held in inferior repute. I can add nothing to their praise, for the day was not sufficiently clear to allow me the necessary light.

The church of Scalzi next received me; and in no building, Santa Maria della Vittoria of

Rome excepted, have I seen so vast a profusion of ornament and decoration. It is covered internally with the most choice and splendid marbles; every altar is a cabinet: curiosity is, however, all that will find its gratification here: for, with the exception of the portal, which is one of the handsomest in Venice, there is little in the church of Scalzi to entertain the man of taste.

The church of the Frari, which terminated my tour, shall conclude my report on the cycle of churches. If it be any praise to an edifice, that it is the largest in its kind, that praise belongs to the church of the Frari. The architecture is Gothic, and holds but a middling rank in buildings of that description. My conductor, who had at least as much enthusiasm as good taste, hurried me away from Titian's altarpiece to a private cabinet, where, pointing to some fragments, he bade me behold the relics of Saints and Apostles; and
drawing

drawing aside a curtain, which discovers a few phials, he exclaimed with some degree of emphasis, "Ecco il Sangue del benedetto Christo!" The day was closing, or my guide would have detailed the articles of this precious cabinet. I readily acquiesced in his proposal, of deferring it for a better light, and retired.

In quitting the church, I trod over the stone under which reposed the ashes of Titian: but for the instruction of a bystander, I had neglected to notice the hallowed spot, for such I esteem the grave of departed genius. I felt indignant at the obscurity in which Venetian ingratitude could suffer the relics of so great a man to lie. "Admirable colorist," said I, "thou copyist of nature's softest tints! " shall no mark of honour crown thy tomb? " But thou hast a fame, which no honor can increase, which no neglect can diminish. " Thine shall be the tribute of science, and of " taste; though no memorial decorate thy

Q 2

" tomb,

“tomb, to arrest the passenger’s foot, or
“wake the artist’s sympathy.”

LETTER CXXXIII.

THE palace Pisani is the only edifice of that nature which I had curiosity or leisure to visit. The apartments and furniture had little to present of beauty or taste; but I found my recompence in a sight of that painting by Paul Veronese, of which much has been, and too much cannot be said. The family of Darius, at the feet of Alexander, is a subject full of pathos and dignity. The painter has paid an equal attention to both; and inspired his groupe with looks that move in the spectator, as they did in the hero, both pity and respect. Happily for the fine arts—the gratification of the public, and the fame of the author, this
noble

noble production is yet in the best and most perfect preservation.

It was from the Pisani palace, that I passed to the little island of San Georgio Maggiore. The whole of this territory is the property of a Benedictine fraternity, whose convent and church constitute the chief ornament of the island. "The marriage of Cana," a painting of Paul Veronese, into which enter no less than one hundred and twenty figures, ennobles the residence of these holy fathers. The painter appears to have been so intent upon adorning the bride, whom he has dressed in the full attire of the graces, that he passed with culpable negligence over that divine guest, from whom the marriage has received all its celebrity. The inhabitants of this convent are magnificently lodged: a terrace and garden afford them an accommodation, to which the inhabitants of Venice are strangers. The luxuries of their table are doubtless of the same character: dinner had composed to

23 sleep

sleep the venerable father who kept the key of the church, and no intreaties could prevail upon the inferior officer, to hazard the rage of his superior, by breaking his slumbers.

In returning from the isle of Murano, celebrated for its manufactory of mirrors, I was conducted the whole length of the Grand Canal; and it is not easy to imagine a track of greater vivacity and magnificence. Serpentine in its course, and lined on each hand with a close arrangement of houses, palaces, and public buildings, it opens, at every advance, a succession of new objects: its surface is covered with gondolas, crossing each other in every direction; and entering or issuing from the narrow avenues, which communicate with the interior of the city. Over the centre of this Canal, stands the celebrated Ponte di Rialto, deservedly considered as one of the greatest ornaments of Venice. It is of one arch, constructed of large blocks of Istrian stone. Double

rows of shops, consisting each of twelve, form the central street over this bridge, whose ascent is easy and regular. Between the back of these shops and the balustrade of the bridge, is, on each side, a narrower passage, and the highest point of the whole is crowned with a species of arch. Judges of architecture pay no small tribute to the merits of this bridge; and the Venetians consider it as a prodigy of art and beauty. This is the only bridge which crosses the Grand Canal: communication is in every other quarter kept up by gondolas, under the authority of government; three sols is the price of passage, as fixed by the same authority, and which is little more than three farthings English.

The population of this city is prodigiously great, and is estimated at more than two hundred thousand. It is therefore easy to imagine, that the necessary dispatch of internal trade could not be maintained by canals, however great their number, and

various their directions. Narrow intervals are therefore left between the bases of the houses, and these furnish a multitude of paths, which, with the assistance of the gondolas in the divided parts, keep up the circulation of business. These are the only land-streets which Venice boasts; and such is their number, as well as that of their gondolas, that a Florentine poet has made the hardy assertion,

“ Non sono in Arno tanti Pesciolini,
Quante in Venezia Gondole e Cammini.”

L E T T E R CXXXIV.

VENICE is a city, whose history, like its situation, cannot be contemplated without wonder. A handful of people, inhabiting a small district in Italy, unite with a few Paduans in seeking asylum from the persecutions

cutions of Attila, among the shoals and marshes at the bottom of the Adriatic gulph. Necessity had previously driven a number of fishermen to construct some hovels upon one of these little islands called Rialto. Padua encourages her citizens to assist this infant settlement; it assumes the shape of a regular colony; takes a name from the Veneti, who formed the majority of its members; and thus, increasing in opulence and numbers, succeeds at length in dismembering itself from the Paduan authority, and becoming an independent state.

It is difficult, in traversing this singular city, to credit the miracles which history assigns to its arms and its policy. One can scarcely imagine a people, immersed in waters, and existing by the mere sufferance of the ocean, forming those plans of battle and conquest, which their enemies have so frequently had cause to deplore. The irruption of the Lombards into Italy, while it desolated so large a portion of that country,

try, added, as did the general course of events for some centuries, to the strength of this rising republic. None chose to carry their arms into a city, considered of so small importance, till policy on their own part, and contempt on that of others, gave scope for those exertions, which enabled them to extend their commerce, and build their flotas; and thus maintain by their strength, what had been granted to their weakness. They enjoy, indeed, some local advantages, which they have not neglected to improve. The stakes, by which they mark out the shoals, afford an admirable system of defence; by these, which are extended as far as is practicable into the sea, courses are marked out for vessels of different burden; and the removal of these, upon the apprehension of attack, would render the approach of an enemy only formidable to the invaders.

The Venetians are a people of great personal beauty; tall for the most part, and fair; they carry themselves with an air of dignity

dignity which appears perfectly natural. Their dress affords well with this part of their character. The silk cloak, or domino, is universal among the men. Black, white, and scarlet, are the colors most generally worn, of which white appears to be the favorite. The silk cloak is exchanged in the winter for one of cloth. The women have no peculiarities of dress, beyond the Zendadoo, or silk veil, excepting at the seasons of masking; for the fashion of appearing masked on every occasion is grown considerably out of use. Society is reputed to be in this city upon a very liberal footing; and so abundant are the charms of Venetian amusement, that many who have entered Italy by this route, have been induced to sacrifice much of their curiosity to the indulgence of their pleasures. The hours of amusement are universally late, and the tide of gaiety seems scarcely to set in, till midnight has given the signal; from that hour the bustle upon the canals increases;

creases ; and though the motion of the gondola is secret, yet the dashing of the oar disturbs the vigils of the night.

The gondola is, to Venice, the carriage and the sedan. Every person of rank and property numbers amongst his retinue, a set of gondoliers. The gondola is itself conveniently constructed. It is narrow, and pointed with a sort of iron feather, which serves at once as an ornament, a defence, and a regulator. Every accommodation is provided within for ease ; and it affords, by the equability of its motion, one of the pleasantest vehicles in which indolence ever reposed. The gondoliers are a race of men, distinguished by muscular force, and a manly form. They stand, in plying the oar, and look in the direction they are pursuing. The inflexions of their body in this exercise, are particularly graceful, and they conduct the gondola with surprising velocity and address. They were held in antient times the spies of government ;

vernment; and were supposed, like the Valets de Place at Paris, to be the instruments of information respecting the characters of strangers. This feature however in the Venetian government appears to have softened considerably. No visible restraints exist; and where domestic politics are not made the subject of animadversion, freedom appears to suffer no violation.

LETTER CXXXV.

THERE are defects in the police of Venice, from which so vigilant and stern a government might reasonably be supposed exempt. The knife, so common throughout Italy, is suffered to be worn and wielded in the public streets. I was witness to an affray on the Ponte di Rialto, in which knives were drawn on both sides, and the peace

peace was daringly broken with impunity, and by measures which must, without a miracle, have ended in murder. The Sclavonians, who trade here in great numbers, and principally take their station near the Broglio, have, I understand, very frequent skirmishes. Though occupied in trade, they wear very long scimitars; and upon a slight ground of quarrel, divide into parties, to the terror of the vicinity. The Sbirri, whose office it is to keep the peace, are too much awed by the length of their swords, to interfere; and, notwithstanding that these outrages are frequent and notorious, the government will not interdict the privilege of the sword.

It is scarcely reconcilable also with the idea of a regular police, to see the windows of certain apartments thrown up, and females of a particular class fantastically bedizened, dealing out their invitations in some of the most populous streets. Wax candles are kindled in this service, in the
face

face of day-light itself; and all the charms of music engaged, to give strength and success to the spell. Multitudes, nevertheless, pass and repass, without paying the least attention to the syren, or song. It is, I presume, a part of the policy in this, as in arbitrary governments in general, to offer no violence to those pleasures which relate not to measures of state. This artifice is founded on the best experience; for nothing can render the mind so fit for the yoke of subjection, as a free indulgence of the passions.

In leaving Venice, we hired a gondola to Fusina, and finished our journey to Padua by land. At about mid-distance between Fusina and Padua, we had occasion to stop; and were diverted by a vast variety of gala trappings, for which it was difficult at first to account. Every house throughout the village was decorated with hangings; balloons of different colours were suspended over the doors of the meanest cottages; and

odes

odes were stuck upon the walls, addressed to the priest, congratulating him on the completion of his Lent-labours. I found on enquiry, that this ceremony was a part of antient usage on the first Sunday after Easter; that it was intended as a compliment to the Lent-preacher; and that in the evening all those balloons would be converted into lamps, and poor and rich unite in paying this piece of public respect to the man who had discharged the laborious duties of this season of penance.

Odes to the same effect were to be found at Venice, and some are also in circulation at this place; but the full tide of gratitude was only to be seen at this village. I would gladly have witnessed the finale of this fête, but the cabriolet pointed to Padua.

L E T T E R CXXXVI.

Verona, April 17, 1792.

PADUA is a town of greater pretensions than effect, and owes more to its fame than its beauty. Antenor and St. Anthony divide the honours of patronage over this ancient city. The first is vouched for by a miserable sarcophagus, in which the ashes of the Trojan are said to repose: the last is commemorated in a church of noble architecture and costly decoration. Altars covered with riches, and illumined with silver lamps, consecrate his relics, which are yet reported to send forth the most grateful odours. Antiquaries have long been occupied in discussing the claims of Antenor, but the pious Paduans seem contented with the single patronage of their tutelar An-

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thony, and patiently suffer the honours of the hero to be sunk in those of the Saint.

The best church at Padua is under the patronage of Santa Justina ; and it is, for a happy union of grandeur and simplicity, one of the most perfect edifices in Italy. It is covered in by no less than eight cupolas ; and its floor consists in a pavement of Istrian stone, whose parts are disposed with that attention to symmetry of plan and harmony of colours, which produces a perfect effect. It is in the neighbourhood of this church that the Prato della Valle is situated. This, which presents an open and ornamented area, constitutes the chief beauty and boast of Padua. A canal is formed, which describes a considerable oval ; four bridges communicate between the interior and exterior circumferences ; each of which last is, according to the original plan ; to be filled up with statues of illustrious men, whom Padua has produced, or may yet produce. Among those who are already ex-
alted,

alted, Livy, the Paduan—heretofore honoured only by a paltry monument in the town-hall—is sufficiently discernible. The statues when complete will amount to eighty-four: but much is wanting in this arrangement to render it a finished draught.

The university presents a mass of old and ruinous buildings. Its cabinets are valuable, but its literature and prosperity are esteemed to have fallen beneath those of its rival at Pavia. The town, generally taken, is dull; its commerce, like its learning, is now at a low ebb; and, though situated most advantageously at the confluence of the Bacchiglione and the Brenta, it retains little more than the shadow of its former traffic. We left it this morning, and arrived at Vicenza sufficiently early to allow an excursion through its most material curiosities before the setting of the sun.

As Vicenza was the birth-place of Palladio, it is adorned with many works of architecture, constructed upon his best designs.

signs. Few towns on so small a scale can exhibit buildings of a higher character. The classical eye finds a singular pleasure in viewing the *Olympic Theatre*. Whatever the mutilated works of the ancients have described as parts of the Grecian theatre, are in this elegant building combined and wrought into a whole by the genius of a master. Its form is that of a semi-oval extended; the oval extremity is mounted with thirteen rows of seats for the spectators; below these is the parterre. The stage presents the interior of a Greek city; seven streets diverge from the spectator's eye; the centre of which passes under an arch of Hercules, which covers the Prosce-nium, and is adorned with characteristic reliefs. The style of the antique is universally copied, so far as it is regularly ascertained; though probably the mind of Palladio did not bend to a servile compliance with minute and undeviating imitation.

In

In leaving this theatre, I mixed with a devout company who were ascending a very pleasant hill, in order to perform their vespers to the "Madonna del Monte Ber-rico." This agreeable pilgrimage is of nearly two miles; and passes for the greater part under Arcades, resembling in design, but deserving no further comparison with, those which conduct to the St. Luke of Bologna. The Madonna who protects this church, is held in high repute; and I have seldom seen an altar more completely invested with *ex-votos*, than that which is consecrated by the sacred image. The worshippers were sufficiently numerous, and succeeded each other with great regularity. They appeared too intent upon their services, to comment on my curiosity; and suffered me to stroll among their altars without observation.

The inhabitants of Vicenza are apparently of polished and courteous manners. They abound in nobles, who have more to

boast of on the score of rank than of wealth. Those who have had leisure to cultivate their society, report advantageously of their hospitable virtues. The "Caffé de' Nobili" is the evening rendezvous of all who compose the fashionable circle; and, by a refinement little known in other countries, both sexes partake of what is elsewhere exclusively appropriated to one.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Inspruck, April 24, 1792.

FROM Vicenza to Verona we enjoyed a rich and delectable country. The season was here considerably advanced, and the heat began to be very sensibly felt. The Arena, or antient Amphitheatre of Verona, is sufficiently known. It forms an admirable supplement to the Roman Coliseum,

and

and gives, when combined with that and the Ruins of Nîmes, a very tolerable outline of this article of Roman luxury.

The interior is for the most part accurately preserved. Five and forty rows of seats, composed of huge blocks of beautiful marble, surround the Arena ; and twenty-two thousand persons might be here accommodated, upon a calculation which assigns eighteen inches to each individual. At each extremity of its greater diameter—for it is of an oval form—are tribuness, enclosed by a balustrade, which appear to have been appropriated to the principal magistrates. It is, upon the whole, one of the most noble and perfect remains of antiquity that Italy can show. By a piece of singular good fortune, it has been deemed an object of care by its Veronese possessors, who are industrious to defend it from dilapidations. The churches in this town are only upon an ordinary scale ; but the Palace of the Council upholds the importance

of Verona by a collection of statues, in honor of those great men to whom it has given birth. Among these are numbered the Elder Pliny, Vitruvius, Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, &c.

From Verona we began to turn our backs upon Italy, and approach the mountainous parts of the Tyrol. On our second day we passed the line of demarcation, and issued from that delightful country, whose name will ever be associated in my mind with images of grandeur and beauty. It is impossible to bid adieu to Italy without great and sensible emotions. In quitting it, I leave behind one of the noblest monuments of antient art, the proudest productions of genius and labour. I turn my back on treasures descended from classic owners, and preserved by miracle from the injuries of conquest and of time. Their types are, however, yet present to my mind, and I bear away those impressions which shall preserve their existence, when—an event probably

probably not distant—the spirit of revolution shall have demolished them, and not left, of all that now astonishes, one wreck or fragment behind.

In quitting the Italian territories, we passed a mountain originally steep, but which has been lowered by vast labour and expence, so as greatly to facilitate the passage. The course of the *Adice* marked out our track the whole distance to Brixen, and from Verona to Trent the country wore a charming aspect. Numerous villages were scattered at proper intervals along this groupe of mountains; and the eye was delighted by scenes which bore, on every hand, the marks of successful labour. In passing from Trent, the mountains invested with snow began to appear; and we found ourselves at Botzen, or Bolzano, in one of the most enchanting scenes which this route has afforded. High and cultivated mountains seemed to inclose the town, beside which the *Adice* rolled a strong
and

and sonorous torrent. The landlord was anxious to divert me from these picturesque objects to the history of that chamber from which I was taking my view. The sum of this history was, that within its walls the late emperor Leopold had slept—if indeed it be true that emperors sleep;—that his imperial majesty's illustrious predecessor Joseph had also there been lodged; and, in short, that it had been dignified, at different periods, by the presence of almost the whole house of Austria.

The next day brought us to Brixen. The face of the country, which had continued to improve, presented, in the journey of this day, a succession of beautiful and romantic varieties. The valley appeared to impress us on every hand, and the mountains were cultivated and inhabited to the very summits. Every little chasm was filled up with a house, a church, or a tower. The Comtesse de Provence, and a numerous suite of Emigrants, had anticipated us at Brixen,

and we had some difficulty in finding accommodations unoccupied by this band of noble fugitives. In leaving Brixen, we gradually passed from a rich and cultivated, to a coarse and barren part of the valley; and at Sterfingham, where we reposed for the night, we found ourselves situated in the midst of mountains whose summits were enveloped in snow. The heat of the sun, which had been, and continued to be, excessive, appeared to have produced no other effect than that of polishing their surface, and giving them the character of glaciers. We left Sterfingham sufficiently early, and having passed the Breinar, a mountain of no ordinary declivity, arrived, after a journey of half a dozen hours, at Inspruck.

I have been much entertained, during our progress through the Tyrol, by the habits and costume of the inhabitants. The Sunday or holiday head-dress of the women is of black gauze, and the scarlet stocking is universal.

universal. The men are in general of a good height, and of a robust and manly form. The broad green shoulder-straps, which pass over their waistcoat, connect with a belt of the same colour; and their green hats of straw, tied with a band of ribbon, give them an air of rural simplicity, which recalls the manners of antient times. These people appear, for the most part, prosperous and contented. They are affable and courteous in their manners: though sunk in the bosom of mountains, and confined to their domestic circles, they seem to enjoy every advantage of civilized life—and are probably ignorant only of that refinement which fixes pleasure in vice, and renders civility a snare.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Augsbourg, April 30, 1792.

A VISIT to the Theatre on my arrival at Inspruck, convinced me, though little acquainted with the language, that German tragedy does not want character. The sounds were indeed barbarous, and conveyed no intelligence to my ear, but there seemed a harmony between the words and the feelings, and the measures of the mournful muse appeared impassioned and expressive. Inspruck disappointed my expectations. It makes a good figure in the avenues by which it is approached, but has no pretensions, when examined, to beauty, vivacity, or extent. The population is fixed at twenty thousand; but if any judgment might be formed from general appearances, this calculation surpasses the fact.

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The streets present but a dull exterior; and as the town is principally inhabited by nobles, no activity is communicated by the spirit and bustle of trade. The river *In* rolls rapidly here on its way to the Danube; and it is from the bridge which crosses this river—in German *Brück*—that the town derives its name. The mountain began to lower as we receded from Inspruck; and having conquered the difficulties between this town and Murnau, we entered upon a more equal country, and moved along a more level road to Augsbourg. The costume of the women has varied with the change of country, and black gauze head-dresses are succeeded by caps of gold or silver tissue. These ornaments of the head are, I am told, not promiscuously worn—the silver being appropriated to the virgin, and the gold to the married fair.

In looking back upon the Tyrol, from which we have so lately emerged, I cannot but regard it as a route full of interest and beauty.

beauty. Every imaginable variety occurs in that sinuous valley through which it is traversed; and its mountains present all the possible diversities of figure, complexion, and culture. In addition to this, the track itself is no where perilous, and for the most part even commodious. The road is conducted with much labour and art; and though tolls of a considerable amount are exacted, yet the convenience enjoyed amply gratifies the demand. Accommodations are abundant, and all the reasonable wants of a traveller find a ready and competent supply. Villages, towns, and inns, are numerous; the highest population prevails, and every symptom appears, of ease, abundance, and content. Subjects occur at every turn in which every taste and passion may find delight; and equal matter is furnished throughout the whole of this route, to occupy and interest the poet, the painter, and the philosopher.

I have

I have been arrested continually in my observations upon the country, by vast objects of superstitious worship, erected upon the high road. This custom, common to all Catholic countries, is no where conformed to on so large a scale as in the whole extent of the Tyrol. Independent of what occurs on the open road, every little village has, at its entrance, a complete groupe of the Crucifixion, into which enter all whom the histories relate as present at that event. These being executed in imitation of nature, present a very ghastly spectacle. The Madonna is the object of particular devotion in Italy, but here the Saviour has very properly obtained the upper rank. Roads are however very little benefited by such monuments. In Protestant countries their places are very wisely supplied by posts of direction and distance.

At Landsberg, from which we have this day come, I was delighted with the pleasing and characteristic objects of a church-yard,
into

into which I had by accident strolled. The tombs were numerous, and interspersed with a sort of wild verdure in many parts, which rendered them picturesque. A stone covered the ground in which these rude forefathers of the hamlet slept. These stones were crowned by a cross of iron, worked with various art, and more or less decorated, according to the taste or the means of the parties who erected it. To this cross was appended, by Catholic usage, a vessel formed of the same metal, which the friends of the deceased take care to supply with holy water. In this vessel is a sprinkler for the convenience of those who wish to bestow a requiem upon the tomb. The place of this last is supplied in the poorer orders by a simple sprig of evergreen. Every time that the surviving relations tread the church-yard path, they step aside from the worn track to sprinkle with some pious drops the grave of a father, a husband, or a brother.

Nor are these good offices confined to the kindred of the deceased. Generosity and affection equally demand this service ; and many repair to acknowledge, by this last office, the benefactor and the friend. Even the stranger, who glances his eye over the tablet, rarely refuses this simple tribute. This rite is closely allied to poetic enthusiasm, and, barbarous as its origin may have been, it breathes the spirit of refinement and feeling. As I trod among these venerable monuments—for such I deem the repositories of the dead—I seemed to be bound by the same sacred necessity. All seemed to check my haste, and demand the pious sprinkle. Each appeared to address me in the language of Archytas :

“ *Quanquam festinas (non est mora longa).*”

Or to breathe the more elegant prayer of the first of poets :

“ So may some gentle muse,

“ With lucky words favour my destin’d urn,

“ And as she passes turn,

“ And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.”

The

The signal for departure from this village hurried me away from these silent scenes, where recollection will frequently soothe and gratify my mind in moments of solitary reflection.

L E T T E R CXXXIX.

Constance, May 8, 1792.

AUGSBOURG is a town of no particular magnitude or beauty. It enjoys but few advantages of situation or aspect, the circumjacent country being flat, open, and cheerless. The solemnities of a saint-day had closed the shops, and the population was only to be read in the churches and promenades. The Protestants share with the Catholics the liberties and immunities of this town: by a convention entered into by both parties, equal privileges are granted

to each, and the public offices are divided between them.

The gold and silver head-dress, of which I have already spoken, here obtained almost universally; and it was a subject of amusing observation, to see the crowds assembled at the churches, bowing their golden heads before the altars. These flaunty caps are an article of no mean expence; in some their value is said to exceed ten louis-d'ors. They are however of so durable a texture, that, like articles of family plate, they frequently pass through two or three generations. All tongues are busy in announcing the declaration of war on the part of France, against the King of Bohemia. The decree of the Assembly to this effect is said to have been ratified by Louis, and hostile operations are on the eve of commencement. This is judged by the politicians of this place to be an event of so great moment, that all the lesser incidents are swallowed up in its vortex; and nothing further

ther is to be heard of the affassination of Gustavus, or the suspicious exit of Leopold.

The country discovered a gradual improvement in proportion as we passed from Augsbourg to the confines of Switzerland. Mindenheim, Memmingen, and Wangen, were the places at which we rested the three nights which intervened between our departure from Augsbourg and our arrival at Lindau. Plantations of hops and delicious pasture grounds accompanied us to this latter stage; but what was added to the beauty of the country, was taken from the excellence of the roads. A long wooden bridge conducted us from the extreme boundary of the land to the town of Lindau, which enjoys a situation perfectly insular, and presents, when viewed from different points, an object truly picturesque and singular. The water, by which it is surrounded, forms part of the Lake of Constance, a lake of very spacious extent, larger, yet less beautiful than the Lake of

Geneva. It is here known by the name of *Boden See*, a name derived from its prodigious and unusual depth—Boden signifying depth in the German, which is here the vernacular tongue.

By a very delightful, though circuitous track, we coasted along the lake to Constance; and found incessant occupation for many leagues, in contemplating and comparing the very rich and varied scenery through which we were conducted. The road passed alternately upon the borders of the Lake, and among the devious windings of the vallies; and I found difficulty in persuading myself, that what I had hitherto admired in the majestic inequalities of the Tyrol, was not eclipsed by the bold and changeful landscapes of this romantic country. At the distance of four or five leagues from Lindau we crossed the Rhine in a ferry-boat. This river, though so near its source, is of considerable width, and descends with great force towards its junction
with,

with, or rather its entrance into, the Lake. It is somewhat extraordinary, that two of the noblest rivers in Europe, the Rhine and the Rhone, should severally form, within the Swiss territory, two lakes of a magnitude and beauty which have no parallel.

The Rhine, as it passes into the Lake, marks out the line of boundaries for the German and Swiss territories. A very charming village, by the name of Rosbach, gave us the first hospitalities after our entrance upon Switzerland ; and we were amused, during our stay, by various scenes of rustic simplicity and village innocence. A route of a few hours brought us to Constance, enlivened only by the influx of French Emigrants, and a Polish suite. The retired and peaceful state of this town has attracted many of the Emigrant families ; and various houses have been purchased for the accommodation of those who can dispense with the gaieties of polished life, and submit to the petty severities of Swiss discipline. What the iron

scourge of adversity *may* effect, it is not easy to calculate ; but so much I will affirm, —that if it teach the volatile sons of France to enjoy domestic life, and peaceably to surrender the “ Bagatelle,” I shall then know nothing which it can *not* effect.

L E T T E R CXL.

Zurich, May 11, 1792.

SYMPATHY is doubtless the most arbitrary passion in human nature. Taught by my theory to hold in abhorrence that cruel superstition which assumes to itself the distinction of the Catholic faith, I am daily compelled to take into my bosom some of its most bigotted supporters, and exercise the most charitable pity towards its monks, its priests, and its confessors—Misfortune has no guilt. The rigorous precautions now adopting in various parts of Switzerland,

land, have driven numbers of these unfortunate exiles to Constance. The different states of Italy have refused their hospitalities, and it is difficult to see where these titled fugitives will end their miserable pilgrimage. “*Quel malheur,*”—said an old Priest, who sat next me at table,—“*d’être obligé de voyager le monde pour trouver un peu de repos.*” A meagre Marquis, who had left every thing behind him but his politesse, recounted to me in the evening the entertainment which the Table d’Hôte had received in my absence, by the arrival of a Polonese princess. “*Madame,* (said he) “*parloit de la Liberté; et nous primes le parti contraire pour mieux jouir de son esprit,*”—an expression which could only have fallen from the lips of a Frenchman.

The Polonese Princess of whom the Marquis spoke, is pursuing, as I understand, the same route with ourselves; and therefore it is not improbable but time and subsequent events may unravel her history and character.

character. At present it appears that she is a woman of great beauty, is travelling from Warsaw to the Pays de Vaud, and abounding in vivacity and political knowledge. It was in her last character that she principally figured at Constance. The Bishop of Langres, and other Emigrants of distinction, were the subjects of her attack; and the pusillanimous flight of the Nobles at the commencement of the revolution, was by her pourtrayed in all those ridiculous colours which such an event might be supposed to receive from such talents. But with the Marquis, respect for the *Sexe* annihilated the sense of resentment, and the *esprit* of his antagonist was no less the theme of his admiration and his praise, for sporting at once with his misfortunes and his disgrace.

Enough is known of Constance, when little is said. An air of dulness hangs over it, characteristic of the Swiss towns. Its population does not seem to bear a reason-

able proportion to its extent ; and this proportion will not be eventually increased by the addition of those fugitives whom the laws of their community condemn to perpetual celibacy. At the point from which the Rhine issues, a wooden bridge communicates between the respective banks, and gives the eye an opportunity of pervading the whole extent of the town, as it lines the bank of the Lake. Viewed indeed under these circumstances, the town presents, in union with the contiguous scenery, a picture of no mean beauty. The Lake itself, measuring a length of seventeen, and a width (in its widest part) of six leagues, would fill any landscape with sublimity. Add to this, the clear and rapid Rhine, bursting from its extremity, and the sloping mountains running as it were into its waters. These are the ornaments of Constance ; and these might give it as important a rank in the schools of painting, as
its

its synods and councils have done in the school of theology.

By a circuitous and picturesque track we passed from Constance to Schaffhouse. A trespass committed on the way by a part of our equipage, produced a demand from some surly peasants, which not being immediately, or indeed at all complied with, half the boors of the country were assembled to support the demand of the claimants. As *blows* had preceded *words*, the affair was soon put to issue: and the swords which had dangled beside the velvet suits, in compliance with Italian etiquette, were now, for the first time, drawn from their peaceful scabbards. A worthy veteran, whom the uproar had brought out, interposed with his necessary authority, and by his good offices we were rescued from the unequal encounter.

L E T T E R CXLI.

A LITTLE discussion of French politics with some cheerful strangers at the Table d'Hôte, soon restored the equilibrium of the passions, somewhat disquieted by our adventure upon the road. The Fall of the Rhine was the grand lure to Schaffhouse; and therefore the earliest light of the morning was embraced, to view, under the most advantageous circumstances, and with the greatest leisure, this glorious phenomenon. A short ride from the town brought us to that point at which the Rhine is first seen rattling amongst those broken rocks which disturb the uniformity of its passage, and communicate turbulence and impetuosity to its current. Dismounting at the level from which it falls, we passed, after a momentary glance

glance at the brink of its descent, to the opposite point, from which the whole cascade is seen in all its majesty and effect. Nature has, it must be admitted, scooped out the rocks in a manner admirably calculated to assist the impression, by distributing the stream, as it falls, into three branches. The height of descent is esteemed to be eighty feet.

Various positions are resorted to by the guides, to establish the admiration of the traveller, by all the diversities of aspect which this cascade presents. Not the least delightful is that which fixes the spectator beneath the Chateau of Lauffen, and encloses him in the foam of the reverberated waters. But the point most favourable to general contemplation, is the bank which faces the whole descent. Here it is that the eye embraces a mighty river, whose stream has the forced opposing rock, two masses of which have alone withstood its fury, and now divide its waters. I imagined, as I

contem-

contemplated this august scene, the process by which the phenomenon is effected. The rocks appeared for a moment united, and the flinty barrier seemed yet solid. I painted to myself the action of the stream, the resistance of the craggy phalanx, and the gradual triumphs of the more powerful waters. I saw nature presiding over the combat, and turning in her own favour the fortune of the day.

In addition to the bolder traits, this cascade abounds in minuter beauties, which might be particularized in its favour. The pyramids of rock by which it is divided, are pierced into hollows, and shaped into forms of uncouth and irregular beauty. The Chateau of Lauffen overhanging its fall, is an additional ornament to the scene; and when the bulk and force of its waters are considered in conjunction with these dependent circumstances, height is the only defect which criticism can discover. Did it fall through a space equal to that which
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the Velino describes at Terni, it might then claim an attribute—perhaps in no case wholly deserved—that of perfection.

The bridge of wood, which is among the varieties of Schaffhouse, is a subject equally of astonishment and regret—of astonishment, that a bridge of such extent should have been constructed upon only *two* arches; of regret, that it should have been constructed upon more than *one*. This last arises from the tradition, sufficiently authenticated, that the builder's original plan and private wish were to throw one arch of wood across the Rhine. This was over-ruled by the prudence of the citizens, who were sufficiently phlegmatic to prefer, in this instance, *safety* to *speculation*.

Our journey from Schaffhouse to this place, though not amounting to more than nine leagues of ground, was unavoidably divided into two stations; and the village of Eglisau terminated the labours of the first day. Mischief and industry combined
could

could not have rendered the track more completely inconvenient, than heavy rains and a loose soil had already done. It was some recompence to find, that the scenes in which we were compelled to rest, had many beauties to shew. Our landlord was a man of information beyond his calling and his situation, which was a perfect solitude. He placed me in a pleasant attic, and pointed to my indistinct optics a thousand charming objects in the landscape before us. When the sun had done his last offices, my landlord diverted me with a series of anecdotes, respecting the cynosure of Switzerland, Lavater. The portrait of this extraordinary man formed the central ornament of his mantle-piece; and he seemed as proud of having lodged him within his humble cabaret, as the ignorant Tyrolian, who had done the same honors to the whole house of Austria.

LETTER CXLII.

Geneva.

WHEN the mind has determined upon an object as essential to its satisfaction, it is not readily prevailed upon to condescend to lesser gratifications. Lavater and Zurich had been so long associated in my mind, that the report of his absence inverted the whole system of my pleasures; and rendered me disposed to quarrel with objects of sufficient, though subordinate, interest. If situation can confer beauty, and tranquillity be adopted as a substitute for happiness, Zurich wants no charm for the eye, or the heart. Placed at the extremity of a transparent lake, whose banks are lined to the very brink of the water with the choicest culture, it embraces a thousand beauties of local position. The interior of
the

the town is neat, without any extraordinary share of regularity ; and its promenades and terraces, though sufficiently removed from finished taste, have yet a delicious variety of prospect and shade.

The countenances of the fair sex are much below the character of their understandings ; and, if I may judge from a short and imperfect experience, they borrow considerably less from the charms of person, than the graces of the mind. The government of Zurich has the property of strictness and vigor, common to the Swiss governments in general. Regularity is doubtless commendable in a state, and a well-ordered police is indisputably the best feature in civil administrations. But the excellence of the end will scarcely justify the severity of the means. The laws of Zurich are rigid and inquisitorial ; they hang a rod over the minutest foibles, and the most ordinary levities. A dog may not follow, nor a company dance, within the walls of the city.

Tranquillity and order are possibly produced by these municipal precautions; but they are littlenesses, which debase the dignity of the mind, and annihilate the sense of freedom.

The public sentiment is greatly agitated within this town by the political commotions of Europe, and considerable anxiety is felt and expressed upon the issue of that question, which is to decide the safety, perhaps the fate, of Switzerland. Neutrality is indisputably the line of choice, for which three-fourths of the country would determine. The aristocracy is too prudent to wish a rupture, and the democracy too feeble to seek alliance with their revolutionary neighbours; and a neutral character is doubtless that, by which they are most likely to maintain at once their commercial interests, and their civil independence. The public tables resounded with political debate; in this, however, the prudent natives took but little share. Emigrants of various character

character were daily entering; and, aware of the limited term by which their residence is confined, seemed desirous of taking revenge in the freedom of their discussions. Berne and Lausanne were crowded with the same sort of travellers; and it was not among the least amusing incidents which presented in those several places, to see the public tables surrounded with a mixed society of princes and roturiers, aristocrats and jacobins, cavaliers and sans culottes—men in short, whose politics were as opposite as their conditions, and who had no principle of union but that which arose from an equality of suffering.

The jealousies of this little republic appear to have received a considerable increase by the late events, and the extreme precaution, both civil and military, which is daily observed, seems to indicate strong symptoms of alarm and disunion. Its vicinity to Savoy on the one hand, and France on the other, between which some understanding

appears to subsist, is a sufficient ground of apprehension; and it seems to require the whole policy and firmness of the governing council, to maintain its good faith with Switzerland, and its own independence, against such a multitude of dangers and fascinations. Already its active commerce has received a check, and that cheerful vivacity which once filled its streets, is now no more. All is changed, but the grand objects of nature. The Rhine has not lost its transparency, nor the Salenche its dusky grandeur. The Lake yet presents a cerulian surface, and the Glaciers yet heave their snowy bosoms. On these the eye may fix, when the heart has sickened at civil discord, and forget, in the transports which their changeless beauties create, the factions, the follies, and the crimes of men.

LETTER CXLIII.

Lausanne.

IT is not easy for imagination to feign a villa of more picturesque enchantment, than that from which I now write. It is situated at the elevation of a league above the waters of the Lake; and planted amongst those charming inequalities which abound in rustic beauty, and give a never ending variety to the surrounding scenes. The pleasure arising from this residence, is only embittered by the recollection of those who once occupied it, and the cruel circumstances which have exiled from so delicious a retreat its ancient possessor. The political factions which some time past rent asunder the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, compelled to emigration some families of

the first distinction. Amongst this number was colonel de P——; and in him the country has sustained a loss not easily repaired. He was a man of frank and liberal manners, his knowledge was correct and general, and his mind was expanded by a long and active intercourse with public life. United to a woman, whose beauty, though pre-eminent, was yet her lowest praise, he was now consuming the evening of life in rural pursuits—exercising his taste in the cultivation of his grounds, and his virtue in domestic hospitality. From this retirement and these pursuits the curse of party zeal has driven him: and the villa, which he raised for his pleasure, is now abandoned to the purposes of hire.

Efforts of change, if they accomplish not their end, usually terminate in an increase of the evil. Such has been the fact in respect to Lausanne. The removal of abuses, and the enlargement of civil rights, were the pretended purposes of the late combinations.

nations. The defeat of these has led to new precautions, in which the comfort of the individual is surrendered to the safety of the state; and the restraint which before was visionary, is now become real. A law has been enacted, which binds the traveller to a request of permission, when his intentions are made up to a summer residence. This gives to the bailiff, who is the supreme governor, a power of opposing the continuance of obnoxious characters amongst his immaculate subjects; and of keeping the soil of Switzerland, free from the industrious experiments of their Gallic neighbours. A Russian princess, who occupies an extensive villa contiguous to our own, has lately received intimation of the Baron's displeasure; and as the decree of exile is laconic, she is left to conjecture, that her Paris connections have constituted her crime. The line of policy which has been adopted throughout the popular commotions, is reputed to have borrowed much of its severity,

rity, and some of its wisdom, from the Historian of the Roman empire. How far this may have been the fact or not, I pretend not to say; as little am I disposed to decide, whether it may be esteemed a reproach or a panegyric upon his character. So much at least is certain, that the floods of vengeance have been let loose with little regard to mercy, or opportunity of exculpation; and those who have not been humbled by punishment, have at least been silenced by fear. The circles of absolute pleasure have suffered little from these restraints; political terror stops greatly short of the card-table and the dance. But the interchange of liberal and enlightened conversation has received a wound, which can only be healed by the destruction of severity and suspicion. The æra of confidence is, however, if one may be allowed to conjecture, considerably distant, and the ferocious spirit of the reigning aristocracy has not yet discovered any symptoms of decline.

These evils, it must be owned, are little felt by the mass of the inhabitants. Inured to habits of toil, and accustomed to the seclusion of an agricultural life, they rarely intermeddle with the regulations of state. Political debate is confined to the enthusiasm of a narrow circle. The restrictions of government affect alone the evening discussions of the coffee-house, and the promenade; whilst the husbandman and the farmer can discover no changes in the features of the government, and suffer no diminution of their habitual liberty—in precautions which disturb not the progress of their labours, or the regularity of their gains.

LETTER CXLIV.

MANKIND have, in all states of society, their particular, and appropriate amusements. It is in the moment of relaxation, that

that nature shows her particular features; and the genuine character is then best ascertained, when there is the least temptation to caution and disguise. It is on this principle, that I am anxious, in the variations of my course, occasionally to associate with the different assemblies which unite in the professed pursuit of pleasure or diversion.

Switzerland has probably less to show in the line of original entertainment, than any country in Europe, Holland alone excepted. Possessed of little or no constitutional ardor, the laborious natives seem content to lead a life of patient industry and domestic regularity, without any ideas of indulgence beyond those of the flask and the valz. As I have penetrated but little into the interior of the country, I pretend not to judge of the general taste. From what however has come under my own observation upon the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, the pleasures of the flask and the valz have lost no portion of their antient influence. By a
latitude

latitude of interpretation, common to the inhabitants of the Continent, Sunday is esteemed the day of relaxation and festivity; and it is on this day that the Swiss unbends, and loses the ordinary severity of his humour, in the most gay and festive diversion. The effects of the bottle are universally seen upon the straggling peasants, who are encountered in every quarter of the vicinity of Lausanne, pursuing their eccentric courses towards their respective abodes. All the sheds and hovels are, on the same evening, occupied for the purposes of the valz; and it is difficult to find a retreat, which is not disturbed by the dissonance of a wretched fiddler, and the clattering of rustic feet.

The amusements of the higher class are very much upon a level with the general diversions of polished societies; and the great intercourse which subsists between the Lausannois and their neighbours the French, has introduced amongst the former all the
little

little expedients of social recreation so famous among the latter. The societies are mostly select; and the diversions which principally prevail, where cards are excluded, consist in ingenious evolutions of the *jeu de l'Epingle*, and sallies of wit at *questions et reponses*. What may be the virtue or antiquity of this last, I am unable to say. It appears, however, to have had existence in elder days; and I cannot but suppose that Ariosto alluded to a diversion of this nature amongst the gambols played off by the fairy Alcina:

Tolte che fur le mense e le vivande,

Facean sedendo in Cerchio ungiuoco lieto,

Che nell' orecchio l'un l'altro domanda

Come più piace loro qualche secreto.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, Can. 7. Stan. 21.

The hall from viands and from tables clear,

They form, in circle ranged, a sportive game;

With gentle whispers each in other's ear

Some *question* asks, as Fancy bids him name.

These are evidently *exotic* pleasantries, and do not strictly harmonize with the gravity
and

and phlegm of the Swiss character. Sober sense appears in general the last boundary which nature has assigned to their intellectual talents; and genius and wit are qualities of which they are destined to partake in a very inferior degree. Exceptions have existed to this observation; and the names of Haller, Gesner, Euler, and Lavater, are sufficient to rescue the nation from literary oblivion. A repartee which is now in circulation, will possibly convince you, that the rule which decides against their pleasantry, is not wholly without exception. Mons. R. having drank too freely, in rising from table had the misfortune to fall, and uttered the following impromptu:

On dit le vin plus fort que l'eau,
Et je le crois sans peine,
L'eau détruit tout, maison, troupeau,
Et deracine une chêne;
Or, si dans son débordement
Rien ne résiste à sa colere,
Faut il, s'étonner un moment,
Que le vin m'ait jetté par terre ?

I shall

I shall give you a translation, in lieu of a postscript :

Wine is more strong than water deem'd,

Nor is the rule a joke,

For water levels house and flock,

And rends the stubborn oak ;

If then its overflowing rage

No obstacle can bound,

What wonder that the stronger wine

Has laid me on the ground ?

L E T T E R CXLV.

THE romantic scenes which I now inhabit, and the very picturesque character of all which surrounds me, have almost entirely cut me off from general society. Absorbed in the visions of Rousseau, and enclosed as it were in the sphere of his mighty magic, I feel content to live sequestered amidst this delicious enchantment. The Heloise is indisputably the
most

most forcible address to the passions that human genius ever produced; and perhaps the capacity of man for delicate transports, could in no case find a better measure, than in those effects with which it impresses a sensible mind. Local circumstances contribute greatly to the influence which works of feeling possess; and he is competent to judge of this observation, who has the name of Veray continually sounded in his ears, and the rocks of Milleray projecting to his view.

It is indeed a subject of no small regret, that the *Heloise* should appear upon revival, of corrupt and injurious tendency. The attempt of Rousseau to draw it to a virtuous close, is feeble and unnatural. Let it be owned, that the passions are too industriously proselyted to the side of moral frailty; and that the general impression is little in favour of human virtue. Considered as a work of genius, it is beyond all praise: but as Johnson has said of *Catherine*

rine in Henry the Eighth, the genius of Rousseau appears to go out with *Julie*; and he must supply much from his own imagination, and the recollection of past circumstances, who can be equally interested in Madame de Wolmar. The fact is, that the novel stands upon the single ground of its pathetic excellence, by which I mean its power of operating in an extraordinary degree upon the passions: it ought therefore to have ended with the event which determines the separation of Julie and St. Preux, *viz.* the marriage of the former to Monf. M. Wolmar. What is added, destroys in fact the unity of the work; while it weakens the first impression, it produces no material change in favour of virtue; and it offends the critic, without satisfying the moralist.

Such, however, was the character of the writer, that he neither lived nor wrote in conformity to received rule; and thus neither his actions nor his works can be sentenced
without

without an almost equal mixture of praise and censure. An intelligent woman has put into my hands an epitaph, expressive in no ordinary degree of this singular humour ; and as it is the produce of Lausanne, it will probably dispose you to think, that a *bel esprit* is not wholly a prodigy in Switzerland :

Ci gît Rousseau ! chez lui tout fut contraste,
Il aima les humains, mais se fut pour les fuir :
Il perdit sa patrie en voulant la servir :
Modeste avec orgueil,—il fut pauvre avec faste ;—
Ne fut pas vivre,—et fut mourir.

How far my translation may approach the original, I am not anxious to know : I have only attempted to transpose its spirit.

Here lies Rousseau, the slave of truth and fiction,
Who lived and died a splendid contradiction.
With love of man he fled the world, and gave
His country wounds whene'er he meant to save.
Haughty, though poor, and modest, yet with pride,
He liv'd to folly, and to virtue died.

As I am now upon the subject of epitaphs,
I shall close my letter with one upon Vol-
taire,

taire, from the same hand; and follow it up with an attempt at translation.

O Parnasse fremis de douleur et d'effroi

Pleurez Muses, brisez vos lyres immortelles.

Toi dont il fatigua les cent voix et les aîles,

Dit que Voltaire est mort—pleure et repose toi.

Voltaire is dead! Parnassus hush thy quires,

And break, ye muses, your immortal lyres!

Fame, let thy trump the last sad note disclose,

Then midst the tearful sorrow seek repose.

L E T T E R CXLVI.

THE Polish princess, who made so conspicuous a figure at Constance, holds an equal rank in the coteries of Lausanne. She is the wife of Prince L——, and appears to be suffering a sort of political exile. The superiority of her talents, rather than the cast of her principles, have recommended her to the notice of persons of condition in
this

this country ; and she has succeeded in procuring the bailiff's permission to fix her residence for six months in a splendid and extensive villa upon the borders of the Lake. A residence at Paris during the epoch of the Revolution, communicated to her mind a glow of liberty, which kindles at every return of political discussion ; and the peculiar circumstances of her own country render this enthusiasm still more sympathetic. Her vivacity and her information cannot be too highly appreciated ; and she betrays an excess of romantic sensibility, bordering upon extravagance. Though admitted into the circles of this place, it is easy to see that her levities are not wholly unsuspected by the grave and cautious Swifs, whose regard for decorum is among their first qualities, and who have every merit on the score of private morals. Stanislaus appears to have anticipated some excentricities in the bon-mot which he uttered, agreeable to the Princess's report, upon delivering to her

some commendatory letters: "Voilà," said he, "des lettres de creane pour des nouvelles folies."

The lot of this amiable Princess—for such amidst all her eccentricities she is—contains a moral, from which the heads of families in many European states might derive, if disposed, considerable advantage. "A quatorze," said she, when enumerating some particulars of her history, "on m'a marié. Je fus mère à quinze: je respecte mon mari; c'est un homme de mérite: mais je ne l'ai jamais aimé." The arbitrary union of fortune and rank, by those who assume the disposal of the sexes, may justly be assigned as the ground and occasion of those gallantries which disgrace the manners of the Continent. It is judging imperfectly of human nature, to suppose that splendor will satisfy every passion; or that those chains will be worn with content, which are imposed by force. The States of Italy abound in lessons of similar instructions;

structions; but such is the infamous law of family etiquette, that marriages must be regulated by rules of aggrandizement, and the torch of Hymen must be kindled at the shrine of Plutus. Hence the profligacy and licence of fashionable manners; hence the cicisbeo, the cavaliere, and all the iniquitous expedients for supporting an unnatural yoke.

The family of the Marchese L—— at Rome, presented an instance of this sort of paternal decision. As public concerts were frequently given at the palace, I had repeated opportunities of seeing the young and unconsulted female, ordained by her parents as a victim to a prince, whose condition was his only recommendation. As the parties were not suffered to communicate, this itself would be sufficient to condemn the union, had it not been equally forbidden by the disparity of ages. I asked an attendant, Upon what principle the union was designed? “Adeffo,” said he, “è domo

“ de Marchese, allora fara domo de principe.” “ It is now but the family of a Marquis, then it will be the family of a Prince.” This violation of nature’s most manifest law, in the total neglect of affection and choice, is an usurpation more criminal than the very worst excesses of their civil tyranny. Ariosto must have had other models to write from than those which now abound, when he affirmed,

“ Fui di parer sempre, e così detto

“ L’ho piu volte, che senza moglie a lato

“ Non puote uomo in bontade esser perfetto,

I’ve ever thought, and oft the truth express,

That without wedlock, man could ne’er be blest.

From the contemplation of such laws, such habits, and such manners, it is a relief to reflect upon another nation, and find the faith of matrimony revered in public opinion, and regarded in predominant practice; to find its pleasures celebrated by the first of poets, and the best of men; and to observe its effects distinctly visible in the circula-

circulation of virtuous love, and the establishment of domestic harmony:

Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring —

By thee adulterous lust was driven from men,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

MILTON. Par. Lost, Book iv. L. 750, &c.

But happy they! the happier of their kind!

Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate

Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

THOMSON, Spring, L. 1110, &c.

LETTER CXLVII.

THE melancholy events of the 10th have been subjects of no small grief to the sympathetic Swiss. With a tenderness which does honour to their feelings, the municipal authorities proclaimed a season of mourn-

mourning; and invited the citizens to suspend for a fortnight their diversions, in honour to the manes of their brave and unfortunate countrymen. The slaughter of this intrepid band is a circumstance, over which all the divisions of political opinion must unite in one common sentiment of sorrow. The Programma which enjoined the public mourning, was affixed to all places of general resort; and "Thè's" and "Gouté's" were interdicted, under the penalty of extreme displeasure. In addition to this, a paper has been circulated, purporting to proceed from the ruling Powers, and calculated to inflame the minds of the Swiss with the strongest emotions of hatred and revenge. Thus watchful is power to improve those advantages which the crimes of its adversaries afford. The cool-blooded carnage of the Thuilleries will be recorded among the crimes of liberty—for liberty may have her crimes—and arbitrary power will be not a little gratified, at having the
narrow

narrow flock of its argument so materially increased.

A prospect of separation from Mr. L——, whose health is judged to demand a residence in the south, has opened to me some plans of travel, which I am anxious to execute; and the very disordered state of France, which might seem to constitute an objection, operates with me as an inducement to pursue, if possible, the route to Paris. I have delayed my expedition a reasonable number of days, in order to feel properly released from an obligation under which I might yet appear to lie, and the discovery of which has occasioned me much anxiety. Mr. H. from Amsterdam, with whom I formed acquaintance while at Rome, had conceived a project of travelling to Egypt, and dispatched an invitation to me, according to the best address he could procure, to accompany him. By the failure of post, his communication never reached me, and it was not without an accident, that

any part of the subject was ever made known to me. I know not a track upon the globe, which I would pursue in preference; and I consider it as one of the most adverse events in my life, that the proposals of Mr. H. never fell into my hands. As I have written to his banker at Naples, and waited a sufficient time without reply, I am induced to suppose that he may be removed* beyond the reach of regular communication; and that the negotiation, so far as regards myself, is at an end. The advances of the Duke of Brunswick, and the thunders of his manifesto, are considered by my Swiss friends, as bad precursors in the route I intend to pursue; and a few emigrant counts, with whom I occasionally mingle, have wished me "bon voyage,"

* I have since been informed by Mr. H. that upon his visiting the island of Malta, he was dissuaded from proceeding to Egypt by the advice of the grand-master, who assured him, that the plague had broken out, and that on this account he returned to England by Spain and Portugal.

and

and piteously recommended me "à la lan-
terne."

An engagement which I have entered into with some English ladies related to Mr. L. will detain me some few days, in an excursion to the Glaciers; and my purpose is made up, in accommodation to their wishes, to leave this place on the 23d; and the next communications you receive from me, will probably acquaint you with the particulars of my second visit to the Glaciers of Chamouni. Geneva will present, in its present distracted state, but few objects capable of detaining me; and my design is now, to seek a place in some public conveyance for Lyons. The general passage of the diligences is, I understand, at an end; and, excepting for some purposes of business or of emigration, the banks of the Rhine are seldom travelled. I anticipate in the journey before me a fund of varieties, and those not always of the most agreeable cast: objects of useful speculation are sometimes

times found in scenes of danger and disgust; and those who have matured their wisdom, have rarely done it but by a discipline from which the gentle timidities of nature would be disposed to revolt.

L E T T E R CXLVIII.

Geneva, August 28, 1792.

IT was on the morning of the 25th that we parted from Geneva, and entered upon the road to Salenche, under the fairest auspices of sun and sky. The whole range of the Jura soon exhibited itself before our eyes in great and extended majesty. Some loose fragments of light and undissipated clouds hovered upon its breast, and contrasted delightfully with the dusky shades of its general surface. Geneva also forms a very enchanting figure, when viewed upon this route; its buildings seem to rise in a theatric order; and though not distinguish-
ed

ed by any individual majesty, constitute a very striking and agreeable whole.

A new and singular tract of country soon opens upon this route; and though the general train of objects were such as my mind could anticipate, there were details with which my recollection was not wholly familiar. The approach to Bonneville is such as few cities can boast. The Grande and Petit Saleve gradually falling back, the vast and stupendous Brezon is seen in all its ample majesty, shaded with vegetation in its declivities, but bare and craggy in its summit. Contrasted with this is the Mole, whose rounded summit, opposed to the flinty battlements of the Brezon, give a softness and variety to the scene. The road pursues a sinuous track along a precipice elevated above the torrent, whose impetuous motion fills the ear with majestic sounds. Strong symptoms of poverty appear on every part of this mountainous route; and the town of Bonneville was itself crowded with

with ragged and hungry beggars. We met however a number of priests, whose portly mien seemed to indicate that they at least had the art of keeping poverty at a distance.

Proceeding from Bonneville, we passed through a tract of no extraordinary beauty, till the close of the valley announced the approach to Cluse. The mountains round Cluse are prodigiously bold and grotesque; they rise to a noble height, and are hewn and rent by nature and accident in a thousand wild and magnificent forms. Here closing upon each other, they seemed to form a majestic, yet awful, barrier against the further progress of the most intrepid voyager. The narrow road, by which the approach to the town is made, appeared to have been stolen with difficulty from the prominent rocks; and the overhanging masses frowned upon us in rude and tremendous shapes. We crossed the Arve to enter the town, which is formed of two or three dirty streets, and looks as wretched as poverty,

poverty, catholicism, and an unbenign government, can make it. Descending now along the valley of Maglan, we were charmed, in contemplating a delicious, yet inconsiderable cascade, which issued from the point of intersection between two mountains, and of which I do not recollect to have taken any notice upon my former tour. A few faint and refracted rays of the sun were yet lodged upon the summits of some barren cliffs, which rose above those whence the waters descended. The majestic hardiness of the latter, contrasting with the soft lights of the former, conveyed to the eye a picture of exquisite and enchanting beauty. Under this impression I arrived at St. Martin's. As the town of Salenche lies on the other side of the valley, at some distance from the regular track, an inn, by the name of Mont Blanc, is newly built, for the convenience of travellers, on the established route. A groupe of titled travellers had pre-occupied the best quarters.

But he who is bent upon travelling into Savoy, must not expect to walk upon carpets or recline upon beds of down.

We left Salenche sufficiently early the following day, to obtain the most advantageous view of the cascade of Chede. Its scattered waters were now coloured by a beauteous rainbow, and the hollow rock, which received and reverberated the descending shower, was charmingly illumined by the same tints. In addition to the elegance with which these waters are expanded in their fall, the natural formation of the rock from which they are precipitated, the cavern which receives them, and the general face of the surrounding objects, give to this cascade a considerable portion of picturesque ornament. The Lake of Chede, transparent and cerulean, the Mont St. Gervais, clothed with soft and variegated verdure, and the contiguous summits of the Mont Blanc, and other glaciers, were amongst the objects which next arrest attention.

tention. The *torrent Noir*, which is at certain seasons of the year so strong and formidable, was now neither swollen nor rapid. Meeting with Pere Cachat, denominated L'Aiguille*, at the village of Sarve, I retained him for the service of the Montainvert. This man is one of the best Guides of Chamouni, extremely tall, and of great force, and seemed likely to prove an excellent substitute for my old and respected Guide Balmat, who was now absent from Chamouni upon an expedition into the interior of the Alps. We made the usual ascent of the Boiffons previous to finishing the journey of this day; and the glassy pyramids of the elegant glacier had lost

* The Guides of Chamouni have all certain characteristic names, some relating to their persons, others derived from their achievements. Jacques Balmat is surnamed the Mont Blanc, from having first ascended that terrible mountain. Cachat is distinguished by the appellation of the Giant, from his uncommon strength; and, in general, each has his *nom de guerre*, by which he is more known than by the name of his family.

no portion of their former transparency and lustre.

The ascent of the Montainvert was entered upon with the advantage of the morning breezes; and our female suite, assisted by the energy of curiosity, and the activity of their conductors, accomplished this labour without any material portion of apprehension or fatigue. Our conductors, in addition to Pierre Cachat, consisted of Messat, father and son, the former of whom has been more than thirty-five years in the office of a mountain guide, and abounds in that sort of information which is necessarily acquired by so long a service. Cachat, related to the *Giant* of that name, is himself a very gigantic figure; has been long in the habit of combating mountain dangers, and acquired considerable reputation in this kind of achievements. He is one of those who have been called upon in all attempts to ascend the Mont Blanc; and was one of the party dispatched by Saussure to hew out

steps for their feet, the morning before his conquest of this formidable mountain. Cachat related that the whole of this service was more laborious than imagination can picture. When encamped upon the ice, *one* tent was spread to cover Monsieur Saussure, his servant, and eighteen guides; so that with respect to himself, little more remained under cover than his head, while his feet were absolutely frozen to the ice. Men of the most robust make, accustomed from their earliest infancy to the air and the toils of the mountains, were seen to tremble and faint under the oppression of these accumulated fatigues. Bourrit, who succeeded Saussure in this arduous enterprise, confirms in general the truth of these reports.

Reason and humanity appear to discountenance, except for some definite purpose of utility, expeditions upon this hazardous mountain. Saussure was a philosopher, and his ascension of the Mont Blanc tended to

ascertain some points of moment, respecting the altitudes of the mountains, the rarity of the air, and other physical phenomena. A recent attempt was made, by four English gentlemen, to climb this mountain; and the issue of their expedition ought to render this the last example of similar curiosity. When ascended only to the base of the ice, they were arrested in their progress by a great fall of rain, and the rising of a dense fog, which exposed them to imminent danger. Twenty guides were employed in this abortive expedition, two of whom were the victims of an accident, in consequence of which one continues yet to languish in uncertainty between life and death; the other is in a fair way of recovery. The sudden fall of an huge stone was the circumstance which occasioned this accident, and which had nearly proved fatal to the whole company.

I was particularly gratified in this ascent by a revision of that prodigious rock, the
Aiguille

Aiguille de Dru. It is, as you have been already informed, a pointed rock, rising from those mountains which overhang the Mer de Glace, and exhibiting the boldest pyramid in the realms of mid-air. Nothing can surpass the tremendous majesty of this object. All the mountains which surround it seem lowered by its aspiring height, and softened into delicacy by its rugged aspect. Its surface, of the hardest flints, is never decorated by verdure, nor enveloped by snow. No track can be descried in its awful declivities. The conquerors of Mont Blanc regard its height as unattainable; and formed for eternal decoration—storms and tempests assail it in vain.

Our day was passed as usual upon the summit of the mountain, in the contemplation of its various and interesting wonders, and finished by a descent upon the source of the Arveron. But here the scene has suffered a total change of place and character. The point from which the river gushed last year

is now closed, and the stream has forced a passage through a portion of the ice, at nearly an hundred yards from the former point, and in a position infinitely less advantageous to its beauty. The arches of this year are not half formed, the caverns of this year are not half sunk, the tints are no longer vivid and cerulean, the waters no more impetuous and majestic. I left the scene with a feeling of disgust, proportioned to that admiration with which I had beheld those beauties in its former state, which, however they may have ceased to exist in fact, will preserve a late and lasting existence in my recollection. An early departure, and dispatch upon the road, enabled me to reach Geneva on the following day before the closing of the gates; and I am now in the act of preparing for an expedition in which my mountains of ice will probably be converted into mountains of fire.

LETTER CXLIX.

Lyons, Sept. 8th, 1792.

I AM now safely, that is to say, finally arrived at this celebrated, yet depopulated city; and I am impatient to digest, while all is tranquil around me, a journal of what has transpired since my last communication. The rumours of Geneva, for some days previous to my departure, were pregnant with tales of discord and murder, as raging throughout this department. But my resolution was previously made up. A desire of finding a convenient winter residence in the south, had induced the ladies whom I accompanied to the Glaciers, to adopt my determination, and meditate a journey, by the way of Lyons, towards Montauban, and the southern extremities of France. It was doubtless a circumstance
suffi-

sufficiently agreeable to find a party disposed to share the pleasures, and to divide the expences of the journey; and the premeditated decision of a lady who had the care of an only daughter, and the experience of forty years to consult, was at least a sufficient ground for compliance on my part. Hitherto no events have occurred of that nature which could dispose them to repent of their enterprize. A Voiture-à-quatre places was contracted for at Geneva, and passports filled up with all precaution. These arrangements being made, the morning of the 5th was fixed for commencing the journey. I had previously bid adieu to my old friend the Patriot, who striking me on the back as I quitted him, gave me his heartiest benediction, and concluded—
“ Allez donc, mon cher ami, vous y verrez
“ de belles choses.”

The distribution of our journey being, by the laws of Voituriers, vested in themselves, we were introduced to a sort of
cabaret

cabaret in the village of Colonges, at the distance of only three posts from Geneva. A few miserable guards had in the morning announced to us our entrance upon the French territory; and being occupied in a conflict with an enraged horseman, whose pistols they had seized, gave but a rapid glance over our passport, and suffered us to proceed.

Colonges gave us a very warlike reception. The village, which appeared to consist of about twenty dilapidated houses, was under arms; and a guard composed of about a dozen ragged and crippled rustics, were performing their evolutions before the astonished eyes of about as many spectators. A soup-maigre and night's repose having tranquillized our spirits, discomposed by these military terrors, and the intrusion of some custom-house officers into the sanctuary of our luggage, we proceeded the next day to Cerdon, which we reached after a journey of eight posts. I was diverted
from

from attending to the picturesque course of the Rhone, by a long train of national troops, who were marching to the frontiers. They were in number eight hundred; and appeared to be for the most part recruits, who had not yet experienced the discipline of the drill: a few *ça-ira's* were the only salute we received from them. Our passport was demanded at Nantua; and, after a very short delay, returned without any sort of incivility. Our hostess at Cerdon seemed to consider us as lawful plunder, and did not dismiss us till she had enforced a very ample exaction for the privilege of sleeping *sur les terres de la liberté*. A few verbal insults, and an occasional cry of aristocrats, were the only inconveniences we sustained on the way to Montluel. The matron who attended upon us here, was somewhat more humanized than those with whom we had hitherto conversed. She harangued us during supper upon the state of the country, and enquired very particularly after the Duke

Duke of York, whom she hoped to see very speedily seated upon the throne of France. Lyons, she assured us, was profoundly quiet, and strangers would find it a very tranquil asylum. Three posts were all that divided us from Lyons, and these we conquered in half a dozen hours.

The eye is not struck by any prominent grandeur in the distant view of this city, and its entrance does not appear to announce a second capital. We drove, without any interruption, along an elegant quay, which flanks the Rhone, and entered the famous place Bellecourt, or Louis le Grand. This is the most superb area perhaps in Europe. It consists in three sides of regular and elegant building: the fourth is supplied by a range of promenades. Our voiturier was directed to conduct us "aux armes de France." But the destruction of armorial bearings had effaced the antient distinctions of hotels; and therefore, after a fruitless enquiry, we were set down before the hotel
from

from which I now write, and which appears once to have been known as the Hotel de Provence. It is situated in a very commanding point of the square; and wears an air of magnificence, which does not set me perfectly at ease. No room, however, appears for suspicion; the streets are only disturbed by the holiday groupes, who are celebrating the festival of Notre Dame, a lady whom I thought they had politely discarded; and the Table d'Hôte, which I am shortly to attend, will probably enable me in my next to furnish you with some prognostics of my future destiny.

L E T T E R CL.

Lyons, Sept. 9, 1792.

I KNOW not in general a better expedient for obtaining local information, than a visit to the Table d'Hôte. This was, how-

ever, an instance in which the rule failed, and I have seldom carried my petit-ecu to so barren and unproductive a market. The company consisted principally in officers, and fear or policy seemed to have imposed a general silence, in respect to affairs of state. Military topics occupied the whole of the discussion; and the subject at issue was, whether infantry or cavalry were most formidable to the enemy. The question was supported by the officers of the different parties with considerable spirit, and finally decided by an appeal to the ladies. It is unnecessary to say, that the cavalry obtained the vote; and the officers politely acceded to the decision, by affirming, that those whom the ladies patronized, must be invincible.

I visited, in the evening, different parts of the city; and cannot pronounce that it approaches the expectation I had formed from a perusal of its history, and the description of its local curiosities. The new or modern

dern part of the town possesses considerable elegance and beauty; but the antient and more extensive part has little to show, beyond what is ordinarily found in cities devoted to manufacture and commerce. Allowing for the bustle of a festival, I could not consider the population as bearing at all an equal proportion to the extent of the city. This may be readily accounted for, by considering the number of emigrations, and the caution which persons of property and character are compelled to observe. None were to be seen upon the public walks, or in any of the places of general rendezvous, but citizens of the lowest order; and from what I have hitherto seen, my manners are not likely to be improved by the society of the place.

The square I inhabit is enlivened by successive crowds, who flock towards the centre, in order to gaze and pour indignities upon the humbled majesty of Louis the fourteenth. This was a very noble equestrian statue

statue in bronze, raised upon a lofty pedestal ; and must, in its entire state, have contributed greatly to the ornament of the Place Bellecourt. Since the events of Paris, an order had passed in the Municipality of Lyons, to demolish this august statue. The zeal of the populace anticipated the regular execution of this decree ; and the brazen idol was levelled with the ground, in the night previous to the appointed time. Advertisements for the sale of its materials are posted at the corners of the public streets ; and all seem anxious to express their approbation of the deed, by assembling to trample upon the prostrate sovereign, and vent their bitter execrations upon his royal memory.

Amidst the reflections which such a scene awakens, it is not possible wholly to stifle a secret feeling of satisfaction. Popular revenge is ever tumultuous, and extreme ; and the guilt of an individual is, in their rapid judgment, scarcely separable from the guilt of a class. But, in shuddering at these

outrages and lamenting this reverse, the mind is suspended, by the recollection of a man, who received the incense of praise for the measures of mischiefs; who has filled the history of his times with blood; and whose only apology for sporting with the lives of his subjects, and the revenues of his kingdom, was the miserable confession amidst the terror of death, "Ja'i aimé trop la guerre."

But I am interrupted by a confused procession, which is now passing under my windows. It is—as I understand from the femme de chambre—a gala procession of the national guard, who are going to burn *in publico* all the pictures of their kings. They appear to form a numerous train, and are accompanied by a concourse of spectators. The blended sounds of music and shouts assail me with considerable violence; and my curiosity to be present at the ceremonies of this fête, is the only apology I can offer for the abruptness of this conclusion.

LETTER CLI.

Lyons, Sept. 9th. Three o'clock.

THE proceſſion, of which I ſpoke in my laſt, ſoon found me in the number of its train. I loſt no time in mixing with the crowd, and informing myſelf of their plan and intentions. It appeared, that the portraits of their kings, and all the books, records, and registers which regarded the eſta- bliſhment of royalty, were already carried to the place of rendezvous: and the cere- mony of conſuming theſe upon a funeral pile, was to be conducted in the preſence of the national military. The guard, which compoſed a numerous body, marched to the ground, diſtant about half a league from the city, in detachments repreſenting the

quota which every district furnished. When arrived at the field, they were drawn up into a circle of considerable compass, in the centre of which was a pile of wood surrounded by pointed cannon; *bonnet rouge's* were hoisted upon different standards, and streamers at regular intervals proclaimed "La Liberté ou la mort."

A signal-gun being fired, the torch was applied; and almost instantaneously the whole pile was seen in a blaze. The portraits and books were then thrown upon the raging materials; and the name of the royal victim loudly pronounced, as each was severally consumed. The first volume of smoke which ascended into the air, excited the shouts and triumphs of the exulting spectators. The soldiers placed their hats upon their bayonets, and raised them as signals of applause. The populace adopted the same expedient; and all who had canes, hoisted their hats with expressions of furious joy. This ceremony, if
such

such it may be called, was renewed upon every sacrifice which the flames received; but when the name of Louis Quatorze was announced, the shouts of the populace were beyond measure furious. The ashes of his portrait mounted amidst the groans and curses of forty thousand spectators.

I cannot say that the countenances of either the military or the populace discovered the most benevolent humour. With the disadvantage of wearing a white hat, I had also the additional inconvenience of a tolerable suit; so that I was not clear that my presence, or even the elevation of my white beaver, was perfectly agreeable to the fans-culottes. I changed my place more than once, in order to avoid being talked at; for such I had reason to suppose was the case, when the terms of *fripou*, and other severities, were applied to kings, "qui ont fait (said they) tout le mal." My last stand was taken near an elderly citizen, of whose physiognomy I augured better

things. "Ah!" said he, with a countenance full of serenity and satisfaction, "c'est un beau jour." As I perceived he alluded to the transactions, and not the weather; I told him, that I had designed visiting the Hotel de Ville, in order to view those pictures which were now consuming: "Eh bien, (said he,) vous les verrez ici en plus belles couleurs." It was in the moment of consuming the portrait of Louis Fourteenth, that I had entered into conversation with this veteran: and the impetuosity of men, women, and children, to press round the pile, and testify their abhorrence of the tyrant's memory, was almost an over-match for the guards, though armed with bayonets, and supported by cannon. The old man counselled me therefore to withdraw from the circle; and speedily introduced me, en qualité d'Anglois, to a captain of the guard, whom he represented as a man of talents, firmness, and property.

I learnt

I learnt from the captain, that the National guard, formed from the Bourgeois of Lyons, composed a body of thirty thousand men. I mentioned to him the progress of the Austrian and Prussian armies; he smiled: "Let them advance, (said he,) let them go to the gates of Paris—et d'abord vous verrez, qu'aucun Autrichien et Prussien ne reverra son pays." "Nothing," he added, "could equal the enthusiasm which the common people every where discovered, and the ardor with which they flew to arms." Their pay in his own section was thirty-five sols per day, and clothing from head to foot. In the last article I should scarcely suppose him accurate, or at least admit his report as applying only to his particular section; for scarcely one third of the troops under arms were dressed in military uniform. Our dialogue was now interrupted by the finale of this gorgeous fête, and my companions conducting me through a file of the populace, who opened

a passage for the captain, we proceeded by the side of his company to the gates of the city. The music played, in moving off the ground, the brilliant and animating air of *ça ira*; and we entered Lyons, amidst the loud and continued tumult of voices and trumpets, notes of harmony, and shouts of applause.

LETTER CLII.

Lyons, Sept. 10, 1792.

As the journals of my first day's residence have not yet found their way to the post, they will travel in company with a melancholy detail of crimes and bloodshed, which have inverted the peaceful picture of former statements, and filled my mind with agony and horror. The captain, with whom I held conversation yesterday morning, in delivering his judgment upon the state of

the city, had expressed an apprehension which did not leave me wholly free from anxieties. "The only evil (said he) now "to be dreaded is, that the people should "rise, and massacre those whom they consider as their enemies; and, in fact, advertisements have already issued, inviting, "in ambiguous terms, such a sort of insurrection." Then, conducting me through a part of the town, with which I was not yet familiar, "Voila, (said he,) le quartier "des gens suspects!"

I reported so favourably of the general state of the town, upon my return from this excursion, that the ladies were disposed to visit the theatre; and it was in this situation that we received the first intelligence of an actual insurrection, and acts of the most brutal cruelty already perpetrated. The "Payfan Magistrat," a piece professedly adapted to revolutionary feelings, was exhibited; and the applause which it produced from the audience, was evidently mixed with

with considerable tumult. The progress of the representation was frequently interrupted by vociferous demands for *ça ira*, and the Marseillois march. This last is a furious war song, the air of which in a military or theatrical band is singularly noble and impressive. The words which were sung by two soldiers at the burning of the pictures, are not a little sanguinary and vindictive. These clamours did not exhibit the most flattering symptoms. Ladies were observed quitting their boxes in succession, and we began to see ourselves nearly deserted. In the mean time the Petits Savoyards, which was the after-piece, seemed to engage no part of the audience's attention, who were violent in their demands for the Marseillois; which at length prevailed over every other movement. We judged it expedient now to withdraw; and found the servant ready to acquaint us, with trembling accents, that a mob had assembled and beheaded seven officers, and that they were

were now bearing these heads in procession through the streets. The apprehension of meeting this inhuman procession was a subject of cruel anxiety, till we arrived in the Place Bellecourt.

Having escorted my charge to their apartments, and trimmed the lights, which the palpitating valet (who was an Austrian) had ranged at the first call of the mob, I descended, in order to inform myself of what had been acted in this bloody drama. It appears, that the populace were first excited to insurrection by some volunteers from Marseilles; and that, at about five o'clock, they assembled and forced a guard-house, from which they dragged an officer of rank, who, in company with six others, had been arrested by the municipality, upon suspicion of corresponding with the enemy, and confined for trial. He plunged into the Saone in order to escape their fury; but they fired upon him, and having dragged him ashore, struck off his head, and there executed

cuted the same vengeance upon the remaining six. By this time, nine o'clock, the mob had acquired considerable strength; and were celebrating the most outrageous orgies before the Hotel de Ville, round the heads, which they had elevated upon a pole. All the streets were illuminated throughout the city, by order of the mob, and straggling parties were parading through different quarters, and vociferating "Vive la Nation!"

I shall not intrude upon your sensibility, by painting the situation of my friends in the interval of two hours, which passed between the time of our return to the hotel, and that of the mob's procession. At eleven o'clock the tumult, which had hitherto been confusedly heard, became more distinctly audible; and the gradual increase of uproar seemed to announce some change of scene. A few minutes only allowed us to conjecture, when the whole body of the mob entered the square. They formed a

long,

long, and to appearance, a regular train; the foremost of which bore torches and pikes, upon the points of which last were the trophies of their vengeance. This procession, I speedily learnt, was founded upon a new event: thirteen priests had been selected out of two hundred, who were confined; and it was the blood of these that now provoked their cannibal joy. Yells and groans accompanied their march through the square, and the very tone of their shouts conveyed the expressions of murder. It had appeared upon enquiry, that the officer, on whom the first vengeance fell, had been apprehended in our hotel, a fortnight previous to this event; and the first entrance of the mob into this quarter admitted of an interpretation, which did not tend to diminish the alarms for our safety. The heads were, however, suspended upon the trees, and the populace filed off to their head quarters before the Hotel de Ville. By this time some active measures were taking

taking by the municipality, and a patrol of horse, between the hours of eleven and twelve, was scouring the principal streets. A gradual calm ensued, and by two o'clock the danger seemed to have subsided.

The earliest hour of the morning was employed in deliberating upon the means of escaping those mischiefs, of which what has already happened seem only the precursors. My inquiries respecting the neighbouring towns, determined me not to hazard the safety of my companions, by any other experiment than that of withdrawing them entirely from a land devoted to popular phrenzy; and therefore my first measure was to secure the grant of passports. For these it was necessary that each should attend in person; and perhaps a severer trial of female fortitude, has not often happened in ordinary life, than that of passing through a populace intoxicated as it were with the blood of their fellow-creatures.

creatures. Through such a populace it was necessary to pass, in order to enter the Hotel de Ville. My entreaties—for this was the season of condescension—could scarcely secure the ladies a passage, or protect them from incivilities. “Voilà des aristocrats!” was the music with which we were entertained as we moved amongst them. I urged that they were des Angloises, and that they were going to procure passports. “Qu’elles s’en aillent, (said they,) il n’est plus le temps pour les étrangers.” At this moment numbers were engaged in demolishing the statues, and other monuments, which were to be found upon the ascent to the hall.

The office for passports was crowded with claimants, many of whom were rejected. A miserable being preferred his suit to me, and requested that I would use my influence to obtain him a passport en qualité de domestique. But our affairs were too critical to admit of such an experiment: and it

was not without considerable difficulty, and an attendance of two hours, that cognizance was taken of our features, stature, and destination, and that our passports obtained the requisite signatures. These being at length effected, we returned to our hotel; and my next subject of anxiety is to procure a conveyance. The inquiries I have hitherto made, have proved fruitless; the affrighted priests have engaged every carriage that was to be obtained; and I am going to see, when I have sealed up this, whether any expedient can be devised for securing a safe, if not an honourable retreat.

LETTER CLIII.

Lyons, Sept. 11, 1792.

I SHOULD scarcely have deserved your thanks, or my own acquittal, had I suffered the packet to have passed from my hands,

hands, without waiting the issue of another day. From various sources of intelligence, I yesterday learnt, that the intentions of the mob had assumed the shape of a plan; and a merchant of some eminence assured me, that a project was actually entered into, of setting fire to the houses—a list of six hundred having been seen in the hands of an insurgent. Our landlady, whom grief and fear had closely shut up during the first night of the tumult, was prevailed upon in the course of yesterday to make her appearance; and from her I found, that the young officer whose melancholy fate I have related, was a colonel of the regulars, a man of fine person and engaging manners, and only two and twenty years of age. The lady, whose apartments connected with ours, had been particularly intimate with him during his residence in the hotel; and had visited him the afternoon previous to his assassination. He spoke in very confident terms of his innocence; and, in the

prospect of a speedy release from confinement, engaged to make his first visit to Madame.

The affair of the insurrection had taken its origin from some Marseillois volunteers belonging to the camp at Dijon ; and it appeared from a very animated remonstrance issued by the mayor the next day, that no neglect was imputable to the officers of the police. In this remonstrance, which appeared at the corners of the public streets, the mayor expostulates, in very pointed terms, with the inhabitants, upon the disgraceful transactions of the preceding night. “ Never, (said he,) till this epoch, were the hands of the Lyonese embued in blood. “ No resistance was wanting, (he continues,) on the part of your mayor: he “ threw himself between the murderers and “ the murdered, and did but escape with “ his life.” He then addresses them upon the probable consequences of such disorderly proceedings ; urges the vanity of con-
stitutions

stitutions in general, if such measures are admitted; and finally invites all citizens to unite in defence of order, and appear under arms in their several sections; "for (he concludes) if these murderers are not repelled, *the country is lost.*"

Counter advertisements were also circulated, inviting to deeds of mischief, and calling the attention of the citizens to the class of suspected persons, with whom, it was insinuated, no terms ought to be made. The orders of the mayor were, however, found to prevail; and by five o'clock all the streets were lined with the inhabitants under arms before their respective houses; and very strong patrols were mounted for reconnoitring the different quarters of the city. In returning from a diligent, yet unsuccessful enquiry after a travelling carriage, I passed through several streets at the commencement of candle-light, and the utmost regularity appeared to subsist, in the general system of defence. The mob, it was

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under-

understood, in the course of the night, attempted to collect; but by the activity of the guards, was prevented from entering the city. This morning I have engaged a chariot, for the purpose of returning to Geneva; and, in order to give our departure as little as possible the resemblance of an emigration, our luggage is to be committed to the *messagerie*, and we are to proceed by slow marches under colour of an excursion. This precaution is suggested by the owner of the carriage, who reports, that the volunteers have made no scruple of firing upon those who have attempted to escape. It is surprising, to how great a degree, and with what rapidity the feelings of man may be brutalized: I look around, as I walk the streets, and see no remaining traces of that urbanity, which once distinguished the manners of this people; every countenance is clothed with ferocity, and every look seems to meditate vengeance. The dialogues of those who walked the
streets

streets the night of the massacre, were such as revolt all the feelings of nature ; women were washing in the very view of my window, their hands stained with the blood of the unhappy victims. I went to examine in the morning the trees upon which the heads had been suspended ; and not perceiving them, I asked an old woman who was among the spectators, “ ou sont les têtes ? ” “ On les a emporté,” said she, with perfect calmness, “ et on est allé en chercher d’autres.”

But preparation for our departure now demands my attention ; and I think, my fate wears a better aspect than it did six and thirty hours ago. The perils which may lie between me and Geneva, I pretend not to divine ; they are recorded in the book of destiny : and I am not without my hopes, that the lapse of a few days will allow me to receive your congratulations, upon having escaped, from a land of liberty, to a land of safety.

L E T T E R CLIV.

Geneva, Sept. 15.

AFTER a tedious and critical journey of four days, I have at length accomplished my purpose; and rescued by valorous exertions the ladies with whom I was charged, from the hands of a people, who are not likely to re-assume the yoke of peaceful subjection. A second advertisement from the mayor appeared in the morning of the eleventh, in which the Lyonnois are reminded of their antient pacific character; they are exhorted to throw a veil over the disgraceful transactions of the 9th, and strenuously unite for the restoration of that order and tranquillity, without which laws and constitutions are ineffective names. It further announced, that at noon all should assemble

assemble under arms in their several sections, to renew their oath, and swear to sacrifice their lives in defence of law and order. This ceremony was acting as our carriage moved out of Lyons; and we passed by various parties, who were drawn up in a circular order, and taking the oath.

As the avenues of the city were those, from which the greatest danger was apprehended, every precaution was used in the display of national ribbons, and other marks of patriotic sympathy, during the three posts connecting immediately with the city. Some parties of recruits were occasionally encountered, drawn up in the high road; but their demeanor was peaceable and orderly. Our landlady at Montleuil was not so communicative as upon our former visit: she afforded us the accommodation of her house, without demanding the reasons of our sudden return. As we had been the two preceding nights in the habit of illuminating, we requested to know whether this night might

be safely pass'd in obscurity. Our hostess assured us, that the firing of platoons, which at that moment was taking place, need not alarm us, for that we should receive no molestation while under her protection.

The journey of the second day to Nantua, brought us into company with two fugitive priests; who, notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid them, contrived to move in our train: Nantua, to which we were bound, had terrors which they were not disposed to encounter, and therefore we entered this town without our convoy. It was a late hour when we arrived, and the carriage was quickly surrounded with young volunteers, who were not easily prevailed upon to believe, that their services in clearing the carriage would be dispensed with. Every chamber, except the sett which we occupied, was filled with those spirited and untractable lads; and though no violence was offered, it was not without much exhortation and some largess, that a company
of

of them were persuaded to march on the following morning without paying their compliments to the ladies. Positive assurances of our democratic virtues, in addition to the landlord's wine, reconciled them at length to give up the determination they had entered into, of obliging the ladies to take an oath, and kiss the point of the sword, a ceremony which has been imposed upon some less fortunate strangers.

In quitting Nantua, our pass was examined by a military guard. Some of the recruits showed me the arms which they had taken from the emigrant priests: and, among the rest, a brace of pistols charged to the very muzzle, which they had seized at an early hour of the morning, in the hands of two fugitives, who answered perfectly to the description of our pursuers. They cautioned me against admitting such into our suite, as no distinction of treatment would then be made. "They attempt," said the orator of the party, "to impose
13 " upon

“ upon us by long queues, party-coloured
“ clothes, female habits, &c. but no dis-
“ guise can save a priest—ces gueux là ne
“ s’y cachent point—nous nous connois-
“ sons bien en prêtres.”

A fracas with some loose and disorderly stragglers, at some distance from Nantua, did not promise so fair an issue. The horses were stopped, and a fierce son of Mars drew his sabre; and, approaching the carriage, demanded the object of our travelling. I told him, that having been to see about what his brethren were engaged, and having seen enough, we were now upon our return. I offered him the passports; upon these he set no value, and vowed that his blood should not be shed for those who deserted the country. When he had finished his harangue, I begged to know of him what claim the country had upon us, English, his friends and allies. He seemed soothed by this, sheathed his sabre, and requested my hand. This service I was constrained

strained to undergo with all his associates; and, not wishing to improve the friendship, took the earliest opportunity of bidding them adieu.

Colonges afforded us an unmolested asylum the evening of the 13th, and by noon of yesterday we arrived at Geneva. A halt was commanded at the point of crossing the boundaries, and an officer was preparing to inspect the carriage in quest of arms. I asked him, whether that was the best method of testifying his respect for the English. "Monsieur est Anglois?" interrupted he hastily. I replied in the affirmative. He descended hastily from the step of the carriage, closed the door, and wished us a *bon voyage*. The eyes of the Genevans were fixed upon us at our entrance, and for four and twenty hours that I have been in this city, my principal occupation has been replying to the curious and inquisitive.

What will be my next line of travel, I am not prepared at this moment to conjecture.

ture. My thoughts are revolving the dire-ful events which have filled up the last ten days. Their recollection haunts me in every moment of solitary reflection, and introduces a gloom, which the natural buoyancy of my spirits can with difficulty sustain. The recreation of a few days will enable me to decide upon some plan for rendering my view of Continental manners more complete. I have a thousand projects yet to accomplish, and a thousand curiosities yet to indulge. I feel as if my business was as yet but half effected; and my mind is impatient to grasp what yet remains behind; a checquered path is the route I anticipate, and such is indeed the destiny I prize. A settled calm is more fatal than a storm. Adversity has lessons of great and wholesome instruction, and my heart is not sufficiently correct to leave that useful school.

LETTER CLV.

Schaffhaufe, Sept. 24, 1792.

My expedition into France having convinced me, that this is less than ever the moment for travelling in that country, I formed my resolution of chusing a less embarrassed route, and taking my course through Germany. This choice was not a little strengthened by the hope of acquiring some slight knowledge of a language, whose masculine accents have recommended it to my esteem. I would not weary myself with constructing a plan, as it was more than probable that circumstances of danger or caprice might induce me to depart from any preconcerted course, and render my line of progression not a little serpentine. Laying down therefore no imperious rules for the conduct,

conduct, or rather the control of myself, I engaged a place in the Berne diligence for Broug; and, taking leave of my friends on Wednesday, I quitted Geneva.

Some few hours before my departure, news were brought that the French troops had entered Savoy: I had no reason to doubt the authenticity of the report, as I had heard it rumoured at Lyons, that an invasion of Savoy was not very remote. It was differently received at Geneva, as the spirit of party has produced two irreconcilable interests in that petty republic; and the rival jealousies of aristocracy and democracy render it perpetually exposed to new revolutions. The diligence travelled with much expedition, and by nine o'clock the following morning I arrived at Berne. Understanding that two or three hours would be allowed for refreshment, I transported myself and my luggage from the post-house to the Crown, where I had stopt on former occasions. Here I found an officer of the

Chasseurs, who was just arrived; he had deserted, in company with six more, from the camp at Pont Beauvoisin; he was a man of a fine military appearance, and had been at Lyons, the day preceding that massacre to which I was witness. Having heard the subject of the Paris massacres of the second and third of September, held out as worthy imitation throughout the whole kingdom, and aware of the probability that himself would be among the victims, he left Lyons precipitately, and repaired to the camp. The realization of his apprehensions having taken place in the massacre of the Sunday, he found it no longer safe to continue in France; and therefore, communicating with his six fellow officers, they attempted the hazardous enterprize of desertion.

They were well mounted and suitably armed. They left the camp, sword in hand, under the disguise of a patrol. In order to avoid the danger of pursuit, they climbed the rugged mountains of Savoy to Evian;
from

from thence crossed the Lake of Geneva to Nyon, and so to Berne, with a view to join Monf. de Condé. I mentioned to him some acts of violence which had been exercised upon the emigrating priests. He told me a circumstance of that description, which he had himself witnessed. A poor priest was about to cross the frontier on the side of Savoy, in order to seek shelter in Chamberri. A cannonier seeing him about to pass, drew his sabre, and directed a stroke at the priest, which must have proved fatal to him, had not a volunteer of the national guard interposed his arm. This generous and manly Frenchman had his arm shattered by the stroke; and when the grateful priest would have presented him his purse, the latter rejected it with these heroic words — “Allez ! Je ne suis que trop payé en vous ayant sauvé la vie.”

I asked him in what condition he had left the army. He pictured it as very mutinous, and discontented : assured me, that
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he could have brought over two hundred men, had he been provided with money ; that Monf. Condé had recommended him and his friends to continue in France as long as possible, and he conceived that they had fulfilled their commission, to their great personal risque. My conversation with this officer prevented my paying a strict attention to time ; and the diligence went off without me. I had been promised some notice, which was not given, and was thus left to continue my journey in some other mode. I applied to the post-house and stated my complaint, but was calmly assured that the fault was my own. But on my exclaiming with vehemence against the incivility and injustice of this treatment, they laid their heads together, and at length informed me for my satisfaction, that they would transfer my name to a heavy coach, which would go the following day (Friday) to Aaraw—a town, within four leagues of Bourg, where the Berne diligence was to

have conveyed me. I bowed gratitude, and returned to the Crown.

I never was in a town which vapours me so much as Berne. Its buildings are noble, its arcades commodious, and its streets clean. It is planted in the centre of a delicious country, and surrounded by scenery of great magnificence; yet I think I see in all that surrounds me, the evident marks of a stern government, and a jealous police. The general aspect of the city is without movement, and without activity. The pleasures of the coffee-house and the theatre are strictly prohibited, and a public bagnio is the only amusement which receives the sanction of government.

L E T T E R CLVI.

IT was near two o'clock when I left Berne, and the weather was very rainy and tempestuous. This carriage did not travel all night:

night : I therefore was set down at an inn on the way, where the conductor acquainted me I was to repose till the next morning. This inn proved excellent, as the generality of inns in Switzerland are. The house was full of soldiers, who were indulging in every kind of festivity. This was a regiment, whose campaign being now expired, the soldiers were returning to the toils of agriculture, from which they had been taken to defend the frontiers of their country. The prospect of repose upon their native mountains, and amidst the embraces of their families, gave birth to the most lively emotions of joy. As I found the officers supped alone, I requested the honor of joining their party. They received me very politely, and though they spoke a barbarous and almost unintelligible dialect, we had a conversation of some length. I narrated to them the transactions which I had witnessed in France ; and was astonished at the ignorance in which they seemed to be, respect-

ing the real state of that country, and the parties which have divided, and which continue to divide it. They blended the whole mass of the nation together, under the opprobrious appellation of democrats. They saw no difference between Feuillans and Jacobins; between the friends of limited monarchy, and the partisans of republicanism; between the opposers of oppression, and the advocates of anarchy. They were desirous of seeing England enter into the league against France; and most humanely wished, that all the Powers of Europe would unite in devoting to destruction twenty-five millions of people.

I renewed my journey the following morning by day-break, and passed in my way the citadel of Arbourg, a fortress situated upon the brow of a rock, and possessed of great picturesque beauties; but the excessive rain which continued to fall, prevented my visiting it. I amused myself during this journey, by reading the *Precis* Histo-

Historique de la Revolution, by Rabaud. I obtained the copy at Berne from a bookseller, who told me that he could only sell it to strangers, it being among the number of those books from which the natives are excluded. Every public catalogue of books issued at Berne, is arranged according to the political views of the governors; and those publications of which they disapprove, are branded with an asterisk, threatening with the penalties of the law those who purchase or read them. This treatise of Rabaud appears to be written with a faithful attention to facts, and certainly possesses a fire and energy which enter into few compositions of a similar nature. It is translated into German, and has, I am informed, a very extensive, though clandestine circulation.

I arrived at Aaraw in the evening, and was lodged at an inn where nothing but German was spoken. As I had but just commenced speaker of this language, and was possessed but of few phrases, I was not

a little embarrassed. After wandering some time, I found the post office, where I engaged a place for the following night in the Berne diligence, which would convey me to Broug. I passed some melancholy hours the following day in this dull town. I was not yet reconciled to my solitude; and spent the principal part of my time, in ranging among some dreary wilds and quarries which surround this place. The arrival of the Berne coach at midnight relieved me from my melancholy, and conveyed me by four o'clock to Broug. After sleeping two or three hours, I made enquiry respecting a carriage and horses to Schaffhause. The exorbitance of the demand made by the host, I opposed in a high language; but he gave me to understand, that the price was regulated by no law, and that he was the only man with whom I could treat. Adopting therefore a less haughty tone, I prevailed upon him to convey me about thirty miles for twenty-five French livres. This
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he assured me should be my sole expence, excepting indeed turnpikes, passages by water, postilions, drink-money, and other fundries, with which he had no concern. I paid my money without a murmur; and thanking Heaven I was no extortioner, leaped into the chaise, which immediately drove off.

L E T T E R CLVII.

I WAS harassed the whole journey between Bourg and this place, by the daring impositions of innkeepers, postilions, &c. Independent of two passages by water, for which I paid handsomely, and some "droits de chemin," which I suppose were demanded at least to the extent—an attempt was made at the place where I dined, to draw upon me for the horses corn, and the postilion's soup. This I opposed with such warmth

and obstinacy; that I gained a complete triumph. From this half-way house I came post: This was, however, included in my contract. The postilion stopped on the way to bait his horses, and after giving them what I suppose was to last for the day, applied to me for payment. Flushed with the victory gained over the postmaster, I began to combat with equal violence this demand of the postilion. My success was not equal to my expectation. He was persevering in his claim, and refused to mount his horse till the bill was settled. This was a threat too serious to be resisted; I therefore paid the score, and muttering indignation, was whirled to Schaffhause. There being no post established between Broug and this place, it is, I understand, a common practice for the innkeeper and the postmaster to play into each other's hands, and to commit the most scandalous depredations upon travellers. Immediately upon my arrival here, I took advantage of the fineness
of

of the evening, to revisit the noble cascade of Schaffhaufe.

I know not what to superadd to my former eulogiums of this majestic spectacle. Though the body of water was not quite so great as upon my former visit, its tumultuous waves were tumbling over the rocks with stupendous violence, and the roar of its fall was that of accumulated thunders. I seated myself in front of it, and regarded with fixed attention the three magnificent branches into which the river is divided. It seems surprising that the columns which separate these branches, should be able to resist the rapidity of a river, whose violence is not to be described, and whose bed is already strewed with so many trophies of its fury. The height from which this river is precipitated, it must be confessed, when compared with many other falls, is very inconsiderable. What renders this more apparent, is the extreme width of the stream. In the generality of cascades the stream is
narrow,

narrow, and the height the only dimension which strikes the spectator's eye. In the cascade here exhibited, the breadth of the stream and the mass of the water form the prodigy. There are, however, a thousand beauties in this cascade, which an attentive observation will discover, and in the contemplation of which a mind open to sublime impressions will feel a sovereign pleasure. The rugged bed over which the waters roll, previous to their fall, gives them forms, tints, and varieties of the most exquisite beauty. These waters do not fall in a direct line; from the different configurations of the rocks by which they descend, they roll direct or oblique. Some fall unobstructed, with the most violent impulse; others glide along with a smoother, and less rapid current; others are seen to issue from crevices, and escape through chasms in a thousand diminutive branches. All unite to form the cloud of sparkling foam that arises from the gulph beneath; and to
increase

increase that stupendous tumult, which fills the mind with solemnity, and the surrounding scenes with its echoes. I have before remarked, and had occasion to feel it again, that the scenery around this noble cascade gives it a number of picturesque beauties. No pencil could design a more happy choice or disposition of objects, than enter into the circumjacent landscape; all the parts of which aid that enchantment which those regions inspire. I quitted with regret those delicious scenes at the setting of the sun.

I have found Schaffhause, in itself, extremely dull. The house is not very full, and the Table d'Hôte but ill attended. People are very reserved here upon the subject of French politics; and, if I may judge of the generality from the tone of those with whom I converse, this part of Switzerland is not very hostile to French principles. The vigilance of the government seems to banish from the gazettes all intelligence
which

which might hold out to their subjects, that the arms of the combined Powers are not invincible. An Abbé from Strasbourg amused us with the information, that a meeting had been lately called in that city, in order to regulate the economy of religion; and many plans were presented for reducing the number of the churches, and converting the superfluous edifices to the uses of the state. One proposed that the number of temples should be reduced to three; one for the Catholics, a second for the Protestants, and a third for the Jews. Another equally liberal, and yet more economical, remarked, that the cathedral might serve for all three. That this might be effected, by appointing Catholic service on the Sunday morning—Protestant in the afternoon—and giving it on Saturday to the Jews.

L E T T E R CLVIII.

Ulm, Sept. 28, 1792.

DURING my short residence at Schaff-hause, the weather was very unfavourable, and very little company in the town, so that I found myself at a loss to fill up those leisure hours which I usually devote to cheerful conversation, and some relaxing amusement. Much depends upon the barometer, in a Swiss town. Every portion of this stupendous country possesses beauties, which the unvitiated taste must feast upon with luxury. But mountains and lakes, promontories and cascades, must be visited under the auspices of a genial sky, and can alone be enjoyed in a temperate atmosphere. The Swiss towns possess no resources against the storm—no asylum against the oppressive vapours of a foggy air. No theatres

theatres or coffee-houses are allowed, and none of those important levities permitted which relieve the splenetic mind.

I was confined to my quarters by cataraacts of rain ; and, excepting the first evening of my arrival, have not obtained a glimpse of the sun. My principal occupation was, designing plans of my intended route, and rehearsing some crabbed words from the German Vocabulary. I find this a most indigestible species of matter. Imagine the difficulty of commencing a language, whose terms for the most part bear no resemblance to those of the languages usually studied. What analogy can you discover in the word " ewigkeit," to Eternity, Eternitas, Eternité, or Eternità? What striking resemblance is there between " gluckseeligkeit," and felicity, felicitas, félicité, or felicità? The aids of resemblance, which facilitate so greatly the acquirement of the Italian and French languages, fail totally in the German ; and, except in the
common

common necessities of life, in which it accords almost accurately with the English, I find it a language new in all its particulars. In despite however of its difficulty and its harshness, I am determined to take the only sure and infallible method of acquiring it, by mixing with the natives.

Besieged by the storms of Tuesday, I diverted my spleen, by meditating some plans for the accomplishment of this end, and resolved upon one, in the execution of which I am already embarked. In my eager curiosity to run over a wide track of country, my eyes fastened upon Vienna. Desire sees no difficulty—reflection mustered up an host. I at length determined to avail myself of the counsel of my landlord, and requested to know how far I was from Vienna? He told me, about one hundred German miles, or above five hundred English. I wished farther to know, what kind of conveyance passed from hence to that capital, and the least expensive method

thod of travelling. He assured me that I might, provided the season was not too far advanced, perform the journey without much cost. In order to this I must take the post waggon to Ulm, which was about thirty leagues, and then embark upon the Danube for Vienna. This pleasing intelligence elevated my spirits, and decided my purpose. I sought out the post-house, took a place in the waggon for Wednesday, and returned to dinner with hilarity.

Our Table d'Hôte was not numerously attended, but the conversation was spirited. I was not a little amused by a coachful of French travellers from Strasburg, who entered the room, dressed in the fanciful habits of strolling players. They quickly surrounded a table near us, and chatted, laughed, and dined, without solicitude or reserve. The reckoning, which succeeded the repast, produced a revolution in the mirth and content of the party. All the thunders of French impetuosity were dealt

out against the iniquity of the host, who received, or rather reverberated, the shocks, with the phlegmatic sturdiness of a Swiss landlord. The bill was at length discharged, with an assurance, that though a thousand accidents might bring them into that quarter of the world, no inducement should prevail on them again to enter his house. "Gardez votre parole, Messieurs," retorted the landlord calmly; "Je n'en ferai pas fâché."

I had an opportunity in the afternoon of observing the impatience of an Englishman, who appeared an ill match for continental embarrassments. The tardy movements of the Swiss produced a series of intemperate reproaches, which fell harmless, and appeared neither to wound their ears, nor accelerate their motions. When the horses were put to, and he was about to enter, he discovered a horse fastened behind. He wished to know the reason of this, and was told that the postilion having

occasion to take back a horse, had fastened him there for that purpose. The Englishman wished to know why his permission had not been previously asked—adding, “En Angleterre, on n’oseroit faire cela sans “m’en demander la permission.” “Oh!” replied the landlord, “quant à cela, on ne “s’en foucie pas dans ce pays-ci.” “Adieu, “mon ami,” said the Englishman pointedly, “nous sommes bien sur un niveau;” and springing into his carriage, put an end to the dialogue.

L E T T E R CLIX.

I LEFT Schaffhause on Wednesday morning, under the evil auspices of a deluging rain. I had never yet seen a German post waggon, or at least had never regarded it with the attention which my present interest in it now disposed me to do.

do. I was summoned about eight o'clock to attend at the post-house. The whole money was here paid, and I was left to dispute for myself the priority and precedence of place. The waggon was made to contain eight persons, and though called by this name, which is here a general term for all carriages, it resembled in form a coach or caravan. Underneath pass two leathers of vast strength and thickness, connected at their several extremities with springs, and upon these rests the body of the carriage. Having, not without some difficulty, taken my seat, and the machine being put in motion, I began to reconnoitre my company, and form some conjecture of the amusement I was to derive from this singular expedition. Our carriage had got its complement. The vileness of the road, and the incessant rain, rendered our motion very sluggish, though drawn by six horses.

I could not help observing the easy manner in which every passenger accommo-

dated himself, upon assuming his seat in this machine. He took off his hat, drew from his pocket a night-cap, which he instantly put on, and then kindling his travelling pipe of ebony, prepared to enjoy himself.

I was not suffered to continue long in mute observation; some questions were addressed to me in German. I was just learned enough to acquaint them, that if they intended to converse with me, it must be through some other medium. There happened fortunately to be among the company, a Swiss, who spoke French. He acted as interpreter between me and the Germans, and explained to me occasionally those parts of the conversation which appeared the most amusing. Though I had passed through different parts of Germany, I mixed so little with the natives, that I had not formed by any means a just conception of their character. The German Swiss is indeed a silent and a fullen animal; but the true German appears to me, though cool, yet capable

capable of animation ; cautious, yet communicative : he can be cheerful without levity, and grave without stupidity.

The calm of our society was scarcely established, when one of those accidents, which the uncouth systems of German mechanics not unfrequently produce, threw us into the utmost consternation. One of those immense leathers which pass under the body of the carriage burst, and the machine plunged instantly on one side, and rolled forward in this manner for some few paces. At length the carriage being stopped, we scrambled out, and in the midst of a horrible quag, and under a driving rain, we remained, till by chains, ropes, &c. a substitute was constructed for the broken leather. After being again ordered in, a sudden crack brought the conductor again from his seat, and we were re-ordered into the cold rain and mire, to wait the effect of another effort of German mechanics.

I must confess that this specimen of the post waggon, and its embarrassments, rather chilled my ardor, and alarmed me with evil prognostics. Decided, however, to await the issue, I resumed my place, after the necessary reparations had been made, and we moved cautiously and safely to the post town, where we stopped at the post-house to dine. Here I learnt, with much dissatisfaction, that I was to part with my company. The carriage in which we came was bound for Stutgard, and parted immediately after dinner, leaving me to wait, in company with the German Swiss, the arrival of the Ulm coach. As I could neither understand here, nor be understood, after making an experiment in my new language without success, I felt myself surrounded by barbarians; and dreading speculation and robbery, I gathered up the articles which belonged to me, wrapped myself round in my travelling cloak, and, throwing

throwing myself on the ground, passed a long interval beside my property in interrupted slumbers.

LETTER CLX.

YOU have read of voyagers cast by some evil chance upon a desert isle, where the rude accents of the natives convey no sense to the ear, and where all communication has been maintained by external symbols. Such was the situation into which I was plunged at this miserable house, and in which I continued till a late hour of the night. The arrival of different waggons, and the entrance of several companies, roused me from that torpor which my helpless condition had generated. I now began to direct my observation to the carriages arrived, and was vigilant to discover if the name of Ulm should be

uttered. Various carriages were announced, and different parties entered and disappeared, till at a very late hour the name of Ulm was loudly proclaimed, and I was made to understand that the carriage bound to that city was now arrived. I soon observed a man bearing off upon his shoulders my portmanteau. I followed him with my *ecritoire*, cloak, &c. and attended him to the waggon, in which he packed my portmanteau, and delivering my *ecritoire* into his hands for the same purpose, I returned. He shortly rejoined me, restoring me the writing-case, and uttering some unintelligible words, directed me to go up stairs. I tried various ways to divine what this might mean, but in vain. I obeyed him at length with reluctance, but soon descending a second time, placed myself beside the waggon, when the knave, as I had pictured him, came up to me, uttered again some rapid expressions, and taking me by the arm, re-conducted me up stairs.

I was now embarrassed and enraged. I flew to the office, addressed the Commissaire in French, and entreated him to explain this matter. My language was Coptic to him; he returned me no answer, but gently shook his head.

Thus baffled by ignorance on the one hand, and circumvented, as it seemed, by knavery on the other, I once again repaired to the waggon, took my desk under my arm, and my cloak upon my shoulder, resolving not to abandon my post, till I should comprehend the destiny of my port-manteau, in which my own was involved. While I was thus torturing myself with imaginary fears, the company bound for Ulm were supping. At length, my persecutor approached me a third time, took my desk from under my arm, not without some resistance on my part, put it into the seat of a small uncovered cabriolet which stood near, at the same time directing me to take my place in this carriage. I obeyed; the
German

German Swiss followed, the postilion cracked his whip, and we rolled away with great velocity. I now considered all as lost. My resistance had been exhausted, and my reflections upon the supposed iniquity of the people whom I had just quitted, supplied me with matter of anxious occupation till we arrived at the post-house. The cold was rather violent, and the only defence I had against it was an immense cloak, which I had purchased at Geneva. This was five ells wide, and almost a quarter of an inch thick. To this I added a fur cap, and, by way of defence, a tolerable weapon of Geneva manufacture. Such were my travelling accoutrements, and such my armour against storms and robbers.

I could not help observing how little impression the chilling air of the night appeared to make on my hardy companion. He had neither cloak nor gloves, yet never uttered a murmur. Our carriage was very light, and the postilion drove with great violence,

violence, not appearing to have any choice of track. We ran over all the obstacles of a rough and stony road without discrimination, and at about two o'clock in the morning were set down at the post-house. Here we were left to shift for ourselves. Observing the Swifts loading himself with his luggage, I took my ecritoire and the other few articles I possessed, and scrambling in the dark through piles of mud, I reached the door of the post-house. I threw myself on the ground when I entered the common room, and wrapping myself in my cloak, slept till four o'clock, when the very man who had so persecuted me at the last station, awoke me, by announcing that the waggon was ready to proceed, and intreating some *trink-gelt*, or drink-money, for his services. I now made some signs respecting my portmanteau, which he comprehended, and made me understand that it was safely stowed in the large waggon. I began now to comprehend what had so greatly

greatly distressed me, and what was afterwards more fully explained. The waggon having more than its complement, an extra carriage had been taken for myself and the Swiss, and the luggage divided, in order to charge both equally.

It was now four o'clock, and the great waggon being set off, myself and the Swiss were put into a cabriolet, with two others. One of these was a man of no ungenteel appearance, and seemed to possess great wit and pleasantry. I understood scarce any thing of what he said, yet the expression of his countenance, and the humour of his manner, provoked, not less in myself than in those who understood him better, uninterrupted laughter. The mirth occasioned by this lively traveller operated as an antidote against the chilling fogs of the morning, and we arrived at Moeskirch in great spirits. Here we were brought together round a large table, and, the conductor presiding at the meal, a very good repast was served up.

up. We had scarcely more than ninepence each to pay for coffee and dinner. Our company was numerous ; the several members of it were here rallied ; and dinner being ended, and accounts settled, the same arrangement was observed as in the morning, and the carriages being severally charged, were again put in motion.

L E T T E R C L X I .

UPON re-entering the cabriolet, our wit renewed his vivacity, and began to play off his jokes with as much rapidity and humour as before. The fourth member of our party was a merchant, native of Ulm, who spoke some few words of French, and interpreted occasionally some parts of those lively sallies which produced so much diversion. My passion for the German language

language increases in proportion to the embarrassments to which the ignorance of it exposes me. I employed all those moments in which mirth languished, in studying those parts which are the ground-work of conversation. Next to the uncouthness of the terms themselves, upon which I have before insisted, the singularity of arrangement becomes the most important difficulty. The first is simply the work of memory, the latter of habit; the first may be conquered by study, the latter can only be surmounted by observation: the first may be combated in solitude, the latter must be met in society. Some rules, I observe, are offered to direct this arrangement of words, and some few analogies to account for it; yet so many exceptions exist to the first, and so many objections to the last, that the ear appears ultimately to be the arbiter; and the ear can be no farther accurate, than as it is corrected and formed by habit and experience.

We stopped in the evening at Riedlingen, and had scarcely commenced supper before our pleasant companion, who was now at his journey's end, approached to take leave. This he did with a species of ceremony, which in England would pass for a very uncivil freedom. After supper, I had an opportunity of speaking to a gentleman and his family, amounting to six persons, who formed the principal part of the waggon company. I found them to be natives of Balle; and to my great satisfaction, bound equally with myself to Vienna. This gentleman spoke English and French remarkably well; the former he had learnt in the West Indies, where he had passed much of the earlier part of his life. He had a very strong predilection for my countrymen, in whose society he had mixed at Copenhagen, where he had also passed some years. The liberal encomiums bestowed upon the English character, attached me to him, and gave him in my estimation

credit

credit for qualities, which a farther acquaintance will, I trust, confirm. Our conversation was interrupted by a summons to resume our seats in the waggon, and thus through an intense cold we travelled till eight o'clock in the morning. My clothing was insufficient to counteract the severities of this night, which penetrated my limbs, and banished sleep from my eye-lids. We only stopped sufficient time to change horses, and then proceeded to Ulm, through a denser fog than I almost ever witnessed.

Upon arriving before the gates of the city, our names were demanded, and we were then suffered to pass. We were driven to a comfortable inn, where my limbs after some little repose began to recover their sensibility. We had been two complete days and nights making a journey of not an hundred miles. A great part of the country was laid under water, and the roads were miserably ploughed up, and deluged by carriages and rain. As I have already
described

described the post waggon, I shall only add, that these carriages travel with post horses, are under the direction of government, like the English mail-coaches, though certainly not so light nor so rapid. The price of travelling in them is extremely moderate, the fare did not amount to more than seven or eight shillings, and at every station six kreutzers are given to the postilion.

Ulm is a town of great antiquity, and ranks next to Augsburg in the circle of Swabia. It appears dull, though populous, and possesses neither beauty nor activity. It has the reputation of very superior manufactures, in stuffs, linen, cotton, &c. I have heard its clock-work mentioned as one of its most productive branches of commerce. I took a turn round the town, but discovered nothing of importance in its architecture, except the tower of the cathedral, which is a very fine edifice. Judging of this town from its history and general character, I am inclined to suppose that the little external appearance of activity arises

from the number of inhabitants occupied in the different manufactories; and that the hour which I chose for reconnoitring the town, was one in which the streets were thinned, to fill the work-shops and warehouses.

I am now preparing to take advantage of a barge, which is this day to set off for Vienna. Though I was more disposed to rest than to travel, and am sufficiently fatigued to wish for some intermission, I have engaged myself as passenger in the vessel; of which if I should neglect to profit, I must wait another week, and run some risque of letting the season go by. The passengers are said to be very numerous, and what the vicissitudes of this voyage give birth to, shall be transmitted when occasion offers. I move too rapidly to observe with accuracy, or write with precision; of this you are aware, and in this consideration I find my acquittal.

LETTER CLXII.

Donavert; Sept. 29, 1792.

BETWEEN two and three o'clock on the Friday, I proceeded, in company with four Frenchmen, down to the place where the barge was moored. These Frenchmen were young students at a neighbouring university, and were insufferably riotous. They dined at the inn from which I started, and fastened themselves upon me *sans ceremonie*. This was a circumstance by no means in my favour, as Frenchmen are, I find, generally disliked. I had an early proof of the disadvantage occasioned by it. I had scarcely entered the barge, when one of the proprietors addressed me with some degree of rudeness, asked me if I was not a Frenchman, whether I had a German passport, repeating frequently and sternly, that, if I was a Frenchman, I should not pass, and

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that a French passport would answer no end. I replied sullenly, that I was an Englishman; and upon being pressed, produced a German passport, which I had purchased at Schaffhause for a few kreutzers. This appeared to satisfy them, and I replaced it in my bosom.

I was astonished at my arrival upon the banks of the river, to observe so large a company, at least fifty passengers, many of whom were accompanied by their friends and relations, attending on the shore to bid adieu, and to see us loose our cables. All preparations being finally arranged, luggage stowed, and passengers on board, the signal was given, the cable loosened, and the current of the river began to bear us along from the croud of spectators which covered the shore, and who prayed aloud to Heaven to grant us a prosperous voyage. The Danube, which rises at no great distance from Freibourg, is here first navigable for vessels of burden. The barge was covered in by rough planks; an oar is disposed at each extremity,

extremity, whose principal use is to assist the current against the wind, and is seldom used but when the latter is contrary. These barges cannot proceed in the night, nor when the wind is very violent, on account of the bridges under which they have to pass. As the day was far advanced before we left Ulm, we made but five leagues, and brought to before Gunsburg. On landing here, we were instantly accosted by a commissaire, who demanded our country, character, and passport. The four Frenchmen were immediately stopped: the sailors had represented to them the impossibility of passing, but they had treated the notice with ridicule. I found afterwards, that not without considerable delay, and by virtue of their being students, they did at length effect a passage. As they were not at present allowed to proceed, I here took my leave of them with no great regret. In general, nothing is more disgusting than a young Frenchman—empty, volatile, and obtrusive. The Frenchman of a ripened age is a com-

panionable man. He has usually much knowledge of the world, and abounds in anecdote. The sober gravity of age is animated in him by the embers of his youthful passions. Experience has transmuted volatility into vivacity, and taught the rebel spirits to flow within their just current.

But to return—The inns at Gunsburg would scarcely contain us. We moved in bodies up to the town; and separating into different companies, sought accommodations in different quarters of the town. We supped at the Table d'Hôte; where, finding a German, inhabitant of the place, who spoke English, I enquired of him some particulars of the voyage. He assured me, we had near five hundred miles English to go, and that the number of days in which we may expect to perform this voyage, is uncertain. Foreigners, taken in the general, have an inquisitiveness which suits ill the constitutional reserve of an Englishman. This appears to be considerably augmented, if not absolutely

absolutely created, by the liberties of a Table d'Hôte. It would seem in England not a little impertinent, to ask the *business* of any gentleman who is travelling to any definite place: yet, upon being told that I was on my way to Vienna, a member of the company made no scruple of asking me without circumlocution, "What was my object in going to Vienna?" As I was not disposed to developé my plan, and knew of no law which bound me to a positive answer, I contented myself with an evasive remark, and shortly retired.

There is something very cheerful in the nature of a Table d'Hôte; it is a point around which the scattered individuals rally, and find here the amusement of a diversified and periodical society. In moments of fatigue and languor they are less grateful; the flagging spirits are, in such a case, best restored—not by society and exertion—but by retirement and repose.

LETTER CLXIII.

Donavert, Sept. 29, 1792.

BETWEEN five and six o'clock this morning, a summons was sent for all to rise, and hold themselves in readiness to renew the voyage. After a cup of coffee, I joined the passengers, who were assembling and crowding down to the vessel. I was charmed with the scenery on quitting Gunzburg. The banks of the river were clothed with a varied and charming verdure; woods and mountains, softened by the gentle effulgence of the rising sun, exhibited a very pleasing spectacle. We were brought on shore to dine at a town on our way, and again came to an anchor this evening, in order to pass the night at Donavert. The inn to which we were conducted, is very pleasantly situated upon the banks of the river, and affords us very excellent accommodations.

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This day has passed in a variety of amusements; the passengers have begun to form a species of society; and, throwing off the reserve of strangers, to intermix with some degree of confidence. From the prospect of a long continuance in each other's society, each has been zealous to discover some recommendatory qualities. Anecdotes and enigmas filled up the greater portion of to-day; as I comprehend but little, I did not suffer the time to elapse without a studious application to my German elements. This was occasionally relieved by diverting experiments in the line of conversation. The family from Basle, before announced, appear people of respectability. All that I have yet learnt concerning them is, that the situation of political affairs at Basle has impelled them to this emigration. Threatened by France on one side, and urged to hostile measures by the combined Powers on the other, this distracted town is between two batteries; and those who prefer the security of their families to the prosperity of
their

their fortunes, are amply justified in abandoning their agitated country. The eldest daughter of this family is a girl of a very pleasant countenance, and genteel manners. The next acquaintance to whom I shall introduce you, is a young man, native of Hungary. He has been to Brussels, and is on his return to that kingdom. The object of his expedition was, to acquire the French language; and the expences of it were defrayed by lessons in the German during his residence in Brabant. He discovers a very considerable portion of good nature, and is not destitute of talents. The next is a madame Vogel from Zurich, of whose character I am perfectly ignorant. She has, however, attracted considerable attention by the superiority of her conversation, and by repeating from memory, tales, anecdotes, and verses of uncommon length. She is a woman of an agreeable height and figure: her countenance, without possessing beauty, is yet interesting, and she plays her fine eyes "*avec beaucoup de coquetterie*." She is
attended

attended by a man, who has the appendages, though not very much the air, of an officer.

Besides these, there is a Lieutenant of Hussars from Darmstadt, a man of a very respectable appearance. To judge from an early acquaintance, he unites to the qualities of the soldier, the virtues of the man. He appeared studious to enter into conversation with me, upon our getting on board; and, as he speaks French, our acquaintance was not long in forming. He professes himself extremely attached to the English nation, as his father, who was also a military man, passed a number of years among those Hessians employed in the British service. He bore a considerable part amongst the actors in this day's amusement, and read occasionally to the company some of Lavater's aphorisms. There are many others, who have not as yet made any figure, or discovered any qualities sufficiently noticeable. A Swiss has indeed forced himself upon my observation, by the singularity of his physiognomy, and the forwardness of his manner,

ner. He is a German from the canton of Zurich, has a countenance of the most stubborn and inflexible cast, talks with much violence, and in a very barbarous dialect, and takes an immoderate quantity of snuff.

The Hussar officer undertakes the arrangement at the inns, and is, by general consent, erected into master of the ceremonies. He and myself have the preference in beds and accommodations; a compliment paid to *him* in consideration of his rank, and to *me* out of respect to my nation. There is something very whimsical in the spectacle which our barge and crew make at every debarkation. We are so numerous and so blended, differ so in complexion and character, that the evacuation of the ark could not have displayed a more motley scene; and the form of our vessel, which appears constructed upon the antediluvian model, favors very strongly this analogy.

L E T T E R CLXIV.

Ingoldstadt, Sept. 30, 1792.

ONE great source of pleasure to a traveller exists in the survey of those scenes, which have been rendered famous by the memory of some great event. The battle of BLENHEIM, as it is usually registered in English chronicles, was fought in some plains bordering upon the Danube, in the neighbourhood of Hochstedt. Here the cool intrepidity of Marlborough triumphed over the precipitate ardor of Tallard ; and fortune united with talents and bravery, to humble the pride of France, and exalt the fame of Britain. The scene of action was pointed out to me as we passed : the plains shewn in which the French encamped, and on which they perished. A vast extent of territory was moistened with Gallic blood, and the shores of the Danube whitened
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with human bones. Of sixty thousand who entered the field, not more than twenty thousand are computed to have escaped. Such is said to have been the confusion which pervaded the ranks upon the capture of Tallard, whose shortness of sight threw him into the hands of the enemy, that whole battalions pressed down to the shore in consternation, and were swallowed up in the waters of the Danube. I cast a look of horror on the awful spot where “*mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera.*” My ears were assailed by a thousand imaginary phantoms in the supplicating strains of the unburied ancient :

*At tu nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ,
 Ossibus et capiti inhumato
 Particulam dare.*

This celebrated scene of action is situated on the confines of the circle of Swabia ; a territory which, though mountainous in many parts, is in general fruitful, particularly in the Marquisate of Baden. Augsb-
 bourg,

bourg, of which I have before spoken, is its capital, and occupies a very considerable rank for beauty and commerce among the cities of Germany. The wines most in circulation in this part of the country are the Rhenish, which bears a good price; the Tyrol, which is a red sweet wine, of an excellent flavour, and extremely cheap. The great centre of this latter article of commerce is Augsbourg, from whence it is exported to the different parts of Germany. In addition to these, is the Necker wine, so denominated from the river of this name upon whose banks it is made.

Donavert, which bounded our second day's voyage, is the first town upon the Danube, in the circle of Bavaria. The break of day was the signal for quitting Donavert, and we were allowed the privilege of going ashore at Neuberg, in order to dine. The troops of the Elector make a very military appearance. They are numerous, and in general of a fine make and stern countenance. This warlike air was

not a little augmented by large whiskers, and crested helmets. They had, besides, a narrow kind of frill round their necks, fastened close under their chins, which gave a good finish to their portraits. A circumstance which fell out while we were dining, had nearly thrown us into some embarrassments, and threatened some delay to our voyage. A corporal of the guard entered the room where we were dining, and demanded of the officer of Hussars his name, which he took down. He asked farther, in a tone of some importance, his regiment. This the officer treated as an unauthorised liberty ; and, upon the corporal's using some peremptory language, called him curious and impertinent. We had scarcely dined, when a soldier entered, with a summons for the officer to appear at the guard-house. He hung on his sabre, and requesting me to accompany him, we were conducted through ranks of soldiers to the guard-house. The commandant, who was very much of a gentleman, and a soldier, stated the ground
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of complaint as brought before him, which the Hussar explained to the perfect satisfaction of the Bavarian officer. The Hessian was, however, too much exasperated to excuse the insult, and desired that the corporal might be brought to confront him and apologize. The officer consented, and the corporal presented himself, with an air, however, of the most unshaken firmness, and when commanded to apologize, he assumed a look of the most supercilious defiance. The Hussar was so irritated by the determined obstinacy of the corporal, that he assured the officer, he would demand satisfaction against himself, if he did not produce an apology for the insult offered. The officer requested him not to pursue the matter farther, saying, that a complaint to his superior might be of considerable disservice to him. He then gave the corporal a severe reprimand, and taking the Hussar by the hand, hoped he would consider himself satisfied. Thus ended the affair.

In quitting Neuberg, we passed under a bridge, where the current was extremely rapid. The first we passed excited some alarm, as the situation is undoubtedly critical. On these occasions the oars are indispensable, and are worked with great violence, to guard the vessel from striking against the piles. As there is usually very little width to spare, and the velocity with which the vessel is born is extreme; the most vigilant attention and the most active exertion are necessary, to preserve the equipoise of the vessel, and ensure the safety of the passengers.

LETTER CLXV.

Viltzhofen, October 4, 1792.

WE met a gang of barges early in the afternoon, labouring against the stream; it was surprising to observe the vast exertion with which their slow movement was effected.

fectcd. Four or five and twenty horses were employed in this laborious service: to these were added all the auxiliaries of shouts and whips, forming a most tremendous clamor. I am astonished that such a business can at all answer; the advances are so slow as scarcely to be perceptible, and the number of horses necessary to the draught, must render the transport very expensive. Towards the evening we ran over some shallows: the river was here considerably overflowed, and the wind blowing with some violence against us, occasioned some serious alarms, which were however of no long duration.

The approach to Ingolstadt is extremely beautiful. It is situated on the north bank of the Danube, and forms, with its environs, a very delicious scene. Upon landing here, the gates were closed upon us, and an inquisition of the customs took place. Our passports were collected, and sent to the guard-house; and we were left to attend in a body without the gates, till the validity of

our claims to entrance should be ascertained. We were at length admitted, and accompanied to our inn by several officers, who passed the evening with us in great conviviality. They were men of a very genteel appearance, and of much manly politeness: they treated me with more than ordinary civility, from a prejudice in favour of my nation; and bore without a symptom of derision, the broken accents in which I acknowledged their compliments. I have invariably found the Germans, in the interior parts of the country, very respectful to the name of an Englishman. I was not equally flattered when travelling up the Rhine, upon the confines of France. You will recollect the severe judgment I passed upon the national character, from a very slight and partial knowledge of it. To such errors must all general observations be exposed; nor can the characteristics of a great nation be successfully studied, but by attentive comparison and much experience. The officers at Ingolstadt took great pains to point out

out to me the similarity of their language to ours: of this I was sufficiently aware. I have however observed, on more occasions than one, how great a pleasure the Germans take in insisting upon this analogy between the languages, and sometimes of extending the analogy to the characters of the two nations.

The evening was passed in a variety of amusements. Some were occupied at drafts, others with pipes, and some of our company diverted us with feats of agility. An unlucky idea has gone out with respect to me; and I am, it seems, regarded by the whole crew, as a rich and prodigal Englishman; qualities to which neither my appearance nor my conduct bear testimony. It was in vain that I denied these charges; and cited my mode of travelling in contradiction of the first, and my general œconomy in opposition to the last. Wealth and profuseness were, I perceived, in their theory of association inseparably connected with the idea of an English traveller; and this notion

or pretence they converted to good account, apportioning, in reference to this, my quota of the expenditure, which was usually calculated in round numbers; while my good friends who partook of the same fare, had their accounts made out to a fraction. Notice was given us at Ingolstadt, that the voyage marked out for the following day would admit of no dining on the way, and that therefore provisions must be laid in for the day. The Hussar who superintends all these concerns, assigned to every man his share of this duty; and I was not a little diverted, when the several articles were produced the following day, to find, that while I was required to contribute a couple of ducks, the generality of the company escaped with the production of a penny loaf, or at the most a flask of ordinary wine. Before we quitted Ingolstadt, each was obliged to present himself at the guard-house, and re-demand, *propria personâ*, his passport, which was then returned. I had an opportunity of observing, in traversing the
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the town, its extreme neatness; independent of which, and the good appearance of the military, Ingolstadt has no claim to attention.

The whole of this day was passed in the most cheerful merriment: the provisions of each were thrown into one common fund; and the repast made universal. After these festivities, all tongues were loosened, and a thousand vocal pleasantries were played off. Songs, chorusses, and catches, in all languages and manners, supported the general mirth. The Hungarian diverted us with the barbarous airs of Sclavonia, and the Swiss with the wild ballads of the mountains. Our hilarity maintained its vigor, nor ever relaxed its tone; the boatmen regarded our boisterous orgies with surprize. They cast a look of curiosity towards the narrow cabin, in which we were crouded, or rather compressed into one compact mass, enveloped in clouds of smoke, and convulsed with peals of laughter.

L E T T E R CLXVI.

THE boisterous festivities of the cabin were on a sudden terminated by a notice from the captain, of some objects of magnitude to which we were advancing. We came immediately upon deck, and our attention was in a short time arrested by scenes, whose parallel in their kind I have never seen. It was, as near as I could conjecture, within about three leagues of Ratisbon that this grand spectacle commenced. The Danube here appearing in all its majesty, pursues a serpentine course between a double range of rocks rising in a wonderful variety of forms. Some are perpetually barren, others are scattered with a light and beautiful verdure: some rise in pyramidal columns of sublime dimensions, others project

ject as bulwarks against the impetuosity of the stream; and, while they oppose its ravages, augment its violence. On the summit of this rocky shore which overhung the waters, devotion had raised an altar. A chapel elevated above the highest cliff, invites the pilgrim's vows, and gives an air of picturesque and solemn grandeur to the scene. The river at times appeared to be terminated by the rocks; and the vessel moving with rapidity, seemed resolute to force a passage for the obstructed waters. Every opening presented new phenomena, and excited fresh admiration. All eyes were fixed upon these magic scenes, and each gazed attentive, as though the gates of Paradise had been opened to give a momentary glimpse of the celestial regions. I was struck by the manner in which the Hussar was affected; though habituated to the toils and tumults of war, he possessed a fine sensibility of natural beauty; and tears started from his eyes, while absorbed in the silent rapture of contemplation. These
rocks

rocks lowered gradually as we advanced: the country opened into a wider expanse. A prospect more rich, but less sublime, succeeded to the scenes now passing from our sight; and Ratisbon received us, exhausted with admiration.

Ratisbon, or Regensburg as it is named in Germany, is a town of considerable magnitude and traffic. It derives its name from the Regen, a river which here falls into the Danube, and whose navigation assists very materially the commerce of the place. The Elector of Bavaria, within whose dominions Ratisbon lies, is a very opulent prince. All the parts of his duchy, which lie upon the Danube, are very fertile and productive. Corn, salt, and beer—which are exported into other countries—form the principal resources of this state; the annual revenues of which, from the various export duties, from the monopoly of tobacco, and other sources, amount to more than seven hundred thousand pounds sterling. Upon landing, our passports were immediately demanded,
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and taken, as at Ingolstadt. I was cautioned, on my approach to this place, not to speak French; and a sailor, upon my landing, acquainted me of the rigor exercised against the French in this town: the jealousy is extended even to the language. I was told, that the passions of individuals seconded the decrees of the government; and I might suffer some personal inconvenience, if I excited the least suspicion. This people exhibit a melancholy instance of the reverse of national fortune. Torn from the height of political importance, they are dispersed as vagabonds through all parts of Europe, and experience neither pity nor respect. Mankind has viewed them so long in the character of tyrants and persecutors, that their downfall scarcely draws a tear to individual suffering. Victims of a great political change, they now seek an asylum in those very quarters, where the persecuted objects of their former tyrannies have established a lasting hatred of the Gallic name.

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Our landlord informed us, that there would be a comedy performed by a company of dogs this evening. We were in the humour to be amused, and did not much concern ourselves about the dignity of the objects. I was really astonished at the docility of these animals; they were dressed in the characters of comedians, and performed what might well be deemed impossible. The scenes were varied into grave and gay alternately, and the exhibition was occasionally relieved by dances upon the slack rope by two American monkeys, who executed their task with wonderful ability. Our captain allowed us but two hours in the morning to view the town, which appeared very populous. I observed no edifice of importance but the cathedral, which is a Gothic building of fine architecture, and highly ornamented within. There is also a very noble bridge thrown across the Danube. As the river is here extremely rapid, we were directed not to embark till the vessel had passed under the bridge. The

mead of Ratibon bears so high a reputation that I requested my Hungarian friend to purchase some for me, which being taken on board and our passports returned, we resumed our voyage under the smiles of a delicious day.

LETTER CLXVII.

OUR day was passed in cheerful amusement; we dined on board, and came on shore in the evening at Straubing. Here we passed some lively and pleasant hours. From Straubing our object was to reach Passau in the compass of the day. This, from the unfavourableness of the wind, not being practicable, we were brought ashore last night at a miserable place, where want and wretchedness seemed to have established their abode. I know not the name of this inhospitable spot, or if it even have a name. We had continued on board all day, and
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some articles of provision had been procured, of which a soup was made, and we all messed out of one common bowl. A general spirit of good humour prevails amongst the company : we are all inclined to blend together and think of no superiority—except that the Hussar and myself generally pay half the reckoning. Our fare had been so indifferent, that we were disposed to find a good repast on shore. Our first entrance into this miserable hovel taught us how vain were such expectations. There were but two rooms, and only three beds in them both. We were thirteen, amongst whom these luxuries were to be shared. After some consultation respecting the necessary arrangements, it was concluded, that one apartment with the entire stock of furniture should be consigned to the females ; and the other provided with straw for the accommodation of the men. The house was tenanted only by two decrepid old women, who told us frankly, they had nothing to give us. A foraging party was
therefore

therefore dispatched into the village, who returned with a large piece of black bacon, and a quantity of potatoes. These they boiled, and distributed among us, in equal portions. Some very four beer, and wine still less potable, were all the liquors we could procure. We supped as well as circumstances would permit, and forgot upon our straw the severities of our lot. We bestowed in parting, the following morning, our warmest execrations upon this inhospitable lodge, and blest the tide that bore us from these abodes of misery.

We are now entered into a part of the river in which there are many rocks, and the wind has blown so hard and contrary, that it has been judged expedient to come ashore. The name of the town where we now repose is, Viltzhofen, a place, as I can observe, of no consideration. Finding no object worthy attention in the town, and understanding that the wind continued to blow with dangerous violence, I stole from the rest of my society, and brought up the

register of my transactions. You will have probably found very little of an interesting nature, in the circumstances I have recorded; but minute incidents in a distant country acquire some kind of importance. If any other apology be necessary for the triviality of these details, I can only say, that, though I might doubtless by the aid of fiction embellish my narrative, I prefer the dullness of truth to the brilliancy of falsehood. I have as yet encountered none of those magnificent horrors which relate so well: I have neither combated robbers, nor put wolves and bears to flight: I have not yet been carried overboard by a gust of wind, and escaped drowning by miracle.

You must however reflect, that my voyage is not yet terminated; and that some of these agreeable varieties may at some future period adorn and animate my page. A wide tract yet lies before me—my route is, I doubt not, marked out by the destinies of Providence, but the book is not open to me. Deserts and forests may still obstruct my path;

path; wild beasts, and men more savage than beasts, may yet menace my safety; and dark suspicion may pursue me as an English spy, or a Gallic democrat. Some evil angels are now perhaps weaving the woof of misadventure: so that I may still have to speak of "hair-breadth 'scapes and "most disastrous chances," though little ambitious of thus acquiring distinction or celebrity.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Engelhartzel, Oct. 5, 1792.

WE left Viltzhofen the following morning, the wind having considerably abated. We were all on board by a little after five o'clock, and came down a very beautiful part of the river. The banks were arrayed in very majestic scenery, and the current of the river increasing in strength as we advanced, the vessel moved rapidly along. The approach to Passau is strikingly

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magnificent. The town is situated south of the Danube, over which a bridge is constructed. Passau appears large, and not destitute of beauty. The opposite banks rise to a considerable height—are clothed with a charming verdure, and interspersed with houses and *chateaus*. The landscapes around are not less captivating; and the whole extent which the eye takes in, is full of picturesque attractions. I have not particularized every scene of beauty that has presented itself on this voyage. Language has not the variety of nature; and the pen can but faintly shadow out the stupendous operations of that mighty principle, which forms the channels of the deep, which hews the rock into all the irregularities of shape, scatters a wild verdure over its rugged bosom, and out of apparent accident produces effects superior to the most exquisite achievements of art. I have been overpowered many times, by the action of these scenes upon my imagination; the Danube has borne me amongst regions where nature displays

displays her powers with a splendid profusion.

At Passau I was diverted with the dresses of the women, which were extremely singular. Their faces are remarkably flat, yet not destitute of a certain kind of beauty. They wear a short black jacket and petticoat, with a blue handkerchief tied about the head, the ends of which hang loosely upon the shoulders; and altogether make a very grotesque figure—not unlike the representations I have seen of the Lapland and Norwegian modes of dress. We were allowed but a transient view of Passau. Being shortly to quit the circle of Bavaria, and enter the dominions of Austria, the captain appeared little inclined to the indulgence of our curiosity; as some hours day-light would be required at the next station to unload the vessel, and undergo the necessary formalities. Upon our landing at Engelhartzel, we were conducted in a body to the custom-house, where our passports were severally examined; and, our luggage being

ing next disembarked, and carried to the warehouse, each entered into the comptoir separately, and was examined with the most rigorous severity. I had some reasons for wishing that the examination might not be so strict; and fortunately for myself that inquisition which in others had been extended to the person, was in me confined to the baggage. This was a civility the more acceptable, as it was not purchased by any fee. The officer addressed me in French, and simply thrusting his hand into my portmanteau, declared himself satisfied.

From Passau to this place, the Danube has presented one uninterrupted range of beauties. The mountains were disposed on each side in the most charming order, and glowed with all the tints of autumnal grandeur. We were all interested in these scenes, and communicated our common feelings in the most rapturous expressions of admiration. The town of Engelhartzel—if such it may be called—is only composed of a few neatly built houses, and occupies a
delight-

delightful spot. A vast phalanx of mountains compose the bank in face of which it stands. Their flinty surfaces are covered with a gentle vegetation, and form a delicious picture, diversified with shades of verdure pleasingly blended. The vessel was here, agreeable to established rule, unroofed, in order to facilitate the examination of its contents, and to guard against the artifices of a false roof. All things were restored to their just order in the conclusion, and the luggage of the several passengers replaced.

Our evening was spent with great gaiety. An officer in the Austrian service quartered in the town joined us at table; and told us some articles of French news, which I could have related to him a fortnight past, but which—from the air of importance with which he communicated them—I was obliged to receive with surprise. Governments appear in this part of Europe diligently to obstruct the progress of political information; and not to suffer facts to make their

way among the common classes of people, till their notoriety might render farther concealment impracticable. Before quitting the inn, I copied an inscription, whose quaintness recommended it to my notice. It was written in letters of gold, upon one of the pannels of an antichamber.

Vivant arma majestatis
 Vivat Laudon, cum proatis,
 Vivat rex, vivat grex
 Vivat summus
 Pontifex.

L E T T E R CLXIX.

Vienna, October 10, 1792.

IT was between eight and nine o'clock when we left Engelhartzel. The banks of the river continued to exhibit new beauties. The shore was for the most part formed of rocks, diversified in a thousand modes, and invested with a charming verdure. The whole composed a theatre of majestic variety. Upon some of these rocks
 arose,

arose, in picturesque grandeur, chateaus surrounded by the umbrage of overhanging woods. We were brought on shore at a little village called Achach. A few houses, grouped at the foot of a mountain, formed the whole of this place. We passed an hour here, and terminated the voyage of the day at Lintz. I was very much pleased with this town. There is an air of elegance in some parts of it, and neatness pervades the whole. I went to the comedy in the evening, and was amused with the performance of the Doctor and Apothecary, an opera of German original, and a great favourite with the Germans, particularly the air which in English is adapted to the words "Sighing never gained a maid." This I have heard sung and whistled in almost every town through which I have passed. We quitted Lintz by six o'clock the following morning, and arrived in the evening at Morbach.

Our voyage the latter part of this day was uncommonly interesting. Within about three leagues of Morbach the river began

to narrow, and the mountains to assume an appearance of astonishing magnificence. We were warned by the boatman, when we stood over a village called Krein, that we were about to encounter what the Germans call *Strudels*, and what are in fact whirlpools. We were divided in this situation between fear and wonder, admiration and apprehension. The waters of the Danube are here enclosed by stupendous rocks, whose battlements, crowned with chateaus, frowned tremendous over the flood. The river was worked into frightful commotions by the inequality of its bottom and the numerous rocks which shoot out of its bed and oppose its current. The rapidity with which we ran along these curling eddies was surprising; and the successive dangers through which we were passing rendered us not indifferent to the motion of the vessel.

It was in the moment of crossing one of these whirlpools that my eye caught a scene of perfect enchantment. The river was
extremely

extremely violent and sonorous ; mountains rose on each side to a prodigious height, covered with verdure to their summits. A small bridge extended between the ridges of two opposite declivities, and continued a romantic and rugged path through the over-arching shades. A company of pilgrims were passing this bridge at the moment in which we arrived at the spot. These, dressed in black, proceeded singly in succession, counting their beads and chaunting their vespers. The simplicity of the pilgrim notes, warbled amidst these elevated regions, excited in me a sensation which may be felt, but cannot be described. We passed from scene to scene this afternoon, and the scanty terms of admiration were exhausted in expressing our feelings at the magnitude of that machinery which nature introduces into her sublime operations. Many of these rocks appeared as though composed by art from massy and uniform blocks, piled upon each other with a regularity similar to the colossal structures of
ancient

ancient Rome; and, like them, bidding defiance to the depredations of time. The course of the river added to the grandeur of this scenery. The prospect was ever bounded, and therefore ever changing. The eye had constant leisure to distinguish the several parts, and the imagination anticipated a novelty in the successive scenes.

At Morbach we climbed a very laborious ascent, in order to visit a church which is held in great reverence, and resorted to by pilgrims from very distant parts. The Catholics, like the ancient Idolators, are very much attached to mountain worship; and, like the Jews, as reproached by the Prophets, raise many an altar upon *the high hills*. This church was richly decorated with ornaments of various kinds, and the music was not without its charms; yet the path to it was so difficult, that I, who had no vow to solemnize, thought my labours very ill repaid by the privilege of bending at this holy shrine. In returning from this expedition to Morbach, we passed some pilgrims,

grims, who muttered some words which I took for a salute, and repaid by wishing them a good night. A German overhearing me, explained that the words uttered by the pilgrims were "Gelobet sey Jesus Christus!" "Praised be Jesus Christ!" and that the answer I should have given is "En ewigkeit," "To eternity." This I found to be the common salutation. They utter the words so fast, that without assistance I should never have discovered their meaning. Our voyage of the following day was planned for Vienna, but a dense fog prevented our embarking as intended. By nine the fog dispersed, and by two in the afternoon we were brought ashore at Cremz. Here we were to rest till the next day. The pleasantest circumstance attending this town was its nearness to the place of our destination. At Vienna we arrived the following morning, and this completed our voyage of twelve days.

L E T T E R CLXX.

Vienna, Oct. 13, 1792.

I HAVE been now nearly a week at Vienna, and, under the conduct of the Hessian Officer, to whom I have before introduced you, am lodged in one of the fauxbourgs called the Joseph-Stadt, at a house where he assured me I should meet with honesty and good treatment. I have been presented by him to some few persons, among others to the Major *de la Place*. The advantage gained by these introductions is a reciprocal salute in passing. The first two or three days were extremely foggy and cold, but lately the weather has become fine, and the city has appeared to great advantage. I am delighted with Vienna; the houses are in general well built; many of the shops are brilliant, and vie with those of London in the rich display of merchandize. The town
appears

appears very strongly fortified, and the ramparts form a delicious promenade. All the fauxbourgs are separated from the city by a considerable area, and the communication is formed by roads for carriages, and very excellent gravel-walks, shaded with trees, for those who go on foot. These alleys, for such they are, would be dangerous in dark evenings, but that they are extremely well lighted up immediately after sun-set, and centinels placed at proper distances.

I have been to three theatres: the first of these was that called Caernerthore, as being situated near that gate—in German, Thor—which opens towards Carinthia. This is a very handsome theatre, and of considerable size. The performances here are not regular. It seems a sort of *theatre of ease* to that called the National. The Italian Opera is usually given alternately at these two theatres. The ballets are got up with great brilliancy, the decorations are magnificent, and the band of performers extremely respectable, though the expence

is

is very moderate. Seats in the *Place*, or pit, where a man, in obedience to fashion, pays the most, in order to see the least, and be the worst accommodated, bear no higher price than half-a-crown. The second theatre to which I was conducted is stiled the *Wiedner*. This is in the fauxbourgs. It can boast of no great beauty. Its principal excellence arises from the musicians and singers, who support the whimsical performances here exhibited. The pieces represented in this theatre are usually of a metaphorical description, and abound in magic and metamorphose. I was much entertained with the representation of the favorite burletta of the *Magical Flute*. The scenery was varied in a thousand grotesque forms, and the wonderful powers of the magical flute gave birth to many humorous events. The stile of composition, though perfectly unnatural, and even monstrous, was yet, by the ingenuity of the author, neither uninteresting nor inelegant. The music was simple and characteristic,
afforded

afforted well with the composition, and added to the enchantment of the action the more potent magic of sweet sounds. This species of dramatic entertainment is novel and delicious. Founded upon the fictions of imagination, it sets probability at defiance, and justifies the wildest caprice of genius.

I cannot yet relish the German serious song, and much doubt if I ever shall. I think it wants character: perhaps I want taste. The comic songs amuse me. *There* I am less shocked at the guttural exertions of the singer; as he repeats his words rapidly, I hear less of that harshness which renders this language an ill accompaniment to the melting tones of a tender strain. Figure to yourself a man executing a *Largo*, and measuring out his uncouth words to the lengthened notes—figure to yourself two-thirds of these, words of a guttural termination; and then conceive the singer trilling upon a term which he cannot express without labour, or straining through a semi-

breve, which seems with difficulty to escape his throat—Could you listen with pleasure, or even with patience?

The third theatre I have visited is in the Joseph-Stadt, where I reside. This theatre is very small, and of no great reputation. I shall scarcely make it a second visit, unless induced by its proximity to my lodging. You will think me arrogant, in giving so decidedly my opinion upon the public theatres, who understand so little of the language. But you must observe, that I confine my remarks to musical pieces; and the subserviency of poetry to music is now so universal, that very little knowledge of language is necessary to criticism. Antiently words were deemed of some importance, but modern taste has otherwise decreed. Sentiment is banished for the sake of *expression*, and sense is superseded by sound.

LETTER CLXXI.

Vienna, Oct. 15, 1792.

I HAVE seen the Emperor. The parade on Saturday was unusually brilliant, and the Emperor, accompanied by his brother the Palatine of Hungary, appeared. He makes no great figure in the field, and I suspect by his countenance, that he shews to as little advantage in the cabinet. His features indicate that sort of tranquillity which is allied rather to dulness than benignity. In short, I read nothing in his physiognomy which marks the soldier or the politician. The parade afforded a very splendid sight, as some of the finest troops in Europe here performed their evolutions, and the field was covered with officers of rank.

Two days past I attended a representation, which from its novelty was interesting, but

from whose cruelty I turn with horror. This is called the Hetz, or combat of wild beasts. It was exhibited on a spacious amphitheatre, not built like the antient Roman amphitheatres of massy stone, but of a light construction. A triple row of galleries encircle that area which is allotted to the combats. The opening of the ceremony was announced by the firing of a pistol, when the master of the beasts proceeded to the centre of the Arena, and cracked with great violence a long whip. This was the signal for the keepers to throw open the mouth of the den, and let out that beast which was to sustain the first combat. The several dens are under the galleries, upon a level with the Arena, the mouths opening directly upon it. The animal that first entered was a bear, upon whom two furious dogs were shortly let in. These chased him some time, till at length they fastened upon him, and brought him to the ground, when the master and his crew entering, loosened the dogs from their prey, and the bear was remanded

manded to his prison. To this succeeded many similar engagements between the dogs and other beasts, which afforded vast diversion to the spectators, who crowned every victory with shouts of triumph. The effect of these united acclamations reminded me of the singular structure which the Romans have given those edifices appropriated to the purposes of public spectacles. The walls in the Circus of Caracalla are thickly sown with urns and hollow earthen vessels, doubtless in order to give the greatest possible effect to those shouts which mark the spectators applause.

The scene which most amused me in this representation was that in which the whole tribe of savages were let out together. These were bears of all nations, Hungarian oxen, buffaloes, wolves, and wild boars, attacking each other in all directions, and engaging in a thousand varied combats. There was a most noble lion let out, who exhibited a majestic spectacle. He regarded the spectators with a collected aspect; and

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seating

seating himself upon his hind quarters, received all the attacks of dogs and beasts with a frown of defiance, and a roar which shook the theatre. At the close of this representation a superb firework was played off from a board, which was elevated to a considerable height in the air. To this board a bear clung with his paws, and ascending with it, continued suspended till the whole of the firework was played off. It was very extraordinary to see the beast in this situation, enveloped with sparks and flame. I was curious to know how this is effected, and was informed that the board is smeared with blood; and as these animals are nearly starved, in order to keep them furious, the scent of the blood fixes the animal. In addition to this, the actor of this great scene is constantly regaled when he descends, with a piece of flesh prepared for that purpose. The neglect of this accustomed bounty is said to have proved fatal to the former master of these animals. The bear descending from his frightful elevation,

elevation, and not receiving instantaneously his expected morsel, fastened upon the master, and tore him mortally before he could be disengaged. As this is an exhibition which humanity can find little to delight in, I was astonished to see, in casting my eyes around, so many female spectators attending this bloody spectacle, which seems indeed scarcely compatible with the police of a civilized state.

The Hessian officer quitted me yesterday. He is gone to join his regiment in Hungary. His departure has left me more at liberty in the choice of my pursuits, yet I feel a loss in him of a friend, a companion, and an interpreter. A novice in the language, unknowing and unknown, I feel the inconveniences of solitude, but apprehend still greater from society. While the Hessian continued with me I feared neither imposition nor violence; the scale may turn upon his departure. I am therefore determined to change my quarters, and seek a residence within the walls of the city.

L E T T E R CLXXII.

Vienna, Oct. 18, 1792.

I ACQUAINTED you in my last of my intention to quit the quarters in which I then resided. After two days search, I am now lodged for a month to my satisfaction in a very convenient part of the town. My landlady, who is a very pretty *brunette*, of about five or six and twenty, serves my coffee in a morning, and I am treated with all possible attention and civility. As my object in passing a month at Vienna is to acquire some knowledge of the language, I have taken some pains to procure a master. The circumstances attending this search are not a little ridiculous. My first application was to a banker, who recommended me to a bookseller, as one that would suit my purpose. When I waited upon the bookseller, I was so discouraged by the seeming im-

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portance

portance of the man, that I did not venture to ask him directly if he were a language-master, but whether such a character were not lodged in the house. He answered me in the negative. I expressed my surprize at the error into which I had been led. He requested to know the name of the person to whom I was recommended. I repeated his own. He then acknowledged, that three years past he did give lessons in the language, but since that time he had renounced it.

My next application was to a great adept, who, I was told, would teach me the German in its grammatical purity. After beating about in many obscure and narrow streets, I at length found the house in which he was said to lodge, and climbing to the highest story, was informed, that Monsieur was not at home, but would certainly return to dinner at twelve o'clock. As it wanted but little of that time, I agreed to wait his arrival. In about a quarter of an hour a conceited figure entered the room suddenly,

his hair well powdered, and his hat in his hand, and approaching me with an air of familiarity, declared how glad he was to see me. But soon correcting himself, and regarding me with a look of surprize, requested to know my business, declaring that he had mistaken me for a friend, whom he expected to dine with him. Upon my explaining the occasion of my visit, he appeared more embarrassed than the book-feller had been, wondered how I could have mistaken him for a teacher of the languages, and who could have put so egregious an imposition upon me. Being somewhat at a loss to defend myself, I named to him my informer and conductor, of whom he could not be ignorant. He then confessed, that about five or six years ago he did give assistance in the languages to persons of some consideration, but that being now particularly occupied at COURT, he had not leisure to oblige me. A third gentleman to whom I have applied, tells me, he is no master himself, but that, if I will
call

call on him in about three days, he will endeavour to obtain the *address* of some person of that profession. Thus it appears that if I waited their leisure to commence my German studies, the period of my labors would be very short. I therefore resolved to waste no more time in a fruitless search for assistance, and am now endeavouring to become my own master.

I find the manner of living at Vienna very different from what I have been accustomed to see on the continent. They have a vast variety in their dishes, and in general eat of all. *This* has gained them the character of gluttony, rather than the quantity which they consume. For my own part, I have seldom made a dinner out of their apparent abundance. Their dishes are numerous, yet formed of scraps, sophisticated into all the varieties of epicureanism. For each of these they have invented a term, unknown to all but themselves, which renders eating a perfect science,

ence, and the command of a dinner no easy task.

Early after my arrival at Vienna, I fell into a diverting embarrassment at one of these eating-houses. The Hessian being to dine out, conducted me to a house of much resort in the city, and assuring me that I should there dine well, left me to provide for myself. Upon entering the room, and seeing many different parties, I placed myself at a table where no one else was, in order not to be attacked in a language I was so little acquainted with. Upon seeing me seated, the *Keller*, as he is called, brought me a very long bill of fare, containing an immense number of articles. I quickly discovered that this was by me wholly illegible. I therefore returned it to him, intreating him to read it. He read on however so fast, and repeated names so unfamiliar to me, that I continued profoundly ignorant. In order to abridge the matter, I requested him to bring me a soup. This
being

being dispatched, he renewed his application. For this I was prepared, and asked for *Rbindsfleisch*, or *bouilli*. This dish being also cleared, neither he nor I thought the dinner complete. He pressed me to another dish: I had no objection; but what was it to be? and how to ask for it? I requested him again to rehearse his catalogue. Among the hard names repeated, hearing that of *Saur-kraut*, I arrested him in his progress, and demanded *kraut*. But unfortunately *kraut* signifies only the vegetable, and is never eaten alone. He therefore wished to know what I would eat with it. Thus provoked, I caught at the first name he mentioned, and hastily demanded *brodwurst*, a term of which I could not guess the meaning, but which proved in the end to be a *sausage*.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Vienna, Oct. 20, 1792.

I KNOW not how far the little incidents which I meet with in my present contracted mode of travel may interest you. Although courts and superior societies cease to register my name, this neither shocks nor alarms me. I have had a view of those circles, where mankind meet for the purpose of parting; where the exhibition of dress takes place of the expansion of the heart, and where ceremonious silence is substituted for chearful conversation. Little is to be read of the human character in such circles, where artificial forms supplant natural qualities, and fashion dresses the temper of all in the same uniform. The lot therefore which renders me unworthy such exalted notice, throws me into a field where my heart finds a better feast, and
my

my mind more ample instruction. I avail myself of that freedom which my situation affords, to mix with all who visit the public walks of society, and derive amusement from those who seek it in me.

The number of Italians who reside in this city is very considerable, not less, on a medium computation, than twenty thousand; and the Italian language is more spoken at Vienna than the French. Its universality opens to me a communication with many whom I meet in the places of public resort, and supplies those chasms which cannot but happen when I venture to converse in the language of the country. This latter I am very sedulous to master. To maintain that independence which my situation affords, and which I so highly value, is not without its difficulties. My first embarrassment arose from some singularities in my dress, which made me an object of notice. I had been distinguished for some time by the title of the *Frenchman with the white hat*, ere I became acquainted
I with

with it. I soon however removed this attraction of the public eye ; and in order that I might blend still more securely with the mass of the people, provided myself with boots which covered my knees, and seldom ventured to theatres or coffee-houses without my cloak. Thus I glided on unperceived, and, till I spoke, was never betrayed.

There are three kinds of people against which I have to guard ; I mean, in the first place, adventurers or cheats ; secondly, good sort of people, who have few ideas beyond feasting and lounging ; and thirdly, my own countrymen. My suspicions as to the first of these were greatly excited by an incident which recently happened to me at the little theatre in the Joseph-Stadt. I was seated in a part of the pit in which was very little company, but had observed a young man for some time evidently preparing to address me. At the close of the act he came up and remarked to me, in German, how thin the house was ; and, upon
perceiving

perceiving that I did not acquit myself very well in my counter observations, he asked me if I was a Frenchman. On my appearing to assent, he expressed himself rejoiced at finding a Frenchman, as he wished very much for an opportunity of conversing in that language. At the conclusion of the representation I begun to move. He asked me if I was alone, and where I lived. Desirous, for good reasons, to keep these secrets, I replied evasively. Upon our issuing amongst the crowd, he requested me to tell him what it was o'clock. Without answering his question, I pressed on, and stopped not till I arrived at my lodging.

My next adventure happened some days past at a house where I was accustomed to dine. I had seated myself at a table where I hoped to escape interruption, when two gentlemen entered, and disposed themselves in such a manner, that I, who occupied the corner of the table, was between them. They soon begun a conversation in English, though not the purest possible. I affected

no surprize, but continued to dine. The conversation at length turned upon me; the one insinuating his suspicions that I was an Englishman, the other offering to bet two to one upon the contrary. I persisted in my silence, and drank my glass of wine. At length, finding they could not provoke me to loquacity, the gentleman to my left, who had planted a great dog between us, hoped he did not incommode me. I replied in such a manner as to gain him his wager. I was now no longer exempt from their importunities. They wished to know the whole of my history; the object of my coming to Vienna, the length of time I proposed to stay, and where I lodged, dined, and supped. Upon the gentleman on the left quitting us for a few minutes, his friend took an opportunity of hinting to me, that the Officer was extremely rich, "worth more than a million." He soon rejoined us, and requested with his friend to conduct me the following day to a house where I should dine off seven dishes for thirty kreutzers, and meet
very

very good company. To this I acceded, and the rendezvous was given for the Imperial Riding-School, whence, at the time appointed, they conducted me to a house in the *Kobl-marckt*. Here we dined sumptuously, and saw an assemblage of what appeared to be persons of no mean condition. These new friends were so desirous of relieving my solitude, that they wished to make still further assignations, the honour of which I chose to decline.

My third rencontre took place two or three evenings past, at a very fashionable coffee-house in this city, where I go to read the English papers. I was seated in a corner, in the act of reading an English Gazette, when a gentleman entered, whose appearance marked him for an Englishman. He regarded me in a manner very particular, and shortly after took his seat near me. Taking advantage of his state of doubt, I addressed him, to his visible surprise, in German, and to give strength to the deception, took up my cloak, threw it

over my shoulder, and left the coffee-room. I avoid my countrymen, not from want of a just patriotism, but on considerations founded in reason and experience. The generality of those Englishmen abroad, who seek accidental acquaintance, may be set down as characters of no very fair description; hoping, from unsuspecting confidence, in the asylum of a foreign country, to be at least shielded from obloquy—perhaps exalted into esteem.

L E T T E R CLXXIV.

Vienna, Oct. 22, 1792.

THE observance of Sunday in England has no parallel in Europe. London exhibits on that day a stillness and a solemnity which mark the public appropriation of a seventh portion of time to the worship of the Deity; and the law of the land evidently speaks only the sense of the people. In other countries this interval of labor is devoted

devoted almost entirely to the purposes of amusement ; and in no city of the continent is the rigor of the Mosaic law held of less account than at Vienna. The dawn of this day is indeed consecrated to religion ; bells are ringing throughout the city, and the churches thronged at an early hour. The performance of this duty seems to be considered as the acquittal of what is to ensue ; nor is the sacrifice severe ; for no-where have I heard more delicious music than in the churches at Vienna. It is among my most favorite amusements to attend mass at the cathedral on a Sunday morning, where an excellent band of musicians, concealed from public observation, perform most admirably. The ceremonies of devotion ended, the streets begin to enliven, the public places of resort to fill, and every countenance to glow. The corners of every street are covered with *affiches*, publishing the pleasurable inventions of the day's amusement—operas, plays, marionettes, music, dances, and dinners. If you may

credit these public bills, all is more festive this day than on the other six: the opera is more brilliant, and the wild beasts of the Amphitheatre are more savage.

In summer the grand rendezvous is the Prater. This is a delicious spot of ground, distributed into alleys, walks, and rides, and open to all ranks of people. Joseph II. threw open this source of amusement to the inhabitants of Vienna, which now forms a favorite spot of general resort. Here, on the Sunday, all ranks are found assembled; the rich to roll their equipages, and the poor to admire them; the vain to exhibit themselves, and the curious to gaze on others. Here industry relaxes from labor, and melancholy from spleen. Notwithstanding the approach of the winter months, its charms are not yet departed. The wood which covers it, is not yet stripped of its foliage, though the chilling winds that now blow, are committing severe ravages upon this charming scenery. The *Lusthaus*, as it is named, is not much frequented

quented at this period of the year, as the delicious prospects which adorn it in the pride of summer no longer exist. There is another place of public resort in the summer season, which must at that time possess great beauty, stiled the *Augarten*. The vast area which is here covered with all the varieties of wood and promenade, was, together with the Prater, formed, at vast expence, into this garden of public diversion, by Joseph II. and by him laid open to all ranks of men. An inscription, which announces this generous bequest, upon the principal entrance, does singular honour to the philanthropy of this emperor. The sense of it is as follows:

This Place of Amusement

is devoted to

All Ranks of Men

by

The FRIEND of MAN.

These are the two principal places of public resort, where the inhabitants of this city

assemble upon Sundays and festivals, to pursue their favorite amusement of eating and drinking, and to breathe an uncorrupted air. Next to feasting, dancing seems to predominate in the scale of amusements with the people of Vienna. Numerous houses are appropriated to this purpose on the Sundays. Among the most celebrated in this line stands that distinguished by the appellation of *Moonshain*. Independent of these public rooms, which are not destitute of splendor, an infinity of dancing-masters open their little chambers on this gaudy day; and not an alley or court in the city but has its *Tanzmeister*, and he a *Tanzsaal*, for the diversion of the public. As my travelling pride has never been equal to my fondness for novelty, and is now still less so than ever, I was determined to visit one of these inferior places of rendezvous, and requested my landlady to conduct me, on a public occasion, to that where she was accustomed to go. This she readily consented to do, and I was presented
to

to the Tanzmeister, who stood at the door to receive the company. The dance was in its full brilliancy when I arrived ; and to such a scene I had never before been witness. They were dancing the *Waltz* with a rapidity and violence which I should have conceived unattainable. The dance ended, each retired or not, as he thought proper, to drink wine, or beer, which is here a more expensive beverage than wine. After a very short interval, the dances renewed, and I had an opportunity of remarking the progression in time which they observe in the *Waltz*. It is first played *slow*, as they stile it, and they move in what they conceive an *adagio*, but which appears to me as swift as the *Waltz* is usually danced in Switzerland. The time then changed into *quick*, which accelerated the motion of the dancers. From this it passed into *very quick*, and then commenced the contest for speed. Those whose talents for rapidity surpassed the rest, frequently broke out of the ranks, and exhibiting a few turns in the centre, struck in

where they found an opening, and thus continued to distance all that followed them, As the length of their step is considerable, and the force with which they move very great, I was under the necessity of taking my station behind a chair, in order to save myself from being carried away in the vortex. There were in the course of the evening several falls, occasioned by the clash of opposite parties. This, however, only contributed to heighten the amusement, in which order and grace were never designed to make a part. Myself and my conductress mixed not in the dance, she kindly excusing me on my assuring her that I could not perform such rapid evolutions.

As I had entered the room wrapped up in my cloak, little attention had been paid to me; but having now been forced, by the violent heat which this vast agitation of the atmosphere produced, to take it off, I became more the subject of notice. Having therefore satisfied my curiosity, I took my leave; the Tanzmeister hoping that this

would not be the last honor I should do him. I was astonished, on paying the reckoning, to escape for twelve kreutzers, which comprehended not only the entertainments of the evening, but a bottle of very excellent beer; the Tanzmeister uniting, as I found, the professions of a dancing-master and vintner.

LETTER CLXXV.

Vienna, Oct. 24, 1792.

THE town of Vienna makes a very handsome figure when entered at the Bourg-gate. The street called the Kohl Marckt here opens, and presents very well built houses, handsome shops, and a crowded population. The street which opens upon the Caernerthore, and which is the longest street in the city, wants not a certain kind of beauty; yet derives its principal dignity from its length, and the right line in which
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it is built. The Herrn street is another, which, with respect to the houses, may rank among the best that Vienna can boast. There are some squares, as we improperly call them in England, but which the Germans, as well as the French and Italians, more properly denominate *Places*. The word in the German is *Platz*, corresponding to the French *Place*, and the Italian *Piazza*.

One of the principal is filed the *Platz Graben*. This is a very handsome area, and of considerable size. It is surrounded with shops, coffee-houses, and temporary booths; and the centre is adorned with a permanent monument of Austrian orthodoxy, raised as a testimony of public gratitude. A plague in the year 1679 had committed dreadful ravages among the inhabitants of Vienna, and the deliverance from this destructive malady produced this column. It is consecrated to the Holy Trinity. Many are the monuments raised to the *bon Dieu*, the Madonna, and St. Francis, who are the favourite

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rite objects of Catholic devotion; but a column of marble raised to the Trinity in the centre of a public square—is, I believe, unique. The column is ingeniously imagined: it has three faces; and above the base it is formed by clouds, among which two rows of angels stand as supporters, in ranks above each other. Over these, and upon the necks of a million little cherubs, the Father and Son are placed—the one bearing the emblem of a globe, and the other a cross. The Holy Ghost, in his usual hieroglyphic of a dove, crowns the column. The execution of the sculptor is highly celebrated; and, with all its singularities, it is a considerable ornament to this part of the town. The Platz Graben is the nocturnal promenade of a certain class of ladies. In the afternoon it is usually crowded with fops, bucks, petit-maitres, and loungers. As muffs are fashionable here for men, I am frequently disgusted by figures skipping upon this public walk with these ridiculous appendages of an immense size, and whistling

ling a little lap-dog who follows at their heels.

The Platz of the Hof, or court, is also very handsome, and of some extent. It is at present covered with booths and temporary shops, constructed for the fair, which is shortly to begin. This fair, I understand, will contribute nothing to the amusements of the place, being devoted wholly to the purposes of merchandise and traffic. A monument of bronze, which speaks more loudly the devotion than the taste of its constructors, occupies the centre of this place, and deforms the general appearance. It is a column of bronze crowned by a statue of the Virgin, and consecrated to her by the same Leopold, who raised the monument before mentioned to the Trinity. The national theatre is a very handsome structure. This is situated amongst those edifices which form the court, and is under the direction of the court. Here Italian operas and German comedies are usually given alternately—it is more antient and less brilliant than the *Kaern-nertbore*.

northore. In addition to this are the theatres in the Leopoldstadt, that in the Landstrasse, and some others of less note. The first of these is upon a similar plan to that in the *Wiedener*. Here also are exhibited those monstrous scenes of magic and sorcery, which now rage so much in the theatricals of Vienna; and which, by the aid of that excellent music by which they are supported, possess no ordinary degree of merit.

I was much surprised some evenings past when at the national theatre, to see the little deference paid to the Emperor and Empress, who honored the Italian opera with their company. They were seated in a private box, nor was it till late in the evening that I was informed of the circumstance. The presence of these exalted personages did not appear to affect in the least either the performers or the audience. I could not help making a comparison between the introduction of the king and queen of England at the London theatres, with the noiseless entrance of their Imperial majesties. The
opera

opera neither waited their time, nor the actors their command. I observed between the acts, that those who chose to wear their hats, did not refuse themselves that pleasure out of respect to these Imperial visitors, who on their part seemed not to expect it. This is the general feature of all ranks in Vienna, that whatever distinctions exist in rank, fortune, or office—all blend in public upon a line of equality.

In justice to Vienna I must declare, that in no town throughout Europe have I seen more real freedom, or—as far as appears—more complete independence. There are gates in Vienna which are open the whole night, and uninterrupted ingress and egress are allowed to the most contemptible plebeian. Loudly as *egalité* may be preached in some countries, whose political theories may be more pure, a greater virtual equality in the conduct of life cannot easily subsist; notwithstanding the mass of feudality that clogs the machine of government, more personal safety remains to the subject than
France,

France, under her new constitution, can boast; and the form of government being regarded as immutable, no jealousies are excited on the part of the people, by new tyrannies on the part of their governors.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Vienna, October 26, 1792.

I KNOW no amusement superior to that which a man derives, from unobserved speculation on the conduct of others. The world has often been compared to a theatre; yet it is only so to those, whose observation is awake to the scenes that pass, and who regard all around them as actors in the drama. Every situation does not leave the mind sufficiently independent to pursue this enjoyment. Where the varieties of character are to be read, the man of fashion must seldom be found; and the haunts most fertile in lessons of nature, are
not

not acceſſible to all. I know not whether you bluſh for your correſpondent, who, liberated from thoſe ſhackles which high rank and fortune impoſe, enjoys all that independance, which chooſes its pleaſures without control, and purſues its choice without reſerve.

I have already introduced you to ſome ſcenes in humble life which had attracted my notice, and from which I derived no ſmall amuſement. Others I have viſited from the ſame curious motives, and theſe have recompenſed me with equal pleaſure. Diligent to avoid notice, I change repeatedly my houſe of reſort, and ſeldom mix twice in the ſame ſociety. I fall willingly into converſation with any one who offers, and exhibit no reſerve at the firſt interview; but if he good humouredly pities my ſolitude, and offers his ſervices to introduce me to company, our acquaintance is at an end. Hence my dining-houſes are infinitely varied, and I have at leaſt the diverſion of change, though change is not always improvement.

provement. In all these houses the custom is, to give every man his portion separate ; infomuch that though numbers dine at the same table, they seldom dine in common. In almost all the dining-houses here, a bill of fare, containing a vast collection of dishes, is written out, and the prices affixed to each article. As the people of Vienna eat of variety, the calculation at the conclusion of the repast would appear somewhat embarrassing ; this, however, is done by mechanical habit with great speed. The custom is for the party who has dined, to name the dishes, his quantity of bread and wine. The keller, who attends on this occasion, follows every article you name, with the sum which this adds to the calculation ; and the whole is performed, to whatever amount, without ink or paper. It is curious to hear this ceremony, which is muttered with great gravity, yet performed with accuracy and dispatch. It is inconceivable how numerous these houses are in Vienna, to which we have in England no-

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thing that corresponds exactly. There is something remarkably pleasant in this mode of living. An evening seldom passes in these houses without music, and the German dances have an air of vivacity and cheerfulness superior to all others.

I have been often regaled by a strolling band at one of these houses; where, deeming myself totally unknown, I was accustomed to pass an evening hour. I usually entered this, wrapped in my cloak, and took my seat in a corner of the room, where I might register what passed without attracting notice. A principal part of my amusement arose from the warm debates of some worthy citizens, who, having dispatched the business of the day, were relaxing their minds with a little politics. I was diverted to hear these great personages regulating the affairs of empires—leading the combined armies into the heart of France, by a shorter cut than the Duke of Brunswick had taken—making the rebels own their lawful king, and receive their expatriated princes.

I had

I had remarked every night that I frequented this house, a little man of uncouth figure, and unpropitious physiognomy; and had observed him constantly twirling a large key over his finger, whenever he entered into conversation, and striking this forcibly against the table, when he wished to establish his argument or silence his adversary. I was astonished to find so much wit and pleasantry in his discourse. He rallied with much vivacity all nations, and all governments—but his own. He thought that France and Switzerland, which boasted of the purest constitutions, had less liberty than the Austrians, whose constitution of government he owned was the worst. “In Switzerland,” said he, “a man cannot speak his sentiments without hazard of imprisonment, nor in France without the danger of decapitation; while in Vienna a man may indulge himself in all freedom of remark, and runs no risk, till he lends his aid to plots, cabals, and conspiracies.”

There are, however, discontents at Vienna; and, were there all that freedom of speech on which the orator insisted, the coffee-houses would resound with the complaints and remonstrances of the people. On the various topics he ran over, he expressed himself with great vehemence, took much snuff, and smote frequently with his key. Some intelligence which I picked up from the house has acquainted me, that he has lately married a very pretty woman; and that every evening when he leaves her, he locks the door, and pockets the key. I will make no apology for these colorings after nature—however remote from the splendid scenes of life: my fortune has at present thrown me into those walks of society, where higher incidents cannot occur.

L E T T E R C L X X V I I .

Vienna, Oct. 29, 1792.

VIENNA is a city singularly built, in the centre of its fauxbourgs, and derives its name from the Wien which laves its walls, and falls into the Danube. That arm of this last river, which passes under the walls of Vienna, though small, gives to this town great commercial advantages by its navigation. The town itself, strictly taken, possesses not more than three miles circumference, though the fauxbourgs are estimated at four German, or upwards of twenty English miles. The promenades upon the ramparts are very delicious, and command very extensive and interesting prospects. The climate appears to be very variable, and the weather admits of sudden and violent changes. The heat is said to be

extreme in summer, and the cold is now severe. All the inhabitants are wrapped in the thickest clothing; the ladies wear dresses lined with warm furs, and the gentlemen envelope themselves in bear-skins. All the shops are now filled with these winter robes; and the fair, which is now commenced, has little else to exhibit, but caps, cloaks, boots, &c. made of the skins of beasts. Poëles here—which they call *ofens*—supply the place of fires, yet are in my opinion a very bad substitute. The heat of these *ofens* is certainly more general, yet is neither so pleasant nor so sensible as that which arises from a chimney fire. In addition to this, I know no object more cheering than the latter. It is the point of concentration in society, and the source of amusement in solitude. There is something so sombrous in these machines, which are of great magnitude, and occupy a large angle of the room, in the diversified forms of urns, pyramids, columns, &c.—that I pity the people who are yet ignorant of that luxury,

luxury, which illumines and animates the darkness of winter with its bright and vivifying rays. Goldsmith anticipates the return of the fire-side amusements with poetic sensibility.

I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—

Amongst the swains to show my book learn'd skill;

Around my *fire* an evening group to draw;

And talk of all I felt, and all I saw.

The streets of Vienna are in general tolerably clean. Such is the nature of the soil, that half an hour's rain renders them impassible; but then half an hour's wind remedies the evil, and restores them to the usual dryness. The winds here are very sharp, and very quickly work the soil into dust, which they then scatter in whirlwinds; and being strongly impregnated with chalky particles, it is said to be very pernicious to the health. The fauxbourgs are extremely pleasant; and the space which separates them from the fortifications of the city is in some places adorned with very handsome houses, and the communication of that de-

nominated the Joseph-Stadt with the town, formed by very pleasant promenades. The houses are built extremely well, and carried, in many instances, to a vast height—though the generality do not exceed five stories. The staircase is usually of stone, and the apartments on each floor sufficiently numerous to lodge different families. Every house is numbered, and the name of every street affixed at the corner in large legible characters. The town is well lighted; the range of the fauxbourgs when illuminated—which is only in the absence of the moon—forms a very striking spectacle, and is by the inhabitants considered as superior to the illumination of London itself.

They reckon here seven hundred hackney coaches, in general handsome, and drawn by very excellent horses. It is, however, a fault in the police, that the fares are not regulated by any fixed or general standard. The character of the people is that of a tranquil class of men, more attached to sensuality than riot; in the treatment

ment of strangers, liberal and hospitable. The charge of gluttony, with which they are so commonly stigmatized, is not totally without foundation ; yet I will venture to say, that Vienna does not contain gluttons so eminent, as numbers who sit down to our parochial feasts or corporation dinners. Good cheer is, indeed, pursued here in every quarter, and mirth is worshipped in every form ; yet the streets are profoundly quiet at all hours of the night ; no intemperate revels disturb the public harmony, and the town is traversed with the most perfect security. Robberies are very rare in this city, and fires are yet more uncommon. I was witness to one, which was announced by a signal from the steeple of the cathedral, and the farther ravages of this accident speedily prevented.

Vienna seems protected by the natural honesty of the inhabitants, for neither centinels nor watchmen are to be found. The police of Berne is said to be one of the most effective and successful in Europe ; but for

my part, I never passed a cheerful hour in the place: nor could I view without horror the severities arising from the unrelenting vigilance of that stern and jealous government, which prohibits every species of amusement, and which establishes public order by individual oppression. If personal safety and civil quiet are to be paid for at the expence of such sacrifices, I for one would never become a purchaser. I confess to you, I would fly a town—where the utmost returns which I obtain for the surrender of my liberty and my amusements—are the boast of a free government, and the privilege of moping in melancholy security. I would rather plunge into the perilous walks of Paris or London, where I might be diverted—though at the hazard of my person and my purse.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Vienna, October 31, 1792.

My pen must still run upon trifles of the day—Rouffseau shall be my apologist—“c’est dans les bagatelles,” says this student of mankind, “que le naturel se decouvre.” I was amused a day or two past at a dinner, to which chance had brought a cluster of men, whose diversity of figure, nation, and language formed a curious scene. Soon after I had seated myself, an Italian entered the room, who placed himself next me; shortly after entered two portly Turks, who took also their seats at the table; lastly crept in a stupid looking German: and thus our company being formed, dinner proceeded. I exchanged a few words with the Italian, who wished to recommend to me the purchase of a silver snuff-box. Very little other conversation passed, and that
 little

little seemed reciprocally unintelligible ; but the figularity of the combination was, to me at least, a subject of sufficient diversion.

Soon after my arrival at Vienna, myself and the Hessian commenced a very laborious search after Madame V——, our female friend from Zurich, which ended successfully. We found her lodged and boarded in a very mean apartment, at the very summit of the house. Her landlord was a *frauen-schneider* *, who certainly had the talent of converting his apartment, a portion of which was occupied by himself and his wife, to very lucrative uses. Madame V—— admitted the awkwardness of her situation, but deemed the embarrassments which she encounters in this miserable lodging counterbalanced by its nearness to the academy, whose models she copies, and by the clearness of the light which the *attic window* conveys. Here I often pass an hour or two in the close of the evening, enjoy a very pleasing conversation, and make a very fru-

* Woman's taylor,

gal repast. The Swiss painter, who usually attends, is dispatched to purchase for me a bottle of Vienna beer, and Madame V—— provides a brown loaf, upon which we feast with primitive luxury. As I have been repeatedly solicited, I once sat down to a participation of the general supper, which consisted only of a large bowl of potatoes and onions chopped up together. I need scarcely inform you, that contentment made one of the party.

My friend the Hessian, of whom I have so often spoken, (and from whom I have now, perhaps, for ever, separated,) was a man, whose character I cannot contemplate, without feeling for him a sentiment, in which pity has some, but respect the greater share. He appeared in no moment of life to have given himself the trouble of thinking. The “*vivre sans souci*” was, in his estimation, superior to all the splendor of science. I admired the goodness of his heart, and was amused by the pleasantness of his society; but my purposes

poses of travel were in no degree promoted by his acquaintance. He cared nothing for the productions of learning, or the monuments of art. He had passed some years in Vienna, yet studied alone those quarters of the town which vended the best wine and lodged the prettiest girls. He wanted indeed neither natural relish, nor original capacity, for literary attainments; but the means of cultivating that taste, and augmenting that capacity, lay not in the route of a military life, of hard service, and hasty pleasure. Condemned to pass his days in a country, remote from the land which gave him birth—torn from all that he held dear—I saw him chilled by the prospect, whenever circumstances brought it into view. Notwithstanding his long absence, Darmstadt still held the first place in his affections. “I have left,” said he to me, “my friends; they are but few, but you cannot conceive how I adore them. Those friends,” would he say, while the tear stole down his cheek, “whose virtues I have proved—of

“whose constancy I am convinced, and
 “whose image is ever before me.” Many
 are the instances of violent love, but such
 examples of passionate friendship do not
 often occur. If the feelings of the latter
 are less rapturous, they are better calculated
 for duration: love is, in the maxim of the
 French, *pour long-tems*—but friendship *pour*
toujours.

LETTER CLXXIX.

Vienna, Nov. 2, 1792.

THERE are many edifices at Vienna
 which merit attention, less from the
 beauty of their architecture than the trea-
 sures they contain. Without descending to
 particulars, the *tout ensemble* of the metro-
 polis conveys to the mind ideas of magni-
 ficence. The entrance at the Bourg gate
 announces a city of no mean importance.
 The numerous buildings which form the
 Court, and the extensive square which these
 inclose,

inclose, the well-drest guards, and the superb equipages, form a *coup d'œil* of considerable grandeur. I shall not undertake to give you an enumeration of those public edifices which adorn this great capital, nor of the treasures they possess. Abler pens have already traced the beauties and the defects of the first, and correct catalogues of the second are in the hands of every one. The treasures of the crown are estimated at an immense value. The cabinet of antiques has been laid open to the world by the Abbé Eckhel, who has given plates and explications of the most rare and remarkable. The arsenals here are in very high repute: I saw not their interior, for reasons whose force I was unable to oppose. The great mortars and cannon, taken from the Turks at different periods, are preserved in the grand arsenal: these are said to be enormous. The ingenious distribution of the small arms is also very highly celebrated; this is said to be done in all the varieties of elegant arrangement. I have heard it affirmed, that three hundred

hundred thousand stand of arms might be taken from this vast armoury, without deranging apparently the order of the distribution.

Vienna abounds in liberal institutions for the encouragement of the arts. Independent of the university—which is a very noble foundation, and comprehends in its plan every species of literature—there are public schools upon a large scale, and academies whose reputation is not confined to the circle of their own territory. The academy of the fine arts is furnished with copies of the best Roman and Florentine statues, as models for the artists, who study within its walls. Its members are numerous, and include some very respectable names. There is in this city a public pawn-office, under the title of *Lombard*, upon a similar plan with the “*Banco di pieta*” at Rome. I have also observed two institutions here, whose objects are of the wisest policy. The first is a seminary for the formation of *school-mistresses*, who are instructed in all

points necessary to qualify them for that office. The second is an institution closely connected with political wisdom—an asylum for unplaced servants, who are here employed, to prevent the evils of idleness, the temptations of beggary. There are other equally politic and humane establishments, to receive the wretched and recover the sick—to remove objects of horror from the public eye, and to provide occupation for those superfluous members, who seem born only to clog the wheels of society.

I have visited several of the principal churches in Vienna. The cathedral, consecrated to St. Stephen, is a very magnificent Gothic edifice ; the interior is spacious, and bears strongly the marks of antiquity. The memory of the great Eugene was revived, by the monument in the cathedral which incloses his ashes. The church of St. Peter is very handsome, but sombre : it is of an oval figure, and covered with marble. The tomb of Wolfgangius, that real and laborious scholar, is simple, and denoted only
by

by a plain inscription. The “ Hof-kirche,” or Court Church, is an elegant edifice, and has its façade upon the *Place* denominated from the court. There is a monument, in the church of the Augustines, of a very odious nature. The skeleton of St. Clement is here clothed in gold, and extended upon its back; the skull bears an handsome tiara: the whole is deposited upon velvet, and inclosed in a glass case. This grim figure, in its splendid robes, presents to my eyes a very disgusting spectacle.

In a chapel called, “ La Chapelle des “ Morts,” is the tomb of the famous Marechal Laudohn. The medallion of that hero is elevated upon a pyramid, formed of trumpets, cannons, and all the different implements of war. Various parts of this monument are covered with representations of battles, in which of course the enemy is described as flying before the Imperial eagles. Consonant as this may be to the truth of history, it seems not to find its place here. The laurels of peace alone

should adorn the marble, which records the memory of the dead—if it be the object of these public honors, to excite the tear of sensibility, or to draw forth the benediction of the pious.

L E T T E R CLXXX.

Vienna, November 5, 1792.

I ATTENDED divine service yesterday, at the church of the Reformed, and was very much gratified by the chaste solemnity of the scene. The congregation was numerous, and there was this peculiarity in their service, that they chaunted the whole of the psalms without any accompaniment from an organ. Madam V——, who is a protestant, was my conductress. In returning from this church, by the way of the cathedral, I observed upon an old monument an epitaph, whose quaintness may divert you—The author is, in his medallion, said to have been “Præfectus Urbis.”

Excolui

Excolui primum musas et Apollinis artes,
Nempe fui medicus tuncque poeta simul.
Postea me rebus natum majoribus auxit
Cæsar, et ornavit præsidis officio.

Illa igitur nostro sunt verba inscripta sepulchro
Unica, vixi olim, Cuspinianus eram.
Historiæ immensæ monumenta eterna reliqui,
Vivus in his semper Cuspinianus erit.

I shall give you a translation, of about
equal merit.

The muse's first I try'd and Galen's art,
And jointly played the bard's and doctor's part.
But fated to sustain a nobler care,
Great Cæsar placed me in the præfect's chair.
Enough, the marble speaks that shall proclaim
In simple lines Cuspinianus' name.
The rest his tomes record, and till they rot,
Cuspinianus ne'er shall be forgot.

My calculations of this morning have led
me to decide upon a speedy departure from
this place. Upon comparing the weight of
my ducats, with the extent of my plans, I
felt the necessity of withdrawing myself from
this capital; and, as my advances in the
language have put me, in some measure,
upon a level with the natives, I shall enter

with more confidence upon the progress of my tour through this interesting country. There is a term in use at Vienna, from which, without an extraordinary share of contrivance, I am likely to experience some inconvenience. This term is "Andencken" or, as they vulgarly use it, "Angetencken"—and indicates a *souvenir*, or token of remembrance. All with whom I have any sort of acquaintance, upon the apprehension of my quitting Vienna, have put in their claim for an "Angedencken." The variety of claimants upon this principle, have compelled me to conclude upon a secret emigration; and as the services of my landlady were necessary for the accomplishment of this enterprize, I have presented her with a little German volume, and announced my intention of eluding the rest.

Prague will be my first stage, after leaving Vienna; and Berlin, by the way of Dresden and Leipzig, will be, as I conjecture, the utmost limit which my travelling finances, assisted by the most intrepid œconomy,

mony, will admit. The communication between Berlin and Hamburg will enable me to find a place in some vessel bound for England; and then, committing myself to the mercy of the waves, and the care of Providence, I shall hope to revisit that happy island, to which, every comparison I have yet made, has increased my attachment and regard.

Whether I may experience any, or what interruption from the progress of the French arms, I am little anxious to know; but their extraordinary successes along the Rhine, have filled the coffee-houses with clamor and predictions. To-morrow is the day on which the weekly waggon sets out for Prague, so that I am at this moment preparing the necessary steps for an early and unobserved departure.

LETTER CLXXXI.

Leipſig, Nov. 13, 1792,

I HAVE moved with ſome degree of rapidity towards this place—the very advanced ſtate of the ſeaſon, and the apprehenſions of obſtruction from ſnows, induced me to preſs my march. In my laſt I apprized you of my intention to quit Vienna. On entering the office to take my place for the Prague *Wagen*, the office-keeper regarded me ſternly; and, without paying any attention to my requeſt of registering my name, made ſome remark, whoſe ſenſe I did not comprehend. He quickly explained, directing his finger to my head, and declaring, that he could not poſſibly treat with me till I had taken off my hat. To authenticate his claim, he ſhewed me the ſovereign's arms over the door, and ſaid,

that

that he acted under Imperial authority. I neither made opposition, nor testified reluctance ; but simply assuring him, that in England these things were indifferent, finished my treaty hat in hand.

Exclusive of the conductor, we were only three in number. One a Prussian, native of Berlin, who had been resident in England ; the other an Austrian, whose accent discovered him not to be an inhabitant of the capital. The weather was clear, yet tremendously cold ; and our journey, which was of three days and nights unintermitted, did not want its fatigues. Bohemia is not a wine country. Upon passing the frontiers of Austria, beer is the common beverage ; and, if I may judge from the rigor of the natives, the qualities of this beer are not below its general reputation. The country abounds in game : our track bore us through some parts, in which the hares on either side of the road were innumerable. At a town where we supped, within some few posts of Prague, the landlord indulged us
with

with the choice of hares, pheasants, or partridges. The shortness of our time decided us for the latter, and he dressed us quickly two brace of the greatest beauty and flavor. They did not cost us more than fourteen pence a brace in English money. The whole face of Bohemia is mountainous; these mountains are said to possess great treasures. Their mines are various, and invaluable; gems and metals are there found in great numbers, and of superior character.

I was more pleased with the Bohemian than the Austrian girls. The former are, indeed, less fair, yet what they want in complexion, is amply supplied by form, and fascinating simplicity. Their features are not regular, nor are their countenances correct; yet nature has given them charms, which must be felt, though they cannot always be defined. Their dress is wild, and not ungraceful; and their general appearance is, in a high degree, prepossessing.

I have

I have heard it reported, that the Bohemians export largely the feathers of their birds, and that feather beds are therefore very scarce in this country. Of this I had little opportunity of judging, as, between Monday and Friday evening, I was not allowed to press the couch, or seek in any horizontal posture the blessings of repose. Though our carriage was by far the best German vehicle I ever saw, yet the ponderous structure, and the roughness of the road, occasioned perpetual concussions, which effectually prevented the enjoyment of continued slumbers. Other interruptions also occurred of a no less provoking description. At the end of every station the postilion blows his horn, and striking the window, demands of each passenger his fee. The irritation excited by so unseasonable a demand, the bustle necessary to discover the purse, and count the sols, banished completely all propensity to sleep. Ere such propensities can be re-acquired, another clamorous postilion is preparing to blow his

his horn, and dazzle your half-closed eyes with the flames of his lanthorn.

LETTER CLXXXII.

THE spirit of a traveller should be fortified with much philosophy, and that philosophy should be of a cast to counteract the influence of minute provocations. That small portion which I possess is usually exhausted, before I have been dragged through all the ceremonies of entering a new town. Upon arriving before the gates of Prague, guards as usual arrest our progress, demand our names, characters, occupations, hotel, &c. which are severally registered; a grenadier then enters the waggon, and accompanies us to the custom-house. Here we are transferred from military scrutiny to civil inquisition: we are conducted into a warehouse, confined to a few square feet over whose boundaries we step at our peril; and, fatigued with a painful journey of
eighty

eighty hours, we must continue upon our legs, till the different articles of our luggage are minutely explored, and the exciseman is at leisure to catechise us. An Englishman, who has so few inconveniences to encounter in his own country, is not quickly disciplined to inquisitorial insolence. Fortunately, however, for the improvement of his temper, lessons succeed each other so rapidly, that if his natural irritability be not invincible, a course of travelling must effect his cure.

Prague is a town of great antiquity, and the general aspect of it bears the traces of remote times. The bridge which connects the two divisions, makes a noble figure. It is, indeed, crowded with cumbersome groupes of sculpture, which, though totally at variance with taste and proportion, give an air of magnificence to the whole. The situation of the town is delicious, and must afford in the gay season of the year many picturesque scenes. Some parts of the *New Town* are constructed upon the de-

clivities of those hills which flank the city, and command a prospect of vast extent. The cold was excessive, yet considered by the inhabitants as temperate. I expressed my sensations at the rigors of the winter—They deem themselves as yet but in the vestibule; and wave their complaints, till half the town shall be buried in snow. The Molda, which is the river that washes this capital, is either not very considerable, or was at the time I saw it much below its ordinary level.

Historians and travellers have minutely traced all the beauties of this celebrated city; and its military and religious vicissitudes are too notorious to need recapitulation. I could not help casting an eye of reflection, as I sauntered among its battlements, upon the destructive sieges this place has experienced, and the blood that has been shed before its walls. Yet the events of war are eclipsed by the brilliant examples of science and religion, which adorn the early history of this capital. Foremost
in

in the ranks of religious enquiry, Prague exhibited to the world an early school of reformed theology ; and added to the rolls of martyrdom, two of the first victims of papal intolerance and religious persecution. How melancholy to reflect, that the war should have found an ally in religion ! that the disorders of mankind should have been aggravated, by what was designed as their cure : and that the bonds of civil society should have been dissolved by those very means, which were devised to cement their union, and perpetuate their existence ! If ever a momentary pang could enter celestial bosoms, it would surely be, when the sacred name of religion is prostituted to the purposes of cruelty, and the sword of persecution is employed to subvert the inviolable rights of conscience.

L E T T E R CLXXXIII.

I PASSED but two days at Prague, and yet am pretending to judge of the people. You may allow what degree of credit

dit you think proper to my testimony, I shall not be deterred from delivering my sentiments by your deficiency of faith. I had conceived, I know not why, something barbarous and unfavourable in the Bohemians. This prejudice was quickly done away by conversation with the natives in my way to Prague. In the capital I was introduced to a family of some consideration, from whose hospitality and manners I inferred very advantageously of this people. Had it been within the nature of my plan to allow more time to this place, I had every prospect of an agreeable residence through the good offices of this family.

The Prussian, whom I have before mentioned as my fellow-traveller in the post-waggon, agreed to join me in the route I proposed to take, as it coincides nearly with his own. By his mediation I drank Tokai with the citizens of Prague, and talked politics with their wives—French politics I mean, which have set the whole world at variance,

variance, and which here infuse themselves into all the channels of conversation. Six regiments are shortly to march from Prague to join the combined forces. These are men of noble stature and fine military figure; the greater part of whom will probably never see their native soil again. "And for whom this sacrifice?" said the lady who reported it, and who had a near relation of the number, "for a set of fugitives who have ruined their country, and whose crimes have provoked the vengeance which pursues them." War is doubtless a calamity under all its circumstances, and patriotism is the sole ground which can reconcile its horrors to a feeling mind.

The Bohemian language has a barbarous sound, and differs very widely from the German; it is the Slavonic dialect. The German is however very much spoken here, and the name of every street is announced at its entrance in both languages. The inn called the Bath is remarkably good. The beef here was without exception the finest

I ever met with ; and, if I might judge of the country at large, from the specimens which this town afforded, provisions are excellent and abundant. Myself and the Prussian having come to an agreement to travel together, we determined upon employing what is here called the extra post, in which case we should be more at our own direction, and move on with less tediousness and fatigue. By a sort of contract entered into between us, our travelling finances were united ; and the respectability of my companion's connections at Prague induce me to believe that this accidental engagement will not want its advantages.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

IT was little more than two o'clock on the Sunday morning when we were roused by the horn of the postilion whom we had engaged the over-night. Our baggage was soon

soon fastened on, and ourselves seated. The morning was extremely dark, but the postilion flogged through the streets as though the town had been fully illuminated. When arrived at the gates, a grenadier centinel stopped us, and demanded our *bill of the night*. This, from advice obtained the preceding day, we had procured from the Municipality, and this secured us the opening of the gates. At the end of the first station the day began to break, and I had an opportunity of observing, what I had been before curious to examine, the structure of our carriage.

A long narrow basket forms the body of this machine, and this is fastened, by wood and iron, upon four wheels. In about the middle of this basket is a seat, and the luggage is distributed before and behind. They carried us with two horses, the postilion driving from a little box. As the price of the post is fixed, there is no difficulty attending the payment. The same cannot be said of that fee which the post-boy requires,

quires, and which is called *trink-gelt*, or drink-money. This, though fixed by the same tariff that determines the price of post-horses, only decides, in the opinion of these extortioners, how little you shall *not* give them. The pay fixed for these harpies is seventeen kreutzers each post. We tried at first to acquire the reputation of some liberality by a moderate addition to this sum, but were defeated in our expectations of giving satisfaction. We therefore fixed our plan to rise no higher than twenty-four kreutzers, except on particular occasions; and we succeeded at least as well by such œconomy, as we had before done by a more liberal allowance. The whole distance between Prague and Dresden is eighteen German miles, making near one hundred English. We could not with all our diligence make more than fourteen the first day, though we were near nineteen hours on the road, and scarcely made any stoppage by the way. The country through which we passed was of no particular beauty, and the towns

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but of an ordinary cast. As we approached Saxony the country improved; and we coasted along some formidable mountains till we arrived by the close of day at the post-house from which we were to make our last station. It was near six o'clock before we could get a relay of horses. The stage proved a very perilous one, and nothing but our ignorance of its dangers could excuse the undertaking it at so late an hour.

Our postilion mounted in a very fullen humour, and expressed his passion by cracking his whip outrageously as he left the town. It soon began to grow extremely dark, and neither myself nor my comrade could discern what track we were pursuing. We found ourselves beginning to ascend, and could hear beside us the rushing of water. As we were thus mounting, the postilion blew his horn: this was returned by another, who was descending; and how we severally passed is still to me a secret. The night continued to darken, and a fog

came on, which seemed destined to aggravate our embarrassment. The postilion now dismounted, and after proceeding some time on foot, assured us that if the darkness continued he should not be able to find his way; that there were yet two mountains to pass, the second of which was very laborious, and after this mountain a very extensive wood. Thunderstruck with this intelligence, we could only recommend him to use his best endeavours to keep the track and *proceed*. Having passed the first mountain, and being arrived at the foot of the most formidable, our postilion acquainted us, that in a hut at some few yards distance he should be able to procure a lanthorn, and that it would be dangerous to proceed without it. We embraced the proposal with readiness, and he shortly returned, accompanied by a man who bore a lanthorn before us the rest of the way. We saw by the help of this light the dangers of which the postilion had given but a just representation; for a more tremendous track

track was never passed by night. The road was cut out of the rock; great masses of stone strewed the path by which we ascended; and I am persuaded that without this light we must have perished in the attempt.

After conquering this mountain, we entered upon the wood of Peterfwalda; through the dense and dark coverts of which our light discovered a track, crossed by a thousand others. As these recesses are not unfrequently the asylum of robbers, we wished ourselves well through it. A sword a-piece was all the arms our magazine afforded. We covenanted to use them in each other's defence; but unfortunately for our prowess no enemy appeared. We quitted the wood by ten o'clock in peaceful triumph, and sheathed our useless arms in the post-town of Peterfwalda.

L E T T E R CLXXXV.

OUR situation, on arriving at the post-house, was not very enviable. All the weary world was retired to sleep in this hamlet, and no light was to be seen. The sound of the horn brought out a post-boy, who took charge of the horses, whilst we endeavoured to rouse some of the people of the house. When we entered, we found neither light nor fire. After passing so many hours in an open carriage, we were however strongly disposed to solicit some refreshment. At length an old woman came to our assistance, holding a lath lighted at one end, which, according to the usual mode of illuminating these miserable mansions, she stuck into the wall obliquely. After considerable waiting, we were at length served with the remains of a hare, which, whether from its real excellence or
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from our necessities, appeared to have an exquisite flavor.

Having disposed of the small portion of hare which our hostess had procured us, we slept till five o'clock of the following morning, when we re-commenced our journey, in the first station of which we crossed the boundaries of Saxony and Bohemia. One disadvantage of our change of country was the addition of half a florin per station to the posting; a proportionate increase was made in the postilion's demand. The road pursued a track along the left bank of the Elbe, and the approach to Dresden was not unworthy the elegance of this city. Our names and professions were, as usual, demanded upon entering the town; and, as we had crossed the frontiers of Bohemia, a visit from the custom-house was the first salute with which we were welcomed at our arrival in Saxony.

DRESDEN is a beautiful town, composed of houses extremely well built, and possessing

selling in general an air of magnificence. The cathedral is a majestic edifice, and the bridge of stone thrown over the Elbe contributes greatly to the ornament and convenience of the town. The public buildings are noble, and the Gallery yields to no repository of the fine arts in Europe. Travellers have detailed the various treasures that compose this vast museum; and, as the world is in possession of descriptions the most accurate of its curiosities, it would be superfluous in me to add to the eulogiums it has already received. I could throw no new light on its antiques, nor detect any new beauties in its more recent monuments—for I did not see it: Circumstances, which I need not particularize, interposing between me and my wishes, I left Dresden without this gratification. The landlord where we lodged was one of those inconvenient men who, speaking some English, and affecting much civility, gave us a very considerable share of his company.

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He had served in America, which he regarded, in connection with his broken English, as a sufficient claim to notice.

There is a very neat theatre at Dresden, but the performers were very much below mediocrity. The Elector and his consort attended the evening I was there, and I could not help remarking the *etiquette* that was observed by all present. These personages occupied the stage-box, and drank coffee, as it appeared, for the amusement of the spectators, who watched and obeyed their motions with great precision. At the close of each act all the company rose, and continued standing with the most perfect decorum till the next commenced. This was a ceremony I had never yet seen practised; and I could not help contrasting the deference here paid to the Elector and his consort, with the slight notice taken of the Emperor and Empress in the theatre at Vienna. The women of Dresden are very fair. I saw more pleasing countenances during the time I passed in that city than in

any town where I have lately resided. There is a degree of elegance in their form and their physiognomies which is not often equalled. In returning from the theatre I was astonished to meet in the public streets such numbers of the Cytherean train. However the strict obligations of virtue may be disregarded by these charming females, the laws of decorum appeared to suffer no relaxation. Our landlord to-day held forth, at the wane of the evening, very warmly on continental politics. He talked of troops which were to march from Dresden against the French, whose successes had occasioned no small alarm in this part of the country. He stated very fully the anxiety which was excited by the late proposal to raise the Elector to the throne of Poland. As he had all these topics in a certain chain, he suffered no reply to interrupt him till he had finished. A little Hungarian wine brought out the secret of his heart, when discoursing on French politics; and he closed his harangue by protesting, that though a

faithful servant of his own government, he should be unwilling to bear arms against the gallant defenders of a better constitution.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

I WAS distressed at the necessity which bounded my stay at Dresden to one day; but the compass pointed to Leipzig, and by four o'clock of the following morning we prepared to quit this charming town. Our first stage was run over with great rapidity, as road and horses were excellent. In general the road continued good to Leipzig, and we found no part indifferent but the concluding stage. The greater part of the road ran along the shelving declivities which inclose the valley. The Elbe flows for a considerable part of the way parallel with it; and in the gay season no beauty can be wanting

wanting to render these landscapes picturesque and pleasing.

I found Leipſig a very plain town, but compact. To judge from ſhort and general obſervation, it is chiefly compoſed of ſtudents, mechanics, and bookſellers. Of the firſt there are eſtimated from fourteen to ſixteen hundred. The town has little to claim on the ſcore of vivacity, as the ſtreets want not only the elegance of faſhion, but the activity of trade. The population is ſaid to exceed thirty thouſand. Here, as at Vienna, the houſes are built upon ſo large a ſcale, that they contain, in many inſtances, from twenty to thirty families. The Uni- verſity is formed of a ſet of very ancient buildings, occupying a very contracted ſpace, and by no means ornamental to the town. The church of the Nicolaiques is a very elegant edifice, and the only one of the kind that merits attention. It is not yet completely finiſhed in its interior. Its decorations are perfectly expreſſive of that dignified ſimplicity which ſhould characterize

terize a christian temple. There is a promenade without the walls which encircles the whole town. Parts of this promenade are disposed with no small taste, and the whole is agreeably arranged for the purposes to which it pretends.

Upon the whole, Leipzig has little to exhibit to a traveller who makes a transient visit, and who seeks to be gratified with pompous curiosities. The great ornaments of Leipzig are to be found in the characters which issue from its University, and the productions of its press. The manners of the inhabitants cannot be fairly judged of by a rapid survey. They have the reputation of being such as a traveller would wish to find the manners of those with whom he is to pass a great portion of his time. I have conversed with some persons of credit in the place, and, from all that I can collect, in no town is society more compact, or upon a more easy footing. The inhabitants appear to want none of the *agremens* of social life. Intercourse the
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most familiar, and hospitality the most liberal, are said to prevail amongst them. In addition to these, all the advantages which books and the converse of literary men can contribute, abound. If these circumstances be fairly considered, few towns can afford a better asylum to the man whose taste can be amused by rational society, and whose desires can be gratified by moderate pleasures.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

Berlin, Nov. 16, 1792.

THE Table d'Hôte at Leipzig was very well attended, and exhibited a variety of company. I was astonished at the free discussion of political topics which I there heard; subjects which involved the most dangerous questions, were treated with a boldness, which convinced me, that the evils complained of by some as existing in this government were little injurious to the general liberty. The privilege of being discontented

contented is found in all states; but the privilege of discussing those discontents without control, can only exist under a government of some virtue. It always supposes a degree of consequence in the people, which a perfect tyranny never allows.

Leipzig, to be known, claims a longer residence than the limits of my plan would allow me to make. I therefore took a hasty survey of its several parts; and resolved upon quitting it on the close of the second day. We entered our carriage in the afternoon, and passed over a very sandy road, four German miles.

When arrived at the post-town, we consulted the postilion upon the propriety of continuing our route, who assured us, that the next four miles were entirely through woods, and that the road was uniformly bad. As we had already made experiment in this way through the wood of Peterwald, we were prepared to estimate the inconvenience of entering upon a wood by

night. We yielded, therefore, to the reasoning of the postilion, and passed the night at Tuben. The next morning, between five and six o'clock, we renewed our journey, and entered the wood before day-break. We were convinced of our prudence in declining to pursue our journey by night, as the roads were extremely bad, and full of dangerous inequalities. As the postmaster had no *wagen*, he gave us a calash, which is a small four-wheel chaise upon a perch. We had scarcely made a third of our station, when this perch suddenly snapped in two, and brought us to the ground. Our shouts arrested the postilion, and we fortunately were delivered from this wretched machine, without receiving any damage. Our situation was still very embarrassing. We were now in the middle of a wood, at the distance of more than a league from any inhabited spot, with a carriage so entirely shattered, that it appeared impossible to repair it sufficiently for the journey. We debated with the postilion for some time,

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upon the best means of remedying this disaster.

It was difficult at the outset, to restore the enraged driver to any tolerable temper. He cursed the broken calash by his gods, he gave it to the furies, and destruction. When he grew weary, he recommended us to watch the horses and the property, while he went in quest of some assistance. The cold was excessive, and we were left to experience all its rigour, till, in the course of an hour, we eyed him afar off, returning with the stem of a fir-tree, which the accidental rencounter of a woodman had enabled him to fell. All hands were now employed to raise the machine, and insert the stem of the fir-tree. This being at length effected by chaining and tying it to the remains of the fractured perch, we remounted our calash, and were dragged gently along in this manner to the next post-town. Though the morning had opened fine, yet shortly the clouds collected, and a storm of very cold and violent rain blew upon us. We were

nearly torpid when we entered the post-town. Fortunately a mess of officers were just set down to dinner, and we were admitted to a portion of what the table produced.

From this place we proceeded in our old species of carriage, and were assailed by wind and rain, against which our uncovered vehicle afforded no shelter. This station, which was also of four miles, brought us upon the Prussian territory. A Prussian centinel accompanied us, upon entering, to the post-house, where in his presence the officers of the customs made due investigation of our luggage. My great object had been to reach Potzdam this day; but the accident of the morning had rendered this impracticable without considerable danger. We entered, however, upon, and accomplished another station. At the boundary of this, the rain fell with great violence, and we were within an hour of midnight. It was resolved, therefore, to rest at the post-house the remaining hours
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of the night. Rising with the first light of the morning, we entered upon the road to Potzdam. The sands over which we had to pass afforded so great obstruction, that it was not till eight o'clock that we arrived before the gates of this city.

L E T T E R CLXXXVIII.

THE expence of travelling post increased in a kind of arithmetic progression through the several countries of Austria, Saxony, and Prussia. I have before mentioned the addition of price which took place, upon passing from the Emperor's dominions to those of the Elector of Saxony. Another increase has now been made, and the reckoning at the end of each station, consisting of the different charges for the horses, and wages of the wagen-master, the schmeer-gelt, or grease for the wheels, and

trink-gelt, or postilion's bounty money, is not a little complicate. Potzdam is a very handsome town, and bears the marks of a monarchical residence. This it no longer is; the present king's attachment to Charlottenburg has totally supplanted the importance of that city, which was the production and the idol of Frederic the Second. The streets of this city are in general very wide, and the public buildings and squares have an air of magnificence. But my curiosity flew from palaces and edifices of public splendor, to the dignified retreat of this king and philosopher.

At about a mile and a half from the city, stands the mansion of Sans-Souci, built by this first of kings and of heroes. In the grounds contiguous to the building, are disposed some statues of no superior sculpture. The busts of the twelve Cæsars are arranged at the two wings, and in one angle of this terrace, the remains of some favorite dogs are honored by flat sepulchral stones, which preserve their names. There is a very splendid

splendid alcove, upon entering the grounds, which favours more of the king than the philosopher. Upon entering the house, we were ushered into a very handsome hall, and passed from thence into a dining parlor. I shall not particularize the several apartments which compose this elegant, though contracted, residence. The chambers in the left wing, were those principally occupied by the late king; those which compose the right, were for the most part devoted to his guests. His own particular chamber is very neat, decorated with very simple ornaments, and hung with some pictures by the best masters. Two music-stands are here preserved, of which he made great use, as he had a very passionate attachment to music, and was esteemed to blow the flute in a very masterly style. His study is small, but remarkably pleasant: the windows open upon the grounds in different aspects, and command very delicious and varied prospects. These were the apartments that chiefly fixed my attention. Independent of

the principal building, there is a smaller, detached by a considerable interval. This contains two very superb saloons, in the most magnificent of which the monarch used to dine with his officers upon review days. The whole of Sans-Souci forms undoubtedly a very handsome residence, yet derives its principal value, from the recollection of the monarch who built and inhabited it ;—a monarch who united in an eminent degree the highest qualities of the philosopher and the hero, and who entwined with the laurels of war the flowers of Parnassus. I could not help regarding with silent admiration the abode, within whose walls were planned systems of legislation and schemes of policy ; where the studies of the statesman were combined with the visions of the poet ; and the councils of war with the speculations of philosophy.

I went at eleven o'clock on the parade. Here the military are exercised every day, and they performed all their evolutions

with an address, which marked the most excellent discipline—the result of the heroism, the firmness, and the military passion of Frederic the Great. After the parade, I was desirous to make for Berlin, as it was not my intention to visit any of those buildings which usually attract, and, where circumstances favor, may sufficiently merit the attention of travellers. A public carriage called the Journalière, was about to set off. We therefore paid our fare, which was extremely reasonable, and arrived here before the close of day. The road was admirable, and the last half of the stage superior to any I ever saw. I could not help *agonizing* at being told, that a considerable part of the troops I had seen exercised were ordered to march against France. The flower of them has already been drawn off; and these are to be sacrificed to the same ambitious views of an intriguing monarch. Some people at Potzdam, who acquainted me of this, remarked that it was a shocking consideration. I assured them, I thought it perfectly so. I
soon

soon found, however, that humanity formed no part of their distress—"For Potzdam," said they, "will be so dull without the soldiers—we shall have no fights at all!" Thus are men under arbitrary governments amused and cajoled into servitude; amused at the expence of their liberty, they forget in this fatal fascination the chains they are compelled to wear.

L E T T E R CLXXXIX.

Berlin, Nov. 20, 1792.

THE journalière, which I entered at Potzdam, is a sort of daily caravan: it affords a very useful accommodation to the citizens of Berlin, who hold it amongst their highest luxuries to be rolled in a carriage to Potzdam upon days of festival or leisure.

On our arrival at Berlin, I was driven to the custom-house; and after due investigation of my wardrobe and papers, it being adjudged, that the one contained no contraband,

contraband, and the other no libellous matter, I was permitted to retire in the dark to the quarters which the trusty Prussian had in the interval engaged for me.

Berlin has seasons of particular disadvantage to its convenience and beauty. So little attention has been paid to paving, and so little regard is had to cleaning the streets, that they present at this moment, in consequence of heavy falls of rain, one continued sheet of water and mire. In other respects the city is deserving of considerable praise. The streets and squares are wide and magnificent. The houses are built of white stone, upon a plan of regular and noble architecture; and few cities present, to a superficial view, a more grand and prepossessing exterior: but a greater contrast can scarcely exist, than that which appears between the city and its inhabitants, the houses and their tenants. While the first exhibit all the marks of pomp and opulence, the last betray the evident symptoms of poverty and wretchedness. Few carriages roll
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over the pavement, and the crowds which struggle on foot afford a melancholy commentary upon military government. Houses which might grace the fortune of a prince, are shared amongst a groupe of miserable labourers; and tattered stockings are flying from windows, which would do no discredit to the walls of a palace. The greater part of these were built by the late king for the ornament of the city, and given to his superannuated soldiers, in reward for their military labors: and this circumstance at once accounts for their outward magnificence, and the poverty which reigns within. Extensive as this capital is, it contains but one theatre, and that of no great estimation. The opera-house belongs to the king, and is only opened at one season of the year. The representations in this are given at his majesty's expence; and this is considered by many as a very sufficient return for the revenues which he derives, from the burdens imposed upon his subjects.

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The general dullness which prevails, and of which I have found frequent reason to complain, is attributed to the absence of the king. If his majesty's residence be so essential to the gaiety of the city, I cannot imagine that he has decided particularly well to leave it in such a crisis of public ferment. Pleasure is the old and useful ally of political tyranny ; and Frederic cannot have forgotten himself so greatly as to suppose, that the dissipation of his grandfather's treasures upon a distant enemy can excuse the omission of prescriptive largesses within his own dominions. The weekly export of Prussian coin has already ruffled some unquiet spirits, and decrees against Jacobin assemblies have excited some secret alarms : but what the real temper of the majority may be, it is by no means easy to discover, or safe to conjecture. Real opinion is too closely entrenched behind the necessary disguise of interest or fear ; and the subjects of a military despotism are not readily hurried into flights of indiscretion. It is true
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that all seems hitherto fortified by ample and vigilant force: the guards seem proud of their tinsel, and the people of their chains: it is, however, difficult to believe that the day is distant, when something further will be requisite to the satisfaction of the people, than the splendor of the monarch; and a more solid advantage expected from the revenues of government than the ostentatious gratuity of a theatrical gala.

L E T T E R CXC.

Berlin, Nov. 22, 1792.

MY landlord (to whose good offices I was recommended by my Prussian fellow-traveller) is a man of no contemptible understanding. His attachment to my countrymen is not among the least of his admirable qualities. His wife, a comely dame of little more than half his age, presides at the Table d'Hôte which is held at his house; and we number amongst our daily guests a couple

couple of barons, who seem to have as good reasons as myself, for not frequenting the first ordinary in Berlin.

The arrival of a stranger seems an object of some moment to the sharpers of this city. My slumbers of the second morning were broken by the unseasonable interruption of various dealers, who offered to make themselves useful in their different lines. An attic—four stories from the ground—had placed me, in my own judgment, above the reach of these intruders; but before I could well procure my breakfast, I had given denials to half a dozen hawkers and money-brokers. The last are Jews, and very importunate in their offers of obliging. Their demand is, for any thing *English*. The smallest article of dress is to them an object of ready purchase. But my wardrobe was purposely thinned at the commencement of my expedition; and my gala suit of figured velvet, after having done its courtly duties, was already bartered at Geneva with an honest clothier for a warm German cloak.

Articles

Articles of living are considerably dearer in this city than at Vienna, and it is already sufficiently evident, that my connection with Berlin will not be of long duration. My landlord has engaged to average his charges upon the most equitable scale, and the necessary arrangements were terminated by a significant shake of the head on the part of my landlady, who did not doubt but the Englander was a *Reicher Kerl* (a rich man), and wished herself no worse luck, than to exchange fortunes with me.

French wine is the ordinary beverage of the Table d'Hôtes, but this is retailed in the smallest quantities; and as the usage of continuing the session after the cloth is removed has not yet found its way to Berlin, half a pint seems in general the measure with which each guest is contented. The breaking up of the Table d'Hôte is the signal for repairing to the coffee-house. Each of these houses is a receptacle for smoaking and cards. At the entrance of the house a large rack is discovered, in the
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interstices of which pipes of at least three feet long are inserted. When a stranger enters, a pipe is immediately drawn from this magazine; and being charged and kindled by the waiter is put into the hand of the party, who then takes his seat at a card-table, or his post at billiards, according to his choice. It is truly ridiculous to see the expedients practised to unite smoking with play. The unusual length of their pipes renders it quite a science to dispose of them, so as that four persons thus occupied may surround a small table, and handle their cards without incommoding each other. Black coffee, as it is called, or coffee without milk, is the general drink; and this is served out on very reasonable terms. A cup of this entitles me to the privilege of mixing with all who assemble; and I sometimes persuade myself, that I come away better instructed from this peep into human vagaries, than from the perusal of a book which has cost me ten times the sum.

L E T T E R CXCI.

Nov. 28, 1792.

By the good offices of my Prussian friend, who is a native of this place, I have found a passport into the society of at least the second-rate inhabitants; and am now in great measure familiarized to them. The labors of my private studies during my residence at Vienna, are now turning to the best account; and I have daily opportunities of tracing the inflexions of this complicate language, in the practical uses to which I am compelled to apply them. Nothing has delighted me more than the agreeable change of accent, which I found upon approaching this city. The coarse and barbarous pronunciation to which I had been accustomed in Austria, is very agreeably contrasted by that soothing softness which prevails in the accent of Saxony, and
Branden-

Brandenburg. In Vienna the gutturals are expressed in full and lengthened tones ; at Berlin the voice is industrious to glide over the harsher consonants, and give a liquid smoothness to its least melodious terms. My attachment to this language increases with my knowledge of its powers. It possesses a richness, variety, and correctness beyond any modern language with which I am acquainted. Nor is its praise confined, in point of tone, to energy and vigor. No language is better adapted to chaste and delicate expression, and few lyrics that I have read surpass in sweetness and melody, the gentle measures of the German muse. The coarse and popular accent has excited an unreasonable prejudice against this language ; but in the mouth of the Berlineſe it ſuits as gracefully the levities of converſation, as in the hands of a Euler and a Klopſtock, the graver majeſty of philoſophy and epic poetry.

The literary induſtry of the Germans is proverbial. They are the very bees of

Europe, drawing from every exotic production whatever can contribute to enrich their knowledge. Publications the most minute are speedily translated, and not a novelty appears throughout Europe, but assumes in almost the same time a German dress. Hence their shops and libraries are magazines of the most diverting cast. Every shelf contains a miscellany of recent productions, and a foreigner may find, amongst the solemn labors of this country, all the loose and common-place trifles of his own. The manners of the people are extremely courteous in this metropolis. Without possessing any extraordinary refinement, they yet discover a frankness and civility which does honor to their natural disposition. They have all the requisite endowments for cheerful society, and the easy humor by which they are distinguished, increases in no ordinary degree the value of their hospitality.

An invitation from a friendly quarter led me some evenings past to see the humours

of a dance, at a place of public resort, under the denomination of the English house. The company were sufficiently respectable, and the ceremonies were under the direction of an officer, who used his best endeavors to remove that awkwardness which my ignorance of the company occasioned, and which their attention to my conduct rendered it difficult to conceal. As *English* is with them only another term for *fashionable*, the dances were professedly accommodated to the *English* style; but this, like their dress, was so distant and imperfect a copy, that it only embarrassed their own movements, without rendering it possible to divine what was the subject of their imitation. The residence of his Highness of York amongst them is reported to have given circulation to this Anglomania, and a compliment paid to their English appearance is the surest passport to their respect and affection. The introduction of pipes into a dancing saloon was a phenomenon, which I saw in this instance for the first time.

time. I had scarcely recovered from the surprise into which I had been thrown by the entrance of a band of smokers, when a servant girl approached me with a lighted pipe, which she had agreeable to the custom of the place charged and kindled; and was with difficulty prevailed upon to believe, that I was serious in declining the offer.

The hour of supper was passed in a cheerful display of temperate, but good humoured festivity; but the resumption of the dance and the card-playing set me afloat again upon solitary speculation. It soon appeared that I was not the only member of the company whose thoughts were rambling from the pleasures of the ball-room to speculations of greater moment; for I had scarcely taken my seat, when a gentleman who had left the dance placed himself near me. As I had turned my back upon the part of the room from which he came, I should scarcely have noticed his position or intentions, had not an unusual volume of smoke announced the near approach of
some

some new object. Without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, he immediately addressed me in very indifferent French, with saying, that he understood I came from Manchester, and wished me to tell him, if they had not in England "une machine pour filer le coton." I told him, that I knew as little of Manchester as himself, having only heard of it by report; and, as to the machine of which he spoke, I was profoundly ignorant of every thing respecting it. I added, that I believed they had in England a machine for every thing; and that possibly my friend, who was at no great distance from me, might be able to satisfy him on these particulars, as he had resided some time in England, and was an indigo merchant; though I was not sure that the commerce of indigo had any particular connections with "les machines pour filer le coton." The arrival of my friend at this moment enabled me to transfer the stranger into his hands; and, informing him that I was not "dans le commerce," I

left him, with a determination not to frequent again a citizen's ball, till I should have qualified myself to make a better figure upon questions of mechanism and trade.

L E T T E R CXCII.

Nov. 30, 1792.

THE severity of this climate begins now to be very sensibly felt; and a frost, which promises some continuance, has already commenced. The streets have gained considerably by the change in point of appearance; but, as they never undergo the ceremony of cleaning, they are now impassable without extreme hazard. The promenades are also laid under a vast sheet of ice; and the track lately graced by belles and beaux, is now occupied with the diversions of skating.

My thirst for palaces was never extreme, and has been so amply saturated, that I was not without difficulty prevailed upon to
unite

unite with a company in a visit to the Schloß, for such is the term by which a palace is denoted. It is a building of very noble exterior, and the architecture of the façade possesses considerable majesty. My companions, who consisted of about a dozen Prussians, were divided between admiration of what they saw, and astonishment at the little emotions which I discovered. Their astonishment had nearly taken another turn, when I assured them, that many a merchant in London could show more sumptuous furniture than that which adorned the residence of their monarch.

A Prussian count, whose visits to our Table d'Hôte have been frequent, has treated me with singular marks of attention; and I owe it to his good offices, that my time has not occasionally moved heavily. He has rank in the Prussian cavalry, and has travelled with advantage through almost the whole of Europe. His conversation is brilliant, and his manners refined; and an experience of nearly forty years in active service

vice has stored his mind with information, and his memory with anecdote. He has pressed me to accept of his introduction to a ball, upon a higher scale than that which I last visited; and as it will give me an opportunity of seeing the flower of Prussian beauty, I shall put myself under his direction.

I think I have discovered, in advancing northward, a growing assimilation to the English character. The Germans feel a pride universally in the analogy which their language bears to the familiar terms of the English; and they seem to feel a greater pleasure in this assimilation to a people they like, as it tends to remove them to a greater distance from the French, whom they hold in abhorrence. At Berlin the mode of life, habit, and intercourse copy, more successfully than at any place I have yet visited, the frank and unaffected manners of English society. The principles of government are amongst the exceptions, which must be made, in pronouncing the eulogium of the
native

native Prussians. These they seem to have excluded from the general course of human studies, as subjects of difficult comprehension, and dangerous import. The memory of the last Frederic has reconciled them to arbitrary power ; and the influence of a prejudice which his glories inspired, prevents them from seeing, that what was an instrument of good in a liberal and magnanimous prince, may prove a scourge in the hands of a less enlightened monarch.

L E T T E R CXCH.

Berlin, Dec. 2, 1792.

THE amusements of Berlin are upon a much narrower scale, than is usual in cities professedly subject to a despotic government. A single theatre is their only dramatic luxury, and the representations in this are by no means deserving of an high eulogium. Rotundas are open on stated evenings for the promenade and the dance ;
these

these are illuminated and rendered attractive by decorations and music: but the gross licentiousness which rules the scene, renders modesty an infrequent and unwelcome guest. The "Thüregarten" is a rendezvous for summer-parties, and possesses every accommodation for the pleasures of the promenade. The season of the year has robbed it of its natural ornaments; but sufficient remains to show, that its alleys and bowers must prove a grateful retreat from the heat and impure air of the city. In addition to the "Thüregarten," the amusements of summer are said to be heightened by the vicinity of Charlottenburg, the favorite asylum of the present king. This, situated at the distance of two hours from the gates of Berlin, abounds in attractions for summer visits; and is spoken of with enthusiasm by all but the aged, who see with regret the dilapidations of Potsdam, the favorite of the last monarch, hastened by the cost and attention which is bestowed on Charlottenburg.

The

The ball to which the Prussian count had undertaken to conduct me, afforded the only opportunity which in my circumstances could have offered, for seeing the courtly side of Berlin. The society was numerous ; and what was wanting in beauty and taste, was very amply supplied by brilliancy and rank. The king's late mistress, decorated with jewels, appeared to occupy the office of lady president ; and my noble conductor insisted upon presenting me to a personage, whose good graces are essential to a fashionable reputation. The greater number of persons in the higher ranks being of the military profession, their assemblies receive considerable splendor from the interspersion of blue and silver, amongst the loose and flowing drapery of the female habits. As my purposes were sooner answered than those of the company, I withdrew in the zenith of their diversion, and stole with plebeian secrecy to my lodging.

Some calculations, upon which my attention has lately turned, decide for a very
speedy

speedy departure from this city; and I know not—as circumstances now stand—whether I shall leave behind me any subjects of particular regret. My intercourse with the natives has contributed essentially to my advancement in the language, and I have received from their courtesy an impression considerably in their favour. In speaking upon the morals of this city, I am apprehensive of appearing in the character of a satirist: but I think I have no where seen—Naples itself not excepted—such various and undissembled libertinism. It seems to pervade in a measure all the various ranks of which this city is composed; and vice might almost be said to be domiciliated among them. I know not what judgment you will form of my positive decisions, after a residence of so short a period. But exempted by my situation from services of ceremony, the whole of my time has been free for the investigation of subjects which more particularly interest and engage my enquiries. In depth of observation I pretend

tend not indeed to compare with that German, who, after a residence of thirty years south of the Alps, being interrogated by a friend on the general state of Italian manners and literature, replied—"Ah! lieber, "was kan man doch in treiffig jahr lernen?"—"Alas! my friend, what can one learn in *thirty years*?"

L E T T E R CXCIV.

Hamburg, Dec. 10, 1792.

COURAGE is vulgarly imagined to be only then shown, when the battle is sustained—Wise men have extended it, in critical cases, to flight.—"When 'tis hard to combat, learn to fly." For my own part, this last is almost the only species of courage I have employed since I begun my travels; and I have rarely entertained a better opinion of my own prowess, than when I have turned my back upon the enemy without risking an encounter. Berlin and its pleasures

fures began to grow formidable ; my landlord praised his wine : parties to Charlottenburg were hinted at by my landlady. The dangerous incense of flattery was offered. My coat was hübsch *, my boots were hübsch—"so kan † man gleich sehen das sie " sind English gemacht," was the language of my companions. This was bursting the cearments of my secrecy. I whispered to my faithful Prussian, whose visits and attentions were constant, that I must be gone. His affairs were settled, and therefore places having been previously taken on Tuesday the 4th, we entered by nine o'clock in the morning the Post-wagen bound from Berlin to this place.

This vehicle was beyond comparison the worst with which I have yet had to encounter; a loose covering of oil-cloth, which hung in the form of curtains, was all the protection we had from the wind and hail,

* This is a term expressive of approbation.

† One can see immediately that these are of English manufacture.

during

during a journey of seventy-five hours. This is the only alternative when travelling post is unattainable. The expence on the former plan is six groschen per mile German, and two groschen each station to the postilion. As a severe frost had prevailed for some days previous to our departure, the roads were in the outset agreeably solid; and it was not till the second day that the weather began to be tempestuous. A violent wind blew into our wagen the whole of the second night, all the hail it could gather up in its way from the German ocean, to which we were tending. The darkness of the night kept our conductor in a perpetual ferment. As his office assigns him a place within the carriage, he broke our slumbers at every interval by tearing aside the oil-curtain, and vociferating to the postilion his apprehensions of our losing the track. By ten o'clock we issued from the Prussian dominions, and exchanged our nervous conductor for a patient and intrepid Hussar, who bore the marks of long service.

He took his seat amongst us, and drawing forth his pipe, smoked without uttering a syllable, till day-light. Our course continued with little interruption during the following day and night, till morning found us before the gates of Hamburg. From the floods and other obstructions, against which we had to struggle, it was noon before we arrived at the custom-house. I was compelled to wait a full hour for the delivery of my luggage. But my anxious friend the Prussian converted this delay to advantage. Leaving me to defend the joint property of us both, he sallied out in quest of a lodging for me; and being very accurately versed in the topography of Hamburg, procured without difficulty a situation correspondent to the humility of my means and wishes. As a cup of coffee and a little four soup had been almost my only sustenance for the last three days, I was not a little gratified by the luxury of a dinner. Having hastily relieved the demands of appetite, and requested my landlady to

set a glass of hot punch before me and give me no further disturbance, I threw myself, after the manner of the country, between two beds, and forgot in the most delicious slumbers the perils and fatigues of the journey.

I obeyed the invitation of my landlord the following day to his Table d'Hôte, and found myself surrounded by better society than I had expected. An Hessian officer, in broken English, welcomed me to the table; and placing me next him, assured me, with an agreeable mixture of English and German protestations, how happy he was to find an Englishman by his side. My daily intercourse with the members of this table has established a sort of familiarity, which stands me in the stead of society; and my next shall enable you to judge what species of amusement I derive from this accidental combination of contrasted and dissimilar characters.

L E T T E R C X C V.

Hamburg, Dec. 14, 1792.

SOCIETY is a term of wide import. It is to some a selection of friends, to others a circle of acquaintance, and to most a determined class and description of persons. To me society means my fellow-creatures; and wherever I trace my species I find exercise for my social affections.

The circle, to which I promised in my last to introduce you, exhibits a motley mixture of professions, characters, and political opinions. At the head of our number is a pastor of the reformed church, to whom the chief place at table is ceded out of respect to the gravity of his profession. He is a man of a middling age, of very formal manners, but of a very logical head. Next to him in weight and estimation, is the Hessian officer. He is a light active man, of about three or four and thirty. As it

was

was his fortune to be born in the dominions of that Prince, all whose subjects are soldiers, and all his soldiers venal, he has passed through an interesting variety of services. For seven years he fought under the English banners in the American war, and was of the number of those made prisoners with Lord Cornwallis. When this war was ended he returned to his country ; and the Dutch proceeding to a rupture with the Emperor, he petitioned his Prince to let him serve the former. This speedily vanishing, he found employ in the civil commotions of Holland, and turned his sword against the Patriots. Upon the arrangement of these differences, he entered the Danish service, under the expectation of a war between the Danes and Swedes. It is in this service that he now continues, as lieutenant of the Yagher Corps, or Light Horse. He is a man of great personal bravery, and seems to have but little respect for any argument but that of the sword.

A Gentleman from Lubeck, of reputed good fortune, and of much information, enjoys the third place in our society ; and next to him a large unwieldy lieutenant of the Hamburg guard, a man of a confused head and voluble tongue. In addition are some merchants clerks, who are less regular in their attendance, and treated with less deference by the landlord. As the affairs of Europe are almost invariably the subject of conversation, our debates are not a little animated. The priest maintains the aristocratic dogmas, as best assorting with the interests of the church. In this he is strongly, that is, ardently, supported by the Hessian, whose attachment to monarchy has not been impaired by all the blows he has received in its service. The Lubecker is a republican, and profoundly versed in the changeful politics of Paris ; and but for the confusion which his officious partizan, the Hamburg officer, throws in his way, would frequently be found a more than equal match for the united ardor and logic of the

the Hessian and the priest. As Hamburg is resorted to by all descriptions of foreigners, the Hessian finds ample scope for Antigallican violence in every visit he makes to the coffee-houses. As prudence and good manners are in his judgment allied to cowardice, he deals out his reproaches against the objects of his hatred in places of the most public resort. He has never distinguished—for distinction requires thinking—between the Emigrant and the Citizen, the friends of the monarch or the republican conspirators. The memory of his prison has confirmed him in hostility against every thing that assumes the name of French; and all the terms of reproach which his language affords are employed without reserve against the nation at large. It is my misfortune occasionally to be made the referee between this outrageous monarchist and the Hamburg democrat; and such is the zeal of the former to criminate those whom the latter undertakes to defend, that upon a late decision which I gave in

his favor, and in which the French were in no sort concerned, the exulting Hessian broke out with a vehemence of joy and triumph, "God save the King, and ****
"die Franzosen!"

The general turn of sentiment in this place is against the Revolutionists; and Baron Trenck, who had taken up his residence here, and whose civic enthusiasm is sufficiently notorious, received an admonition to change his quarters; and he now resides at Alternach, a village little distant from Hamburg, and within the dominions of the King of Denmark. A man whose life has been checquered with so many vicissitudes is a subject at once of curiosity and astonishment. My enquiries respecting him induced my faithful Prussian to trace out his residence; and under his conduct I made a visit to the house at Alternach where this extraordinary veteran boards, and dined in company with him. He is a man of tall, athletic, and military figure. An affair of honour has left him the use of but one
eye;

eye ; and the advances of age have visibly impaired his corporeal vigor. He spake but little, and that in a very barbarous and unpolished accent. The praises of the French Revolution, the defamation of Joseph II. and the late Frederic of Prussia, are almost the only subjects that call forth his eloquence. On the first he indulges in a periodical paper, which he issues monthly. On the last he descants in every society, and recounts anecdotes, in which the *horrid* and the *marvellous* hold an equal place. He represents Joseph as delighting in secret executions, where every refinement upon barbarity was employed. Of Frederic he affirms, among other things, that he wore a ring mounted with a sharp stud, for the express purpose of wantonly knocking out the teeth of his innocent and unoffending domestics. These *prodigious* histories seem to have assigned the Baron a low place in the estimation of his neighbours ; for I have scarcely heard his name yet mentioned in this quarter of the world without the addition

tion of some reproachful and scurrilous epithet. The Hessian is outrageous when he sees him pass—as is his custom daily—through the streets of Hamburg. He seems at a loss to satisfy his feelings of contempt with a term sufficiently reproachful. This arises in the Hessian from a knowledge of his hostility to Kings. “Mein Koenig ist mein Gott*!” is a maxim which the Hessian avows as his ruling principle; and so accommodating is his creed, that, as his interest leads, he can find a god in any king in Christendom.

L E T T E R CXCVI.

Hamburg, Dec. 19, 1792.

I AM always amused in a commercial town.

I love the bustle of an active commerce; men seem in such situations to have found their uses. The quickness of their motion seems to speak the energy of their business.

* “My King is my God.”

My

My eyes have been so long dazzled with military splendor, that I find an agreeable novelty in the plainness of trade. At Berlin all were officers ; here officers are converted into merchants. The change presents an ample field for speculation. I rarely fail passing amongst the motley multitude at the hour of fullest concourse, enveloped, as a necessary disguise, in my German cloak. The disasters of the sea, which has been unusually stormy, and the uncertain condition of the French King, are the reigning topics of conversation and enquiry. For some days past the weather has been remarkably foul ; and a signal-gun announced, in the night of last Tuesday, an extraordinary swell of the Elbe. Numbers of the inhabitants were compelled to escape with precipitation from their houses, and the merchants have in general sustained considerable damage. The oldest seaman scarcely recollects the sea to have been more tempestuous. A Danish captain, who was cast ashore at the mouth of the Elbe, reports that

that the whole extent of the coast is covered with wrecks, and that bodies are floating in prodigious numbers. These circumstances have obliged me to abandon the design of terminating my course by a voyage from this place ; and my thoughts are at present engaged in contriving some means for proceeding along the coast to Holland. The Prussian has it in his plan to pursue this route by Bremen, Amsterdam, &c. and therefore it has been determined that this project shall be put into execution the 22d ensuing, if no accident prevents.

Hamburg is a town whose character is best estimated in the summer season. The ramparts are furnished with promenades, and the vicinity with villas, which must render it an agreeable residence during the summer months. The position it occupies is extremely commodious, and embraces every advantage of land and sea. The variety of its commerce, and the opulence of its inhabitants, have introduced into its societies a mode of life in a high degree sumptuous

tuous and magnificent. The families I have visited are on a very ordinary scale ; but the offer of introduction to those of a higher class was checked by the report of a largess expected by domestics who attend, in every family of superior condition. The table of my landlord is very sufficiently furnished ; a single shilling pays the ticket of admittance ; a few sols in addition procure a small flask of wine ; and the subsistence of a day would scarcely pay, as I am given to understand, the customary tribute for a *gratuitous* supper.

The military of Hamburg make but an ordinary figure, but the currency of their credit is their best defence. This is made, as is natural, the universal test ; and the merit of each is weighed alone in the scale of commercial opinion. An attempt to associate a Jacobin club was defeated by discrediting the paper of its members ; and that was found to have little influence with the public which had lost its weight upon 'Change. The military character of this

people has been of old burlesqued, but with what justice I pretend not to know. The satire is conveyed in a monkish distich; and though I recollect the verses, I cannot assign my author:

Hamburgenſes, velut enſes, ſemper acuti;
Prælia poſcunt; nec bene noſcunt, enſibus uti.

The approach of Christmas is now celebrating throughout this city, and a large fair is eſtabliſhed among the cloiſters of the Cathedral. Out of reſpect to cuſtom I ſuffered myſelf to be ſqueezed through the avenues in which it is kept, and I have ſeldom paid ſo dear for compliance with local cuſtoms. The four laſt days have excited an extraordinary degree of curioſity to receive the news from Paris and London. The fate of Louis is judged inevitable, and every courier is expected to announce the deed as already perpetrated. A caricature is ſaid to be in circulation at Paris, in which the King is repreſented as playing at picquet with a Sans-Culotte, and uttering theſe emphatic

phatic words, "J'ai écarté les *Cœurs*, il a " les *Piques*, et je suis Capot." Intelligence from England is fought with almost equal interest. Alarms of French plots in the metropolis have been reported upon very specious authority; and the part which England will take in the present circumstances, is waited for with a degree of anxiety, which argues the expectation, from her interference, of some important changes in the face of European affairs.

L E T T E R CXCVII.

London, Jan. 7, 1793.

BEING at length hospitably sheltered under the roof of the house where the conveyance from Harwich has deposited me, in company with a large society of weather-beaten travellers, I proceed to recount the sequel of my continental vicissitudes, and acquaint you by what adventures I have regained my native country.

Upon

Upon leaving Hamburg, on the 22d of December, the whole of my travelling stock amounted to two ducats and some Hamburg fols. The Prussian, who had obtained instructions for the route we were to pursue, attended upon me in an open waggon at the appointed hour, in order to proceed to the place of embarkation for the passage of the Elbe. When I conferred with him upon the probable expences of our tour, and threw into the common purse my remaining ducats, he looked grave, and doubted whether our united finances would supply the means of conveying us to Amsterdam. But this was not the moment for deliberation: the vessel was about to sail, and we took our places under a very tempestuous shower of hail. The wind blew so unfavourably, and with so much violence, that we had great difficulty in clearing out, and were five hours upon the water, nearly four of which were passed in perfect darkness. The passage is usually effected in one hour. The lights of Hamburg

burg at length saluted us, and we landed with expressions of gratitude to Providence, which had rescued us from a situation the most perilous and alarming.

After an interval of two hours, we were summoned by our conductor to enter the waggon. This was literally a long cart, formed entirely of wood and iron. The seats were rough planks, with neither backs nor elbows. A considerable quantity of luggage was stowed in this vehicle; and we were left to find, as we could, a place for our legs among this lumber. Our number was six; and thus we travelled, with no other cover than the stormy canopy of heaven, till eight o'clock of the Monday morning. We then entered the town of Bremen, and, as it had frozen during the night, I found some difficulty in restoring my limbs to their natural functions. The roads had been in most parts deluged with floods, which rendered our motion particularly slow. The whole distance between Haarb-urg and Bremen was scarcely more than

fixty English miles, and three or four and thirty hours were consumed in performing the journey of a day. As a cup of coffee and a slice of bacon were all that we had found between Saturday and Monday, we embraced with readiness our landlord's proposal to prepare us a warm soup in lieu of breakfast. This soup was little better than warm water tinged with a scanty leaven of butter. We had scarcely terminated this wretched repast, when a messenger announced that the waggon bound to Leer was in readiness to proceed. We settled with our landlord, and taking our portmanteaues under our cloaks, repaired to the spot where we were instructed to seek the waggon. An old Pilot, of robust make and English lungs, had already taken his place in the first seat, and gathered up at least his share of the straw, as a defence for his feet. He saluted us, upon assuming our seats, with a rough compliment in the Dutch language. We returned his civilities in German : but suspecting that English was not wholly unfamiliar

familiar to us, he hazarded a question which produced an immediate explanation, and we congratulated each other upon the prospect of returning to England together.

The Pilot gave us to understand that he had been appointed to conduct a ship from Portsmouth to Bremen ; and after encountering a storm of many days continuance, had effected his object. That the foulness of the weather induced him to prefer a land journey, though an experienced seaman. He was perfectly conversant with the route we were now to pursue, and had passed by it on many former occasions. We requested that he would undertake to arrange for us at the inns, and permit us to partake of the same fare with himself. To this he objected, urging, that while we might be seeking the bed-chamber and the parlour, he should content himself with the kitchen or the garret. We assured him that our reasons for making the same choice with himself were at least as strong as his own. He then demanded, as a preliminary article,

a full delegation of authority, with the privilege of introducing us under those characters which he should judge expedient, to which we readily acceded.

L E T T E R CXC VIII.

WHILE this convention was forming between us and the facetious Pilot, the waggon was moving slowly on towards the place of our destination. The cold was intense, and the route so barbarous, that we had no alleviation of the severities of our condition but in the good humour which prevailed amongst us. The hardy Pilot rarely uttered a complaint. His memory was stored with Dutch and English naval songs; and when the wind blew its keenest, he vociferated his most forcible melodies. It was not till one o'clock of the Wednesday morning that we entered the town of *Leer*. This is a small but neat town in East Friesland,
under

under the dominion of the King of Prussia. The Pilot alighted first, in order to enter upon his office of caterer; and we were met at the door by a comely matron, whom the Pilot addressed with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "Well, mother," said our protector; "I have brought you a pair of *schneiders**, who are travelling home to their wives and families. Cook them up a pot of warm beer, and throw an egg and *schnaps*† into it; and give them a morsel of cold meat, if you have it; and look ye, don't make them pay too much at the end of it."

In the absence of our landlady, who retired to execute his orders, the Pilot, who had hitherto only seen us in the waggon, desired to look at us more narrowly, in order to know how the disguise was likely to be supported. With the Prussian he professed himself satisfied, as the whole of his wardrobe would not have sold for half-a-crown. He had his doubts about me when stripped

* Tailors.

† A glass of Geneva.

of my cloak ; bade me never part with my wrapper, and endeavour on every occasion to look my worst. Our good hostess now served up our supper, and we retired to bed ; the Pilot having assured us that four hours sleep was all that his plan would allow. By six, therefore, we were summoned to rise ; and it was not without extreme reluctance that I thrust my swollen legs into those boots in which they had already been so long confined. A boat, prepared by the Pilot, attended at some distance from our inn, and in this we ascended the river *Ens* to Wender. Here the Pilot demanded a cart, to which they refused to attach less than four horses. Our champion fought a very vigorous battle with the post-master ; but Dutch obstinacy prevailed over English violence, and we proceeded with this equipage to Neufskans. The conduct of the post-master was fully justified in the end, for a more extraordinary track never obtained the denomination of a road. As it was considerably past mid-day

when we arrived at Neufskans, our dinner was formed of the fragments which remained of the family meal; and in consideration of the cold we had sustained, and the gaiety of the season—for the lasses were dressed in their Christmas attire—the Pilot admitted of an additional tankard to our regular quantum of beer.

I strolled in the afternoon through this little town, in order to arm myself with a pair of Friesland stockings, the cold being in this place severely felt. The panic excited by the progress of the French had reached this quarter. Many of the inhabitants had packed up their effects, in order to fly, apprehending a visit from the Sans-Culotte army in these inclement regions. By seven o'clock of the following morning we were in a travelling boat, and thus proceeded to Gröningen. The company was numerous, and treated us with very little ceremony. The frost was beginning to take effect upon these tracks of water, whose extent covered the whole surface of the

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country.

country. A small cottage occasionally rose amidst this watery waste, cut off, at least in this season of the year, from all intercourse of human society. The alarms of an invasion in such a quarter appeared sufficiently chimerical. In approaching Gröningen, the costume, of which in my last visit to Holland I have given a description, began to appear—the spacious bonnets, the black patches, and all the grotesque peculiarities of the different states. The landlord at Gröningen was no stranger to our Pilot: the latter had prepared us to expect some exorbitancy from the former, and therefore we requested him to use us with perfect freedom. No sooner therefore had we disembarked from the boat, than the Pilot called upon us to take our luggage under our arms and follow him. On entering the inn he demanded the way to the kitchen, where he commanded us to take our seats; and then began an harangue to our hostess, in very voluble Dutch, recommending us to her charity and her care. “These fellows,”

said he, at the close of his harangue, "are
" poor enough—miserably pinched in pocket—but honest, mother, honest as the day." An œconomical dinner was soon served up; and the remainder of the day was enlivened by the exhaustless humour of the Pilot. We entered on the following morning a boat for *Strobusch*, where we arrived in the evening; and embarked with the remains of two ships company, whose vessels had been wrecked, and some other passengers in the skiff, for Lemmer. It was nine o'clock in the evening when we embarked, and we met with so many interruptions from calms, contrary winds, and masses of ice, that it was not till after a tedious course of thirty-five hours that we reached Lemmer, a small sea-port upon the coast of the *Zuýder See*. Here we found a large and commodious packet ready to sail, in which we embarked, and left the harbour, in the teeth of a tempestuous gale. As the wind blew so contrary, we were taught to expect a voyage of three days.

But

But by this time our means were reduced so low, as to admit only of the purchase of a loaf, and leave some stivers for the payment of our passage, and other casualties. Fortunately the wind came round in the course of the morning, and the lights of Amsterdam saluted us, after a voyage of little more than eighteen hours. As we arrived before the port at an early hour, we were compelled to sleep on board till the opening of the *Baum*, as it is called: this took place about eight o'clock, and we landed with the residue of our travelling stock, which consisted in ONE solitary stiver.

LETTER CXCIX.

THERE is in human life a strict alliance between pleasure and pain. My feelings on the prospect of Amsterdam were about equally balanced between the two;
and

and I knew not whether to consider the termination of my voyage an event of happy or disastrous fortune. Befriended by my cloak, I walked the deck during the watches of the night, engaged in deep and subtle calculations for recruiting my purse, now reduced to its last stiver. Morning brought the Prussian upon deck. I was by this time his debtor. He demanded my plan and intentions respecting our travels. I replied that my design was to raise some money upon a friend, should he happen to be at Amsterdam; or, if that failed, to wait for some remittance. At this he demurred; but the jollity of the Pilot, who was now ascending from the cabin, full of the best Geneva, put an end to our dialogue. As all hotels are indifferent to those who can pay at neither, we determined upon being conducted to the best: and requesting the Pilot, who had now past the line of temperance, not to visit us till evening, we moved with cautious steps to the *Prinz von Wallis*. A luxurious breakfast composed us
for

for calculation ; and it was agreed, with very short preliminaries, that I should make the first attempt at discovering a friend ; and if my search failed, the Prussian should avail himself of his commercial credit. An excursion of an hour through the streets of Amsterdam fulfilled, on my part, the conditions of our engagement ; and the Prussian, on the failure of my embassy, proceeded to execute his part of the contract. He shortly returned with nine ducats, which he had obtained by virtue of some letters he bore. These were to be economized, and therefore inquiries were immediately made for a night-boat to Rotterdam. This part of the business the Pilot arranged, and summoned us in the dusk of the evening to attend him down to the Canal.

Rumours at Amsterdam were generally circulated of strong disaffection to the reigning powers. The name of Dumourier had been triumphantly inscribed in some obscure parts of the northern provinces ; and the Orange cockade, which appeared universal

versal on my former visit, was now sunk into as general disuse. Our company in the boat was numerous, and amongst them some emigrant French officers from Condé's army.

At Gouda we entered a public carriage, and finished our course to Rotterdam by land. The road passed through a pleasant tract of country. Houses of very agreeable aspect, insulated and inscribed with their respective names, presented a scene of novel and picturesque beauty. The Guards of Rotterdam compelled us to dismount; and, in defiance of my caution at first and my remonstrance at last, carried off my trusty sword to the Guard-house. I accompanied them in order to be certified of their authority, which appeared in a municipal order; and upon my prevailing upon them to believe, by a dialogue in German, that I was no Frenchman, they dismissed me, with an assurance that my weapon would be restored
to

to me upon an application to the Grand Guard.

The Prussian having upon application at Rotterdam obtained a further supply, places were engaged in the packet to Helvoet for the following morning, it being decided that half a ducat could be spared for the indulgence of a bed, a luxury which the fatigue of four sleepless nights had prepared us to enjoy. Our captain, to whom upon the faith of his engagement to convey us to Helvoet we had covenanted to pay a ducat each, brought us ashore at the Brille; and landing our luggage, acquainted us, that the rest of the journey must depend upon ourselves. We demanded the carriages for which he had engaged; he replied that the posts had rendered the track impassable for carriages, and that, if we declined pursuing our route on foot, the only alternative we had was to return with him. This was adding insult to injury—we paid our ducats; and, accompanied by some French officers,

officers, commenced our journey, leaving the luggage to follow in a sledge. After a fatiguing struggle of two or three hours over a tract of rough and frozen country, we arrived at Helvoet. But by a sort of union between fraud and fate, the sledge containing our luggage foundered; and we had to sustain the additional expence of ten porters, dispatched from Helvoet for the transport of the general luggage. By pretended exertions of a most extraordinary nature, they accomplished this business sufficiently early to admit of our sailing with the packet on the following morning with the break of day. Emigrants of various quality and profession composed our company. A calm of many hours arrested us before the coast of Helvoet; but a gale of some strength springing up in the night, we found ourselves by ten the next morning approaching fast to the harbour of Harwich. An emigrant of some rank rising upon deck, and being told that the land he now saw was the English coast, spread out
his

his arms, and uttered with a transport of enthusiasm—"Voila la terre de la raison, "la terre de la liberté." Then turning to France, he exclaimed, in a tone of indignation,—“Voila la terra de l'abomination !” By noon we landed; and uniting with a well-bred German from Leipzig, celebrated the event of our arrival with much festivity. The Pilot attended in the evening agreeable to our instructions; and as he had perfectly recovered the effects of his Geneva, received from myself and the Prussian some articles of apparel in gratitude for the services he had rendered us. Thrusting them into a large black bag which stood him in the stead of a portmanteau, he threw this over his shoulder, grasped his oaken staff, and left us, singing as he retired with a voice like thunder—"Come cheer up, my lads, " 'tis to glory we steer." We arrived at the metropolis the following day. As I had entered the country in a foreign costume, a seclusion of a few days became necessary, till such changes could be effected

as would secure me from the ridicule of the public. My obligations to the Prussian were then discharged, but a sense of his frank and important services will hold a lasting place in my recollection and my gratitude.

My travels now are at an end, and the last page of my continental adventures is written. Reflection naturally carries me over the past; and I am disposed to think, that I have not sustained, in the varieties of my lot, an useless or unprofitable discipline. The maxim of Rousseau is frequently before me. "*Quiconque revient de courir le monde, est à son retour ce qu'il sera toute sa vie.*" I can only express my wishes, that it may be found applicable to myself, in its best interpretation. My study has been, in the route I have pursued, to decipher man, under all the varieties of his natural disposition or artificial disguise. And if I have acquired any useful knowledge, or established myself in the belief of any practical truth; if I have learned to

moderate my expectations, or to temper my regrets; if I have made any advances in patriotism and philanthropy, and strengthened my attachment to my country and to mankind, the great objects of my ambition will have been fully attained, and I shall neither have travelled nor suffered in vain.

THE END.



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